POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 15 • 1963 20c

IS SPACE FLIGHT TOO PEACEFUL?

EXCLUSIVE:
A penetrating study of
THE AMERICAN DOCTOR
Troubled by his wealth
and his changing image

Martin Luther King apostle of crisis / **Jean Sebe**rg comeback of a Cinderella

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The effective new way to wash away gray without changing the natural shade

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The Prize Winning Longines varied 5/100ths of a second per day—equal to just 5 seconds in 100 days. Significant new honors indeed for *the world's most honored watch.* You, too, can wear a Longines—the watch that holds this all-time accuracy record and the finest watch in production today. Your Longines can serve you an adult lifetime—offering prestige, satisfaction, pride, accuracy and dependability. And Longines provides the maximum possible economy in a watch regardless of price. Be sure to visit your Longines-Wittnauer quality jeweler soon to examine his wide selection of Longines.

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LONGINES

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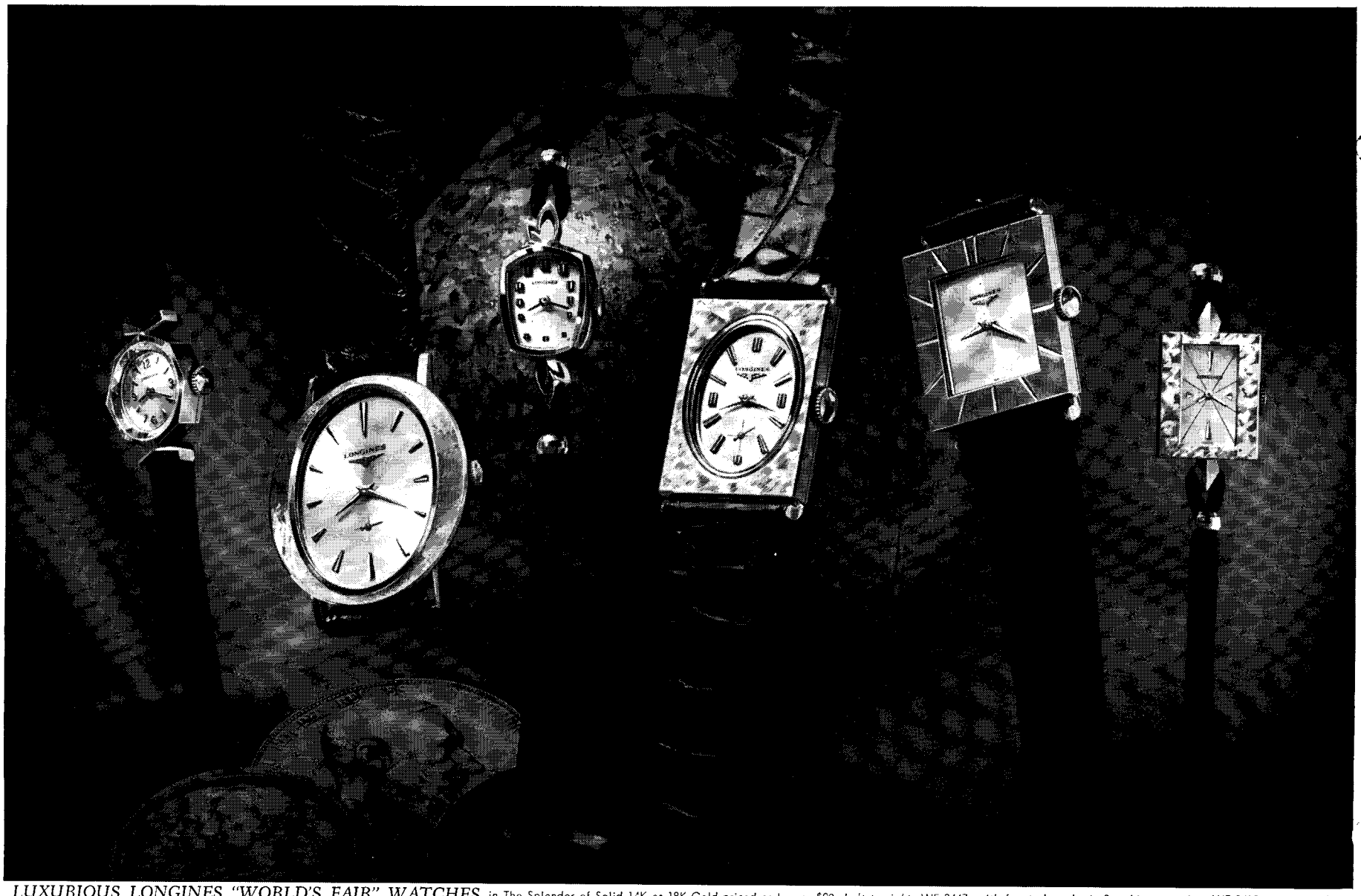

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LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

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Blood in Haitian streets is traditional, for the Caribbean nation's 159-year history is a story of recurrent violence. Dictator François Duvalier keeps the tradition alive, but lately this tradition has been making it increasingly difficult for Duvalier to keep alive himself. (An estimated 40 percent of the national budget is used to pay for Duvalier's personal protection.) Recently associate editor **Trevor Armbrister** spent two weeks in Duvalier's festering island domain. As he traveled about, even when accompanied by a top Duvalier aide, there was sometimes unnerving harassment from the Tonton Macoutes, the dictator's ragtag corps of "bogeyman" irregulars. ("Death to the whites," yelled one, pointing at Armbrister and *Post* photographer Lynn Pelham. Another, fingering his two-foot machete, gazed menacingly at the reporter and said cryptically, "Tomorrow.") Although five American newsmen were expelled from Haiti during Armbrister's stay, he managed to bring back a significant report from a troubled nation poised at revolution but held in check by incredible brutality and political murder. This week he tells of the misery of a country which cannot sink much lower and still exist as a nation, and which is skidding steadily downhill under a willful tyrant's constant oppression.

Other Bylines. **Reese Cleghorn,** an editorial writer for the Atlanta *Journal*, first met Martin Luther King in 1949 when they were both students at Atlanta colleges. When he saw King next in 1956 the integration leader was already making good on his plan "to see Negroes fill the jails of the South." . . . **Pete Hamill,** co-winner (with *Post* contributing editor Lewis Lapham) of the 1962 Meyer Berger Award for distinguished journalism, is a free-lance writer based in New York. . . . Photographer **Constantine Manos,** born in South Carolina to Greek parents, presents a sensitive portrait of his ancestral land. . . . **Evan Hill,** who writes of the virtual disappearance of the general practitioner in America, is himself the patient of a family doctor in whom Hill has "utmost faith and confidence." In preparing his article, Hill interviewed scores of physicians who were uniformly "concerned about their own profession—and not just talking, but doing something about it." . . . **Eleanor Perenyi** spent much of her childhood in exotic areas of the world as the daughter of a U.S. naval officer, but she remains a staunch fan of American cooking. . . . Free-lancer **Bill Surface,** who collaborated with Rogers Hornsby on the late Rajah's autobiography, is also the author of *Freedom Bridge*, a book about Chinese refugees that was published last month.

The Cover photograph by **John Launois** shows a cardiac-surgery team performing an open-heart operation to repair a constricted aorta.

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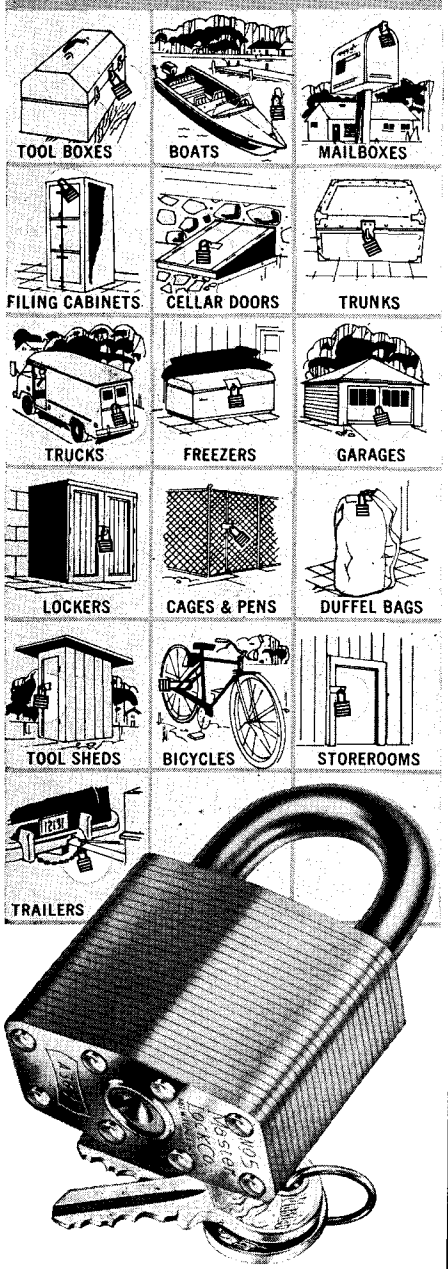

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LETTERS

Ike on spending

Dear Sirs:

If there ever was a time in our history when Congress should be deluged with protests over the spending spree that is now taking place, that time is NOW.

And if the article written by former President Eisenhower [SPENDING INTO TROUBLE, May 18] doesn't ring a bell and arouse the public to the dangers that lie ahead, then we might as well forget the whole issue and let the spendthrifts spend us into permanent bankruptcy.

HERMAN JOHNSON
Duluth, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Hurrah for Eisenhower. Good to know that he is alarmed about deficit spending. However, as a taxpayer who heartily agrees that "no family, no business, no nation can spend itself into prosperity," I regret that he did not feel the same sense of responsibility about this matter when he was President.

DAVID LIVINGSTON
Pittsburg, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Ike deserves praise for questioning our space program. It seems strange to live in a country where placing a man on the moon ahead of the Russians is considered more important than providing sufficient education to millions of youngsters. The irony of all this is that history will record how Columbus, the Wright Brothers and Sputnik were first.

FRED ETZELT
Delray Beach, Fla.

Tallman stands tall

Dear Sirs:

I just want to let you know how much I enjoyed THE MAD, MAD WORLD OF THE STUNT FLIER [by Roger Vaughan, May 18]. I know Frank Tallman, and reading the article was just like a visit with him. He is one of the greatest pilots of our time, a rare combination of the old-time barnstormer and modern-day precision transport-type pilot. He can fly anything, and does.

JOHN D. PRUETT
Crosby, Miss.

Donkey song

Dear Sirs:

Why in the world would you ever publish such a silly story as SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY [by Shelagh Delaney, May 18]? . . . Don't go too "arty" on us.

PAUL S. KYGER
Bloomfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Glad to see stories like SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY and others. Too many romantic stories are boring.

MRS. JOSEPH A. HARTMANN
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

Drink up

Dear Sirs:

In A KIND WORD FOR DRINK [by Joe David Brown, May 25] the symposium's final conclusion that "alcohol when used judiciously can smooth out a great many rough passages in life" was nauseating.

Alcohol and coffee drinking, tobacco, aspirin, and other such drugs do nothing but dull senses and cover up unpleasantness, and are employed largely by conformists and character-lacking persons. A "make-mine milk" man has a far healthier and happier personality than the "cocktail cover-upper!"

MRS. CHARLOTTE ADAMS CLARK
Beacon Falls, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

All of New York City must be laughing over your boo-boo of the year. You print a beautiful picture of McSorley's Ale House with the following caption: "Beer flows freely at McSorley's." Any New Yorker will tell you that McSorley's has never sold a glass of beer in its 110 years of existence. McSorley's is also noted for not having served a woman in its entire history.

GEORGE SNITZER
Ansonia, Conn.

● *Next round of ale is on us.—ED.*

Mississippi mud

Dear Sirs:

Kudos to someone who wrote the editorial, FEDERAL FUNDS AND MISSISSIPPI [May 18]. It's time some leading publication spoke up in support of people who have been treated worse than beasts far too long. You have cleared away some bad odors lately. . . . J.F.K. has been prating, "Freedom," "We want to be free." Just whom does he mean? The big shots? "Bull" Connor? Ross Barnett?

MRS. C. O'GRANT
Kirkland, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

We in Mississippi do not go barefooted and drink mountain dew. We do not hate Negroes or belong to the Ku Klux Klan. We are not a bloodthirsty mob looking for a lynching. We are civilized, intelligent people. We are Americans too.

I study journalism in high school and plan to enter it as a career. I realize an editorial is an expression of one's own opinion, but I cannot understand why you haven't looked more deeply into the situation from our point of view, as we have yours.

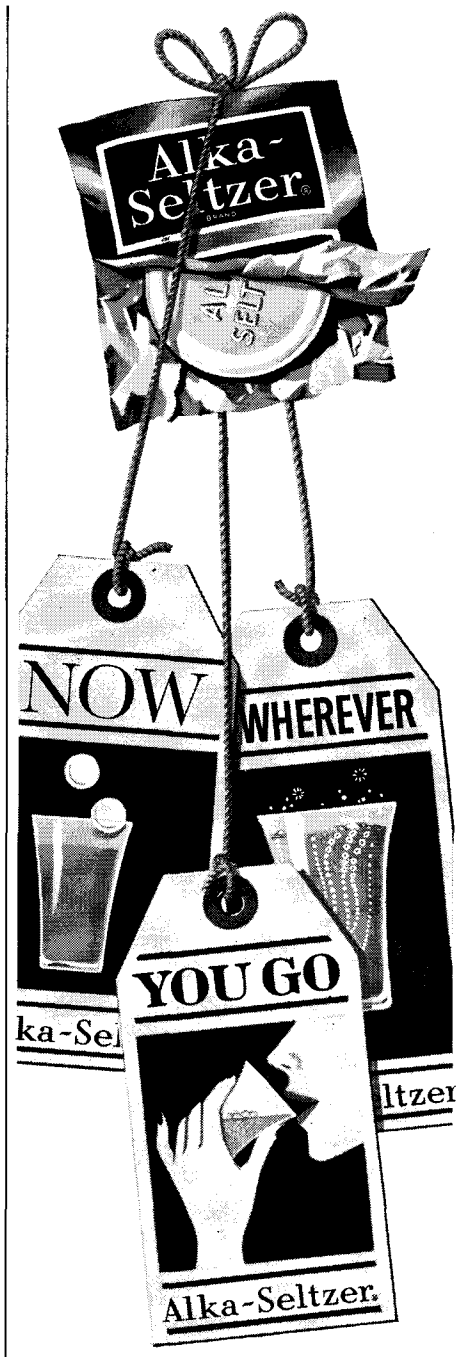
CHERYL STORM
Hattiesburg, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

This is the most disgustable piece of literature that I have ever read in my life. If it were not for the fact that I have already paid up a subscription, I would certainly cancel it now. I may as well go ahead and take it just to see what other trash you are capable of printing.

May I say that whoever is responsible for writing this trash should have to eat, sleep, breathe and look at the colored gents he so approves of every day of his life.

MRS. CHARLES SHOWS
Jackson, Miss.



You can take a friend along

Now, take your Alka-Seltzer along in the new foil-wrapped pack. Each tablet is sealed in foil, instantly ready to relieve headache and upset stomach wherever you may be. Packed 12 individually foil-wrapped tablets in a box.

MILES PRODUCTS

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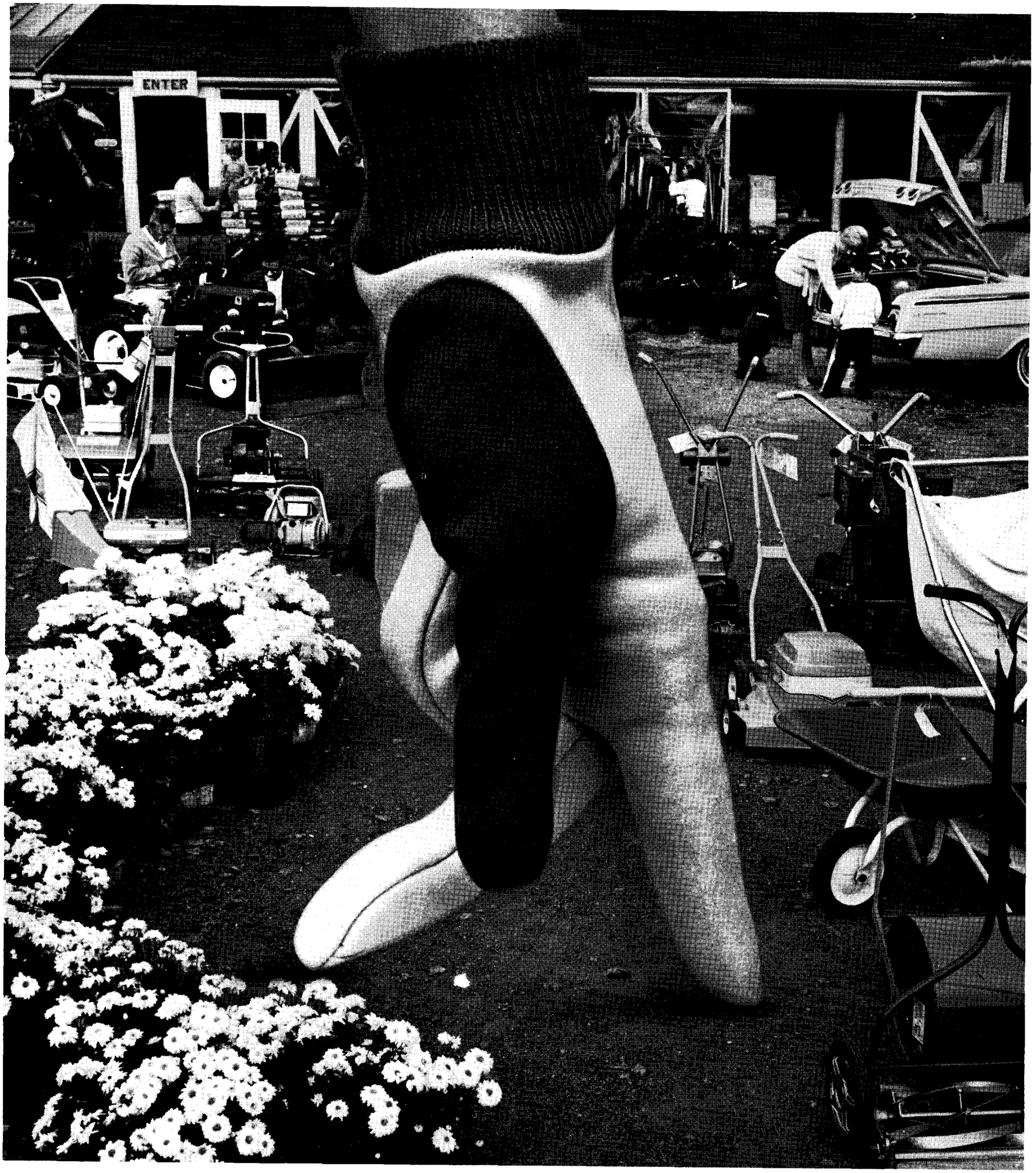
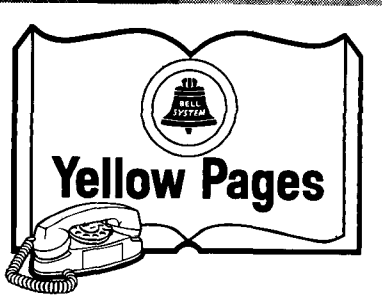


For your growing needs, let your fingers do the walking! You'll find that thumbing through the Yellow Pages helps you find exactly what you want. Read the ads for information on any product or service, brand names, store locations and hours. **Shop the Yellow Pages way!**



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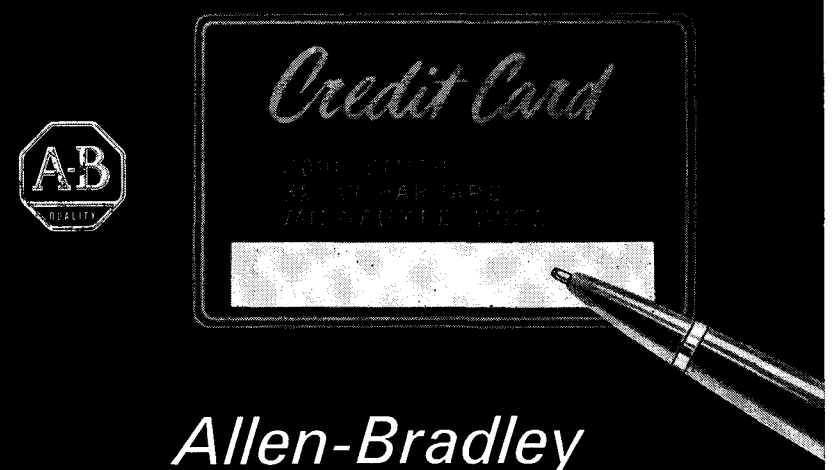
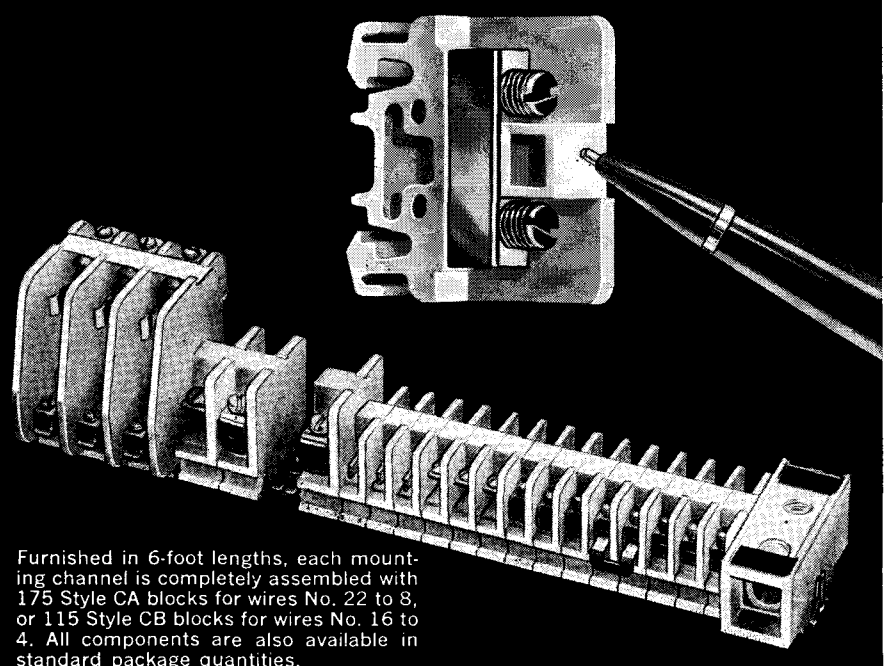
as easy to write on as a



Allen-Bradley

Bulletin 1492 Terminal Blocks



Furnished in 6-foot lengths, each mounting channel is completely assembled with 175 Style CA blocks for wires No. 22 to 8, or 115 Style CB blocks for wires No. 16 to 4. All components are also available in standard package quantities.

■ This new timesaving feature makes Allen-Bradley's Bulletin 1492 Style C terminal blocks easier than ever to work with. Now you can easily write on the white surface of each block—and these markings can easily be erased, when changes are required.

Here are some other convenient features! (1) Plenty of holes in the assembly channel to insure a rigid mounting—the holes are oval to provide leeway for alignment. (2) Plug-in jumpers for making instant and neat connections between adjacent Style CA terminal blocks—eliminating the time and cost of cutting and stripping short wires. (3) The assembly channel can be broken off cleanly without tools—saving the time of sawing and filing off "burrs." (4) Changes in the assembled block can be made quickly—individual blocks can be removed and replaced without disturbing the others. (5) All ratings of Style C blocks fit on the same mounting channel—you can easily arrange the individual blocks to fit any requirement.

Let us suggest that you become better acquainted with the complete line of Allen-Bradley terminal blocks, by calling your nearest approved Allen-Bradley distributor, or by writing to: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

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LETTERS

Boston whodunit

Dear Sirs:

In THE SEARCH FOR THE BOSTON STRANGLER [by Jack Iams, May 18], the author remarks, "If some common denominator could be found . . . some point where their paths had crossed those of a single individual" it might explain why the victims admitted the murderer to their apartments. I would suggest that such a common denominator might be found in one of those pollsters who go around sampling public opinion.

F.A. SNELL
Mt. Vernon, Me.

Dear Sirs:

I couldn't help wondering, since most of the women were overweight, if they might not have belonged to a health club. Perhaps they had exercises to do each evening before bathing and retiring. This would explain the robes, the apparent knowledge of when they would be thus attired, and the victims' lack of fear in admitting their gym instructor.

D.A. SCHIRMER
Rosemount, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I would bet that the strangler is a woman doctor, probably of foreign birth or extraction. . . . What do we frequently do before seeing a doctor? Take a bath. That accounts for the women being in robes, etc. If you ask me why the foreign birth or extraction, I couldn't tell you—that's just part of the hunch.

T.J. KELLY
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Over 20 years ago I heard an alcoholic talk about molestation of corpses by undertakers. Certain parts of the article suggest somewhat the same idea. An undertaker or his assistants might make frequent trips to the hospitals, become acquainted with nurses, etc. And a class of suspects such as undertakers would narrow the field very much.

CLARENCE E. SCHNEIDER
McAllen, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Why couldn't the Boston strangler have masqueraded as a policeman? If I were to open *my* door to anyone in a situation like this, I think it would be to a policeman.

MRS. JERRY IAGULLI
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Castro's prisoner

I WAS CASTRO'S PRISONER by Geraldine Shamma [May 18] is a chilling story. I strongly recommend it to members of the O.A.S.

ELISEO GOMEZ
Miami, Fla.

COMING...in next week's Post

WILLIE MAYS

The ordeal of an idolized man

A judge reports:
The cure for delinquency is WORK

HAPPY ROCKEFELLER

From tomboy to governor's lady

From the Canadian wilderness:

The saga of an incredible survival

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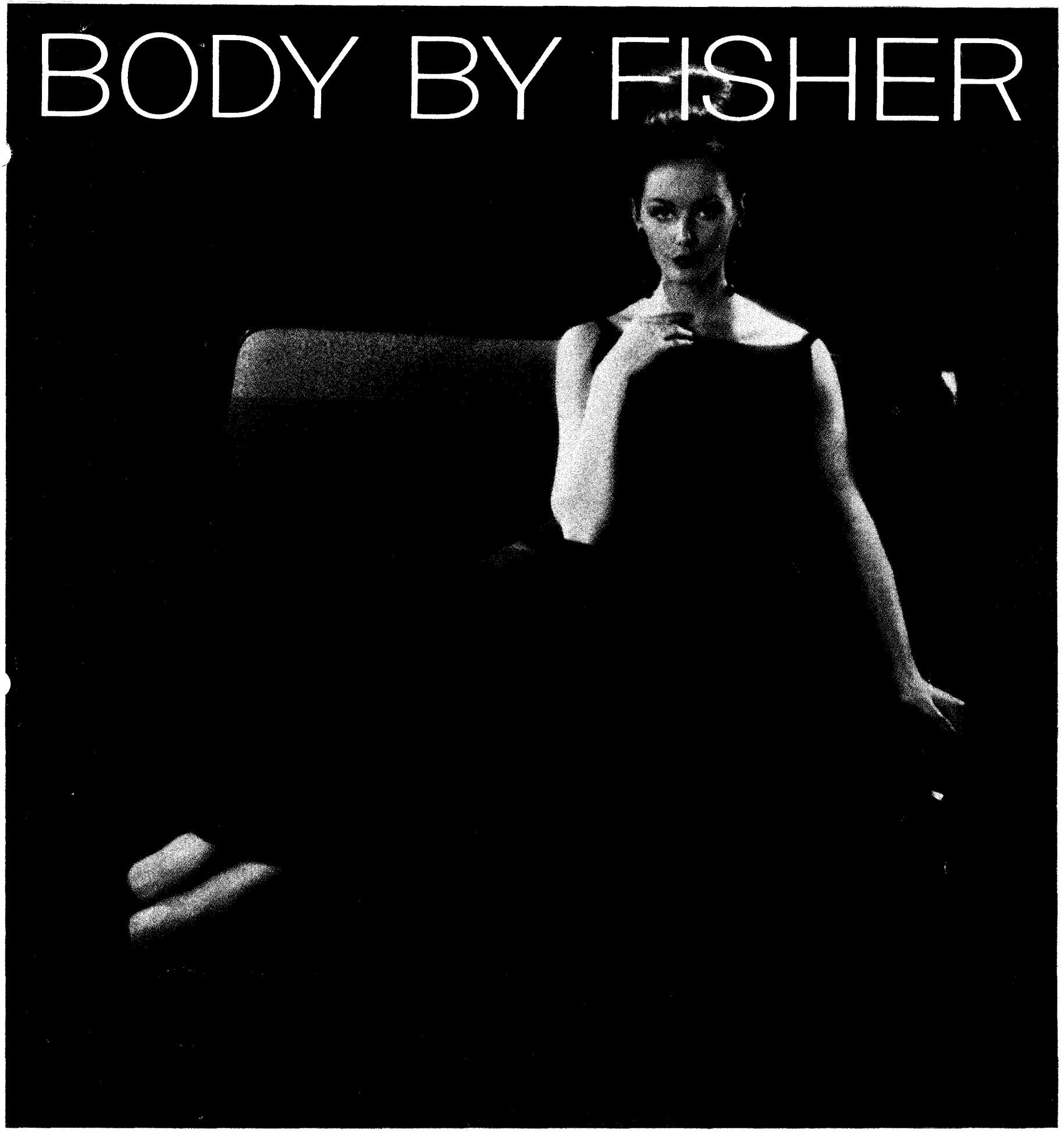

Seat fabrics elegant enough to inspire a famous fashion designer

Pauline Trigère created this stunning gown — using the fabrics from a 1963 Chevy II with Body by Fisher. The look is luxury. The feel is quality. The wear is like iron. (Children in wet bathing suits and shaggy dogs are always welcome on Fisher Body seats.) Just one more of the extra-value features you'll enjoy in cars with Body by Fisher — the most solidly built, most carefully crafted, longest-lasting car body ever. Remember: so much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes it a better buy.

Body by Fisher

The exclusive extra in General Motors cars: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

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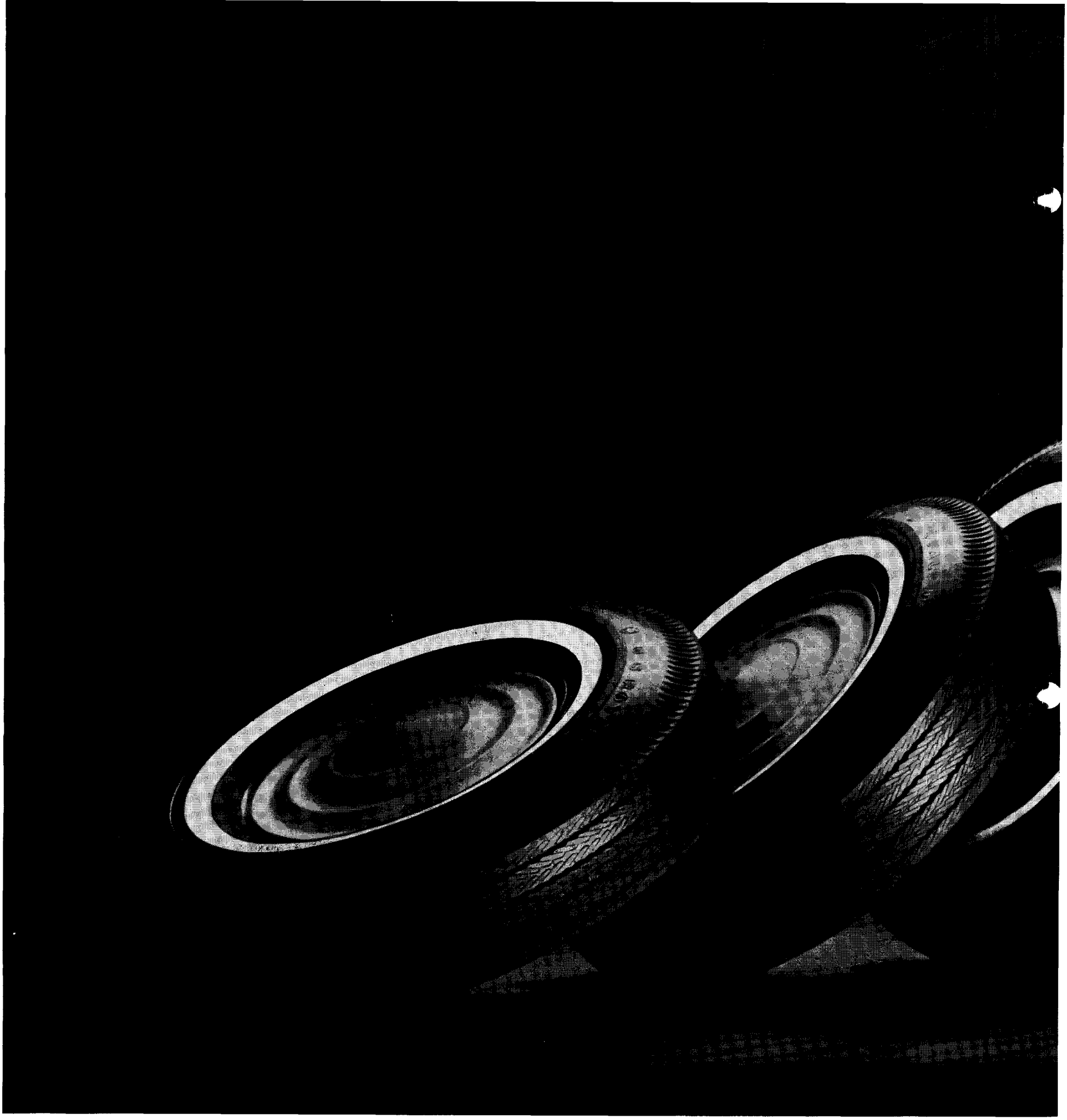

One out of every five new U.S. Royals may never see action.

. . . because it may be a spare—backing up four other new U.S. Royals. U.S. Royals, you see, are engineered to keep your spare in the trunk. An example of our precise engineering is CVC™. This is what we call our patented "invisible lock" that fuses the key tire elements into one, practically inseparable unit. CVC adds strength to tires—strength to withstand the merciless battering, wear and impac

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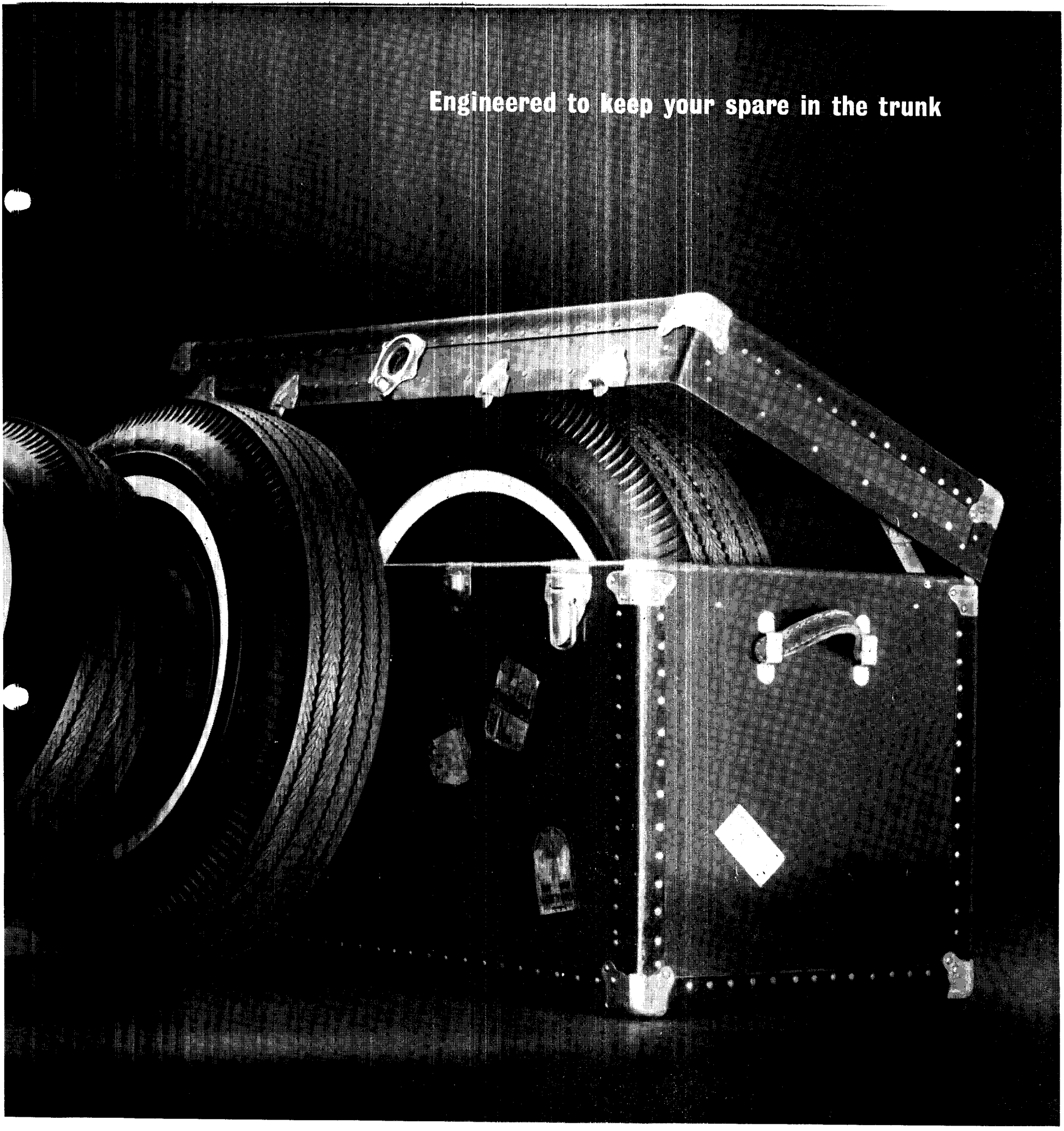

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SPEAKING OUT

Senator Cannon, Democrat from Nevada, serves on the Armed Forces and Aeronautical and Space committees. Decorated in World War II, he flys jets as a brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve.

ARE WE BEING TOO PEACEFUL IN SPACE?

By SEN. HOWARD W. CANNON

A senator calls for action to meet the awesome military might the Russians are building in space.

A perilous notion grips Washington—that through some sort of gentleman's agreement with Russia we can quarantine space, can keep it from becoming a theater of war. Wishfully the nation gears its space program to peaceful purposes, blind to the fact that the Russians have no such inhibitions. While we dream, the Russians bend every effort to develop military space systems. Quite openly they are striving for a decisive advantage in that newly penetrated region.

"Peaceful purposes," the Administration admits, means "keeping the peace" as well as engaging in scientific exploration and in commercial activities in space. President Kennedy has said we must insure that no other nation gains a position in space that would threaten our security. And we are orbiting numerous unmanned space vehicles which could have significant military purposes. But the disturbing fact is that we continue to put overwhelming emphasis on nonmilitary space programs and limit military efforts to a small list of defensive possibilities.

Elaborate reasons have been advanced for pursuing this policy. One used frequently is that we might somehow be able to keep space out of bounds for active warfare. The theory is that, by unilaterally avoiding development programs that could make space a combat theater in any war, we might induce the Russians to follow suit. This kind of thinking flies in the face of history. We have generally been able to discourage the Russians from a course of action only by confronting them with impressive deterrent power.

I see a discomforting parallel between our "space is for peace" attitude and our attempt, from 1958 to 1961, to end competition in nuclear weapons by voluntarily halting our nuclear-test program. While cobwebs gathered on our test installations in the Nevada desert and the Pacific, the Russians blithely went ahead with preparations for what was to be the most concentrated series of nuclear tests that has been held to date. Suddenly, after three years of naïve inactivity on our part, the Russians broke the gentleman's agreement and wiped out much of this nation's vital lead in nuclear technology.

What makes our wishful thinking in space all the more dangerous is that we do not enjoy the lead in space that we held in the nuclear field. Rather, we are still far behind the Soviet in some technical areas with enormous military potential. We are still handicapped by the inferior thrust of our largest rockets. The Russians can hurl much larger payloads into orbit, including their 50-megaton and 100-megaton bombs. We are still nowhere near matching the Soviet accomplishment of last summer in orbiting two manned Vostok spacecraft within a very short distance of one another. The date for our first rendezvous of two Gemini capsules, it would appear, has just been put back to 1965. It will greatly surprise me if the Russians have not actually joined two spacecraft in flight before this year is out and perhaps even transferred the cosmonauts flying them.

The logic of history should be enough to convince this nation that, without an enforceable treaty limiting space activities—an unlikely eventuality—the Russians will do everything possible to exploit the military uses of space. But we need not content ourselves with the logic of history. Soviet leaders, starting with Nikita Khrushchev, have given repeated indications that the Soviet space program is aimed squarely at attaining military dominance in space.

In a speech delivered in December, 1961, the Soviet premier said: "When the imperialists decide the question of whether or not they should unleash war, the 50- and 100-megaton Soviet bombs will hang over their heads like the sword of Damocles." Later, in the same speech, he said: "If I could send up Gagarin and Titov, we could, of course, replace Gagarin and Titov with other freight, and land it where we would like to land it."

A second argument for limiting U.S. military space efforts has to do with the type of space threat we tend to think of first: bombs in orbit. The nub of this argument is that there is no point in anyone putting bombs in orbit, or on the moon, because such space-based nuclear systems would inevitably be costlier, less reliable, and less accurate than earth-based systems.

A big flaw in this reasoning is that it tends to view the Russians as mirror images of ourselves. I admit I see no immediate need for this country to push development of orbital bombers, although I do not rule out such a need at a later date. But just because space-based bombers might not fit our strategic needs for the moment, it does not follow that they would not fit Soviet ambitions. Soviet strategists may well have decided to capitalize on their advantages in rocket thrust and 100-megaton bombs.

A limited force of supersatellites carrying 100-megaton bombs might not be able to deliver nuclear blows as discriminatingly or efficiently as a bomber-Minuteman-Polaris force. Still, for a nation that has shown little hesitancy to employ blackmail, a satellite force might represent a decisive psychological weapon. You do not, after all, have to shoot something at someone to weaken him. Think

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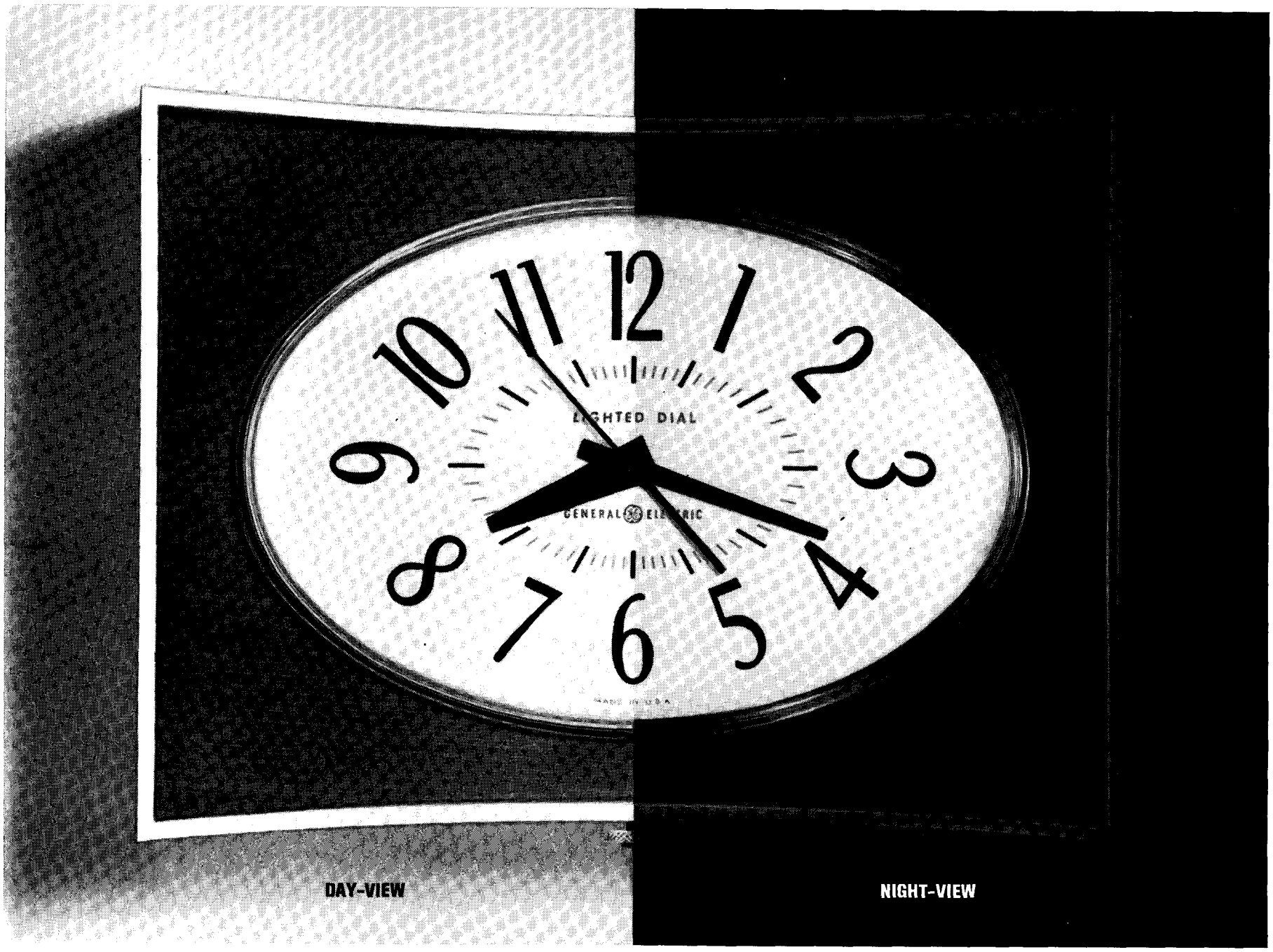

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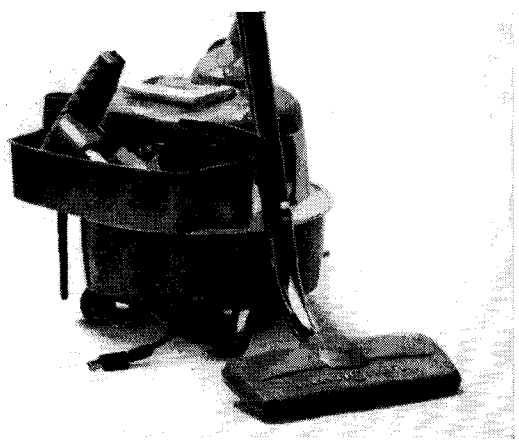

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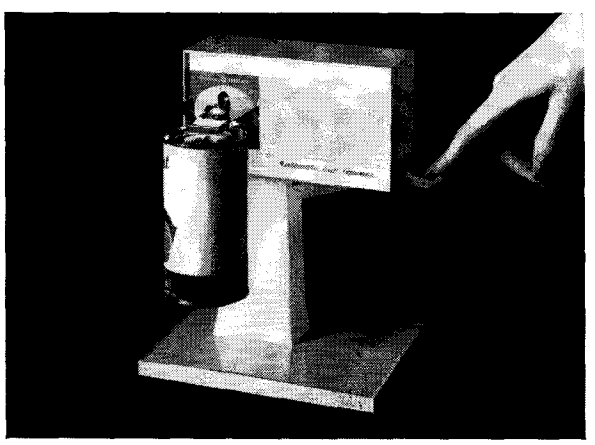

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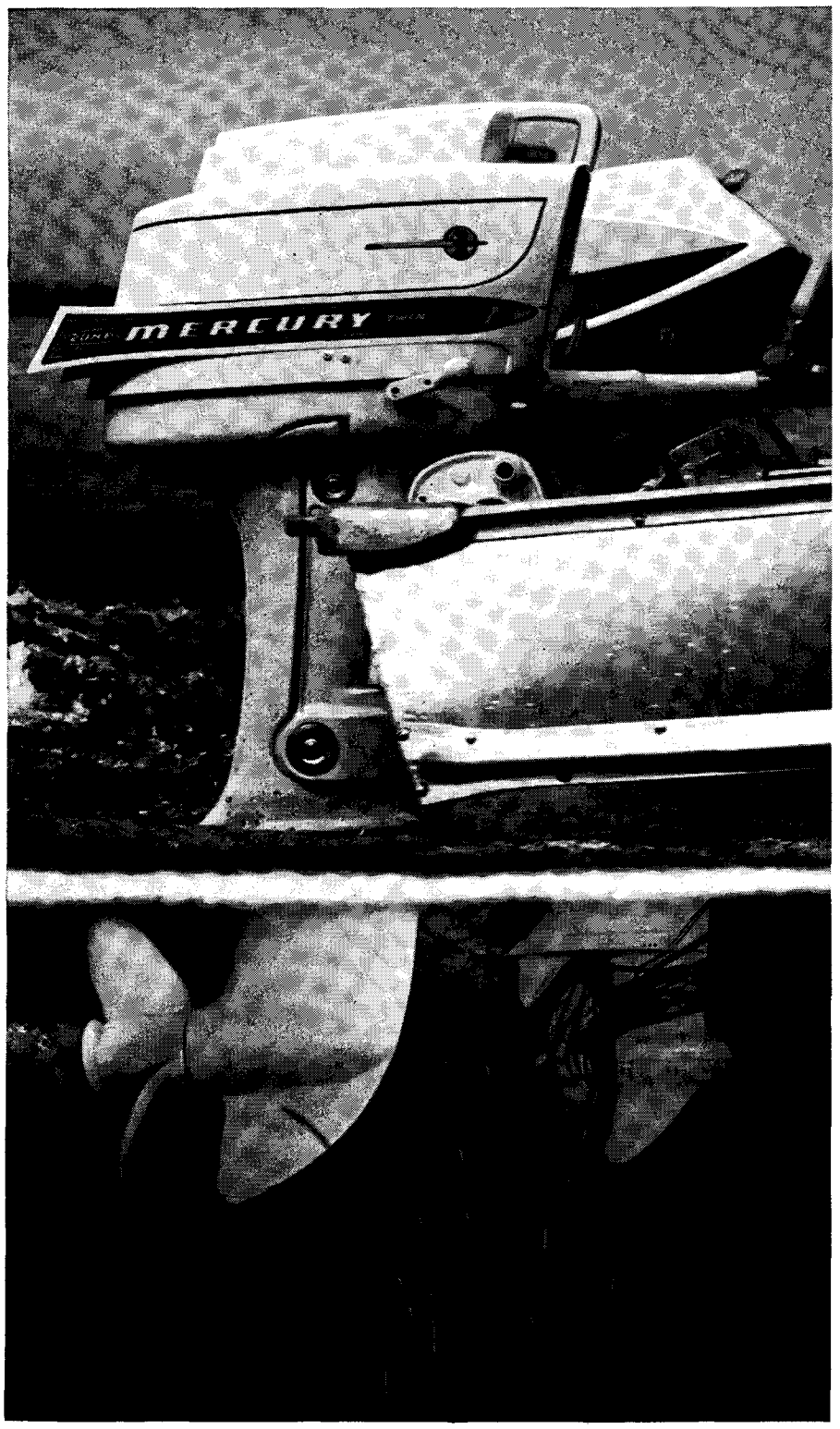

The 20 hp Merc 200 and competitor's 18 hp outboard photographed running side-by-side at Florida's Silver Springs.

No nose is good news

Put a Merc and a competitor's outboard on the same transom. Run the boat slowly (or fast) through thick weeds. Then tilt the motors out of the water and look at the lower units. You'll quickly see why *no nose is good news.*

When the gear case of an outboard sticks out in front of the drive shaft housing, it gives the lower unit a protruding nose that gathers weeds, causes the prop to foul, plows sand and snags rocks and logs. That's *bad* news.

A Merc doesn't have a nose. Its gears are tucked neatly into a smooth one-piece, die-cast lower unit housing that has a streamlined leading edge. There's nothing there to harvest weeds, and cause overheating. It glides up and over unseen obstacles. The sturdy housing takes the jolt . . . not the gears. There's no "jerk" on the lower unit to misalign the shafts and gears or damage the clutch. No nose increases the operating efficiency of the motor because there's no turbulence in front of the propeller to keep it from getting a good bite of water.

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SPEAKING OUT

what a psychological advantage the Russians would have gained had they got away with stationing offensive missiles in Cuba! What if they now turned around and placed comparable nuclear power in orbits not much farther vertically from U.S. targets than Cuba is from Miami horizontally?

To counter such a move, we might not see any gain in orbiting bomb-carrying satellites of our own. What we might urgently want would be satellites able to rendezvous with suspicious Soviet craft, detect whether they had weapons on board and, if need be, destroy them.

There are officials who, while granting such a possibility, put forward still another argument for de-emphasizing military space programs. They are exponents of the so-called "fallout" theory, which runs this way: The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) plans to spend $20 billion putting a two-man expedition on the moon by 1970. In doing so, the civilian space agency will investigate almost every technical aspect of space operations. The Defense Department needs only to adapt the technical "fallout" of this and other NASA programs to its own requirements if a Soviet military threat in space materializes.

This pat theory will not withstand close examination. While many requirements for space flight apply equally to civilian and military operations, there are some unique military requirements no amount of civilian-oriented effort will satisfy.

Military vehicles must react instantaneously to enemy thrusts. The launching of a scientific vehicle, by contrast, can ordinarily be delayed to await improvement in the weather or to permit a last-minute item-by-item checkout of the rocket. Military vehicles must operate from places dictated by military needs, not from a limited number of well-established launch pads at Cape Canaveral and other research centers. They must be able to return to base and fly another day, since military operations are likely to be repetitive, and the cost of launching one-shot vehicles would be unbearable.

There is another decisive difference. A military operation—in tanks, subs, planes or space vehicles—is not just a matter of having the right hardware. The best hardware is useless in war without crews trained for their mission, a well-oiled maintenance and supply system and an operational doctrine worked out not simply in a "think factory" but through field trials, the field in this case being space.

It takes time to build a ready-to-go military capability. Right now it may look as though earth-based systems constitute a force adequate to deter any strategic attack. But technology is advancing so swiftly it is possible that scientists might at any moment accomplish another "breakthrough" as significant as the perfection of the H-bomb. If they do, the capability to conduct military operations in space may suddenly become decisive.

The same objections hold, only more firmly, for the contention that the United States can take out adequate space insurance by developing a storehouse of "building blocks." The Titan III workhorse rocket booster; various infrared, optical and other apparatus for detecting what is aboard other nations' satellites; and an exotic line of winged space vehicles are examples of "building blocks" now being worked on. The theory is that if a Soviet space threat did become evident, the blocks could be pulled off the shelves and a military space force put together in short order. But what about mission training, supply and operational doctrine? There are months, more likely years, between the production of military equipment and the ability to use that equipment in an efficient way, particularly in a forbidding new environment.

There have been recent signs that highly placed officials are beginning to recognize the reality of the Soviet space threat. But in the past there have been similar ripples of interest that soon dissipated. Whatever new interest there is has not yet been translated into specific new space programs. Nor is there anything like adequate funding in the proposed space budget for the fiscal year starting July 1. I would like to see the Defense Department come to the Congress with a program calling for:

1. Speedy development of orbiting vehicles able to rendezvous with, inspect and, if necessary, disable potentially hostile spacecraft.

2. An early opportunity for the Air Force to conduct complete space missions on its own so as to acquire vital across-the-board experience in space operations. The best course is for the Air Force to be authorized, as agent of the Defense Department, to orbit its own versions of the wingless, ballistic, two-man Gemini capsules NASA is building as a step in its man-on-the-moon program.

3. NASA-Defense Department joint planning for development of an orbiting space station large enough for 20 to 30 crewmen. Provision would be made for crews to rotate every two to four weeks through use of space "taxis." The permanent space station could serve as a "command post" for controlling space interceptors, orbital antimissile systems and other components of a military space force. Eventually we might want to orbit strategic space stations able to carry heavy payloads. When it becomes possible to deploy as many as 100 weapons, or several hundred, on a single space platform, the space "bomber" might for the first time become economically competitive with earth-based strategic systems.

4. Stepped-up work on rocket boosters that could be recovered after launch and used again. An alternative is the ambitious concept of an "aerospace" plane that could take off conventionally from a runway, propel itself into orbit and eventually return to the takeoff runway.

Too much Buck Rogers?

The above proposals, prior to Sputnik I, would have sounded like the notions of someone who had read too much Buck Rogers. So much has happened since Sputnik I, however, that they should sound now like simple prudence for any nation intent on preserving its security.

They should. But will they? There are well-meaning scientists, some in high places, who doubt that space-based weapons could accomplish anything not better accomplished from nearer the earth. History indicates they are wrong, that they underestimate the speed of advancing technology. In any case, we cannot afford to gamble. If we dismiss the military potential in space, we may be startled one day—like the day Sputnik I was orbited—to discover, from the accomplishments of potential enemies, how wrong we have been. And by then, because technology is advancing in ever longer quantum jumps, it may be too late to do anything about it. THE END

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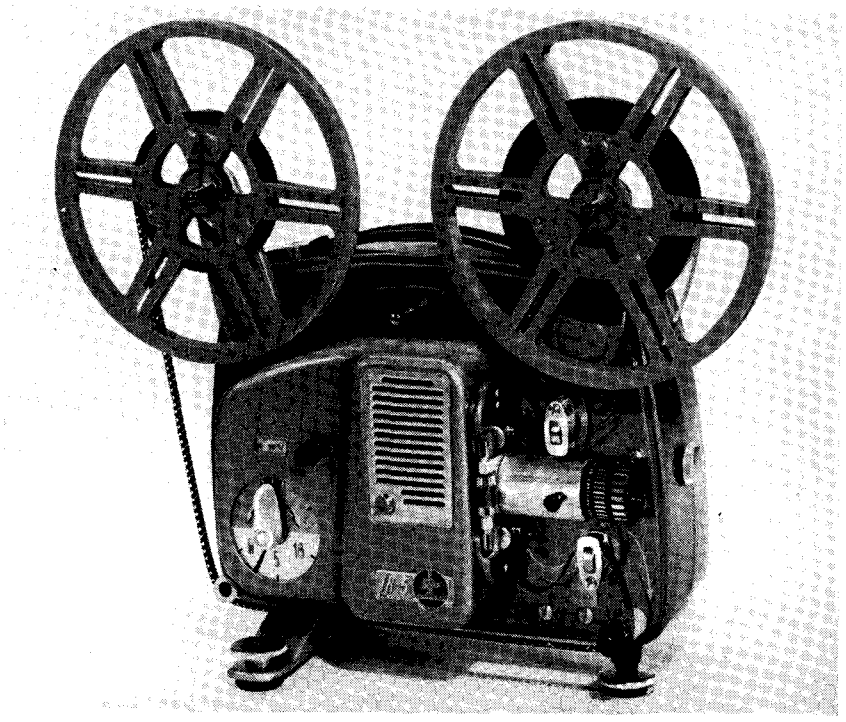

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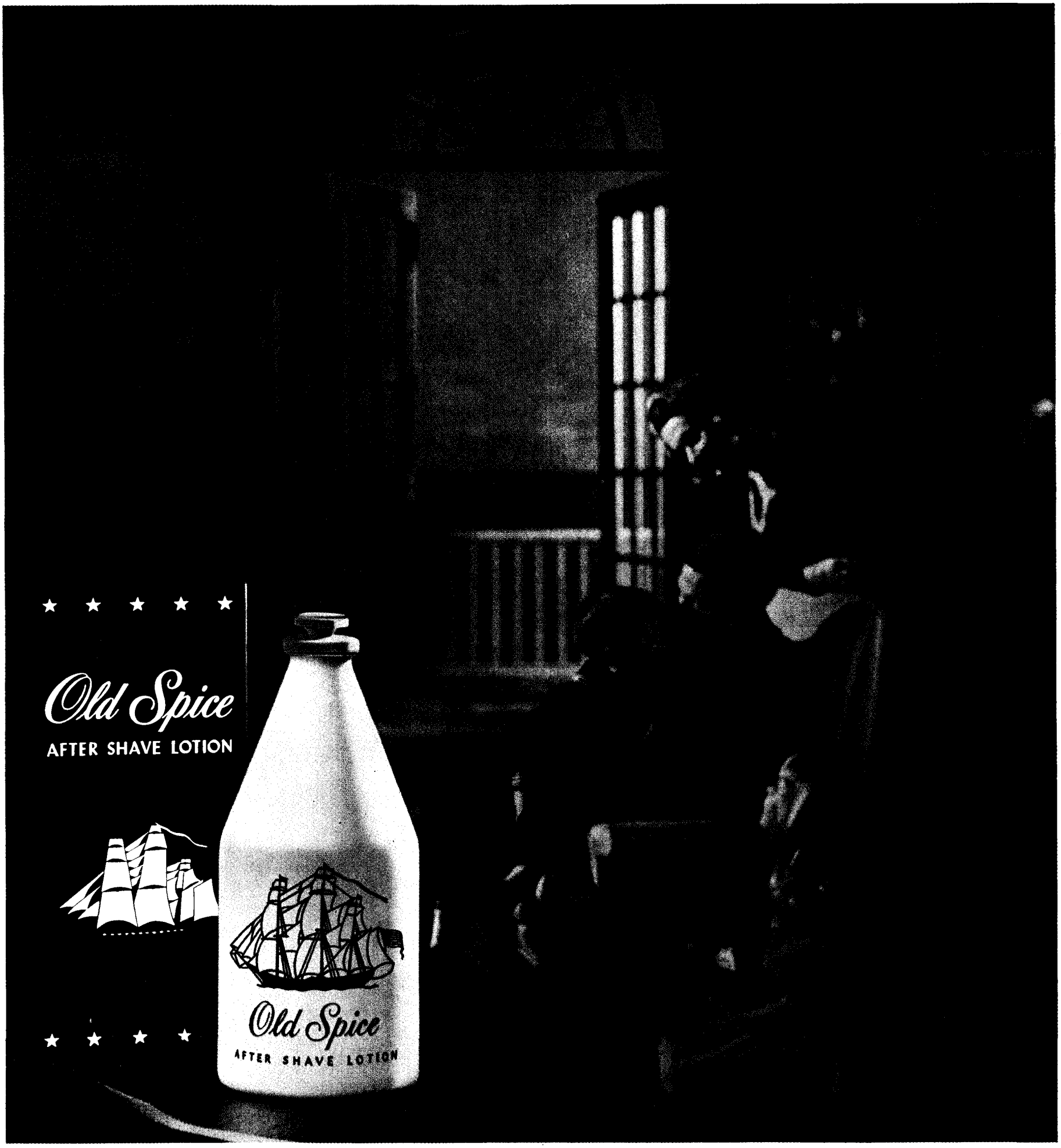

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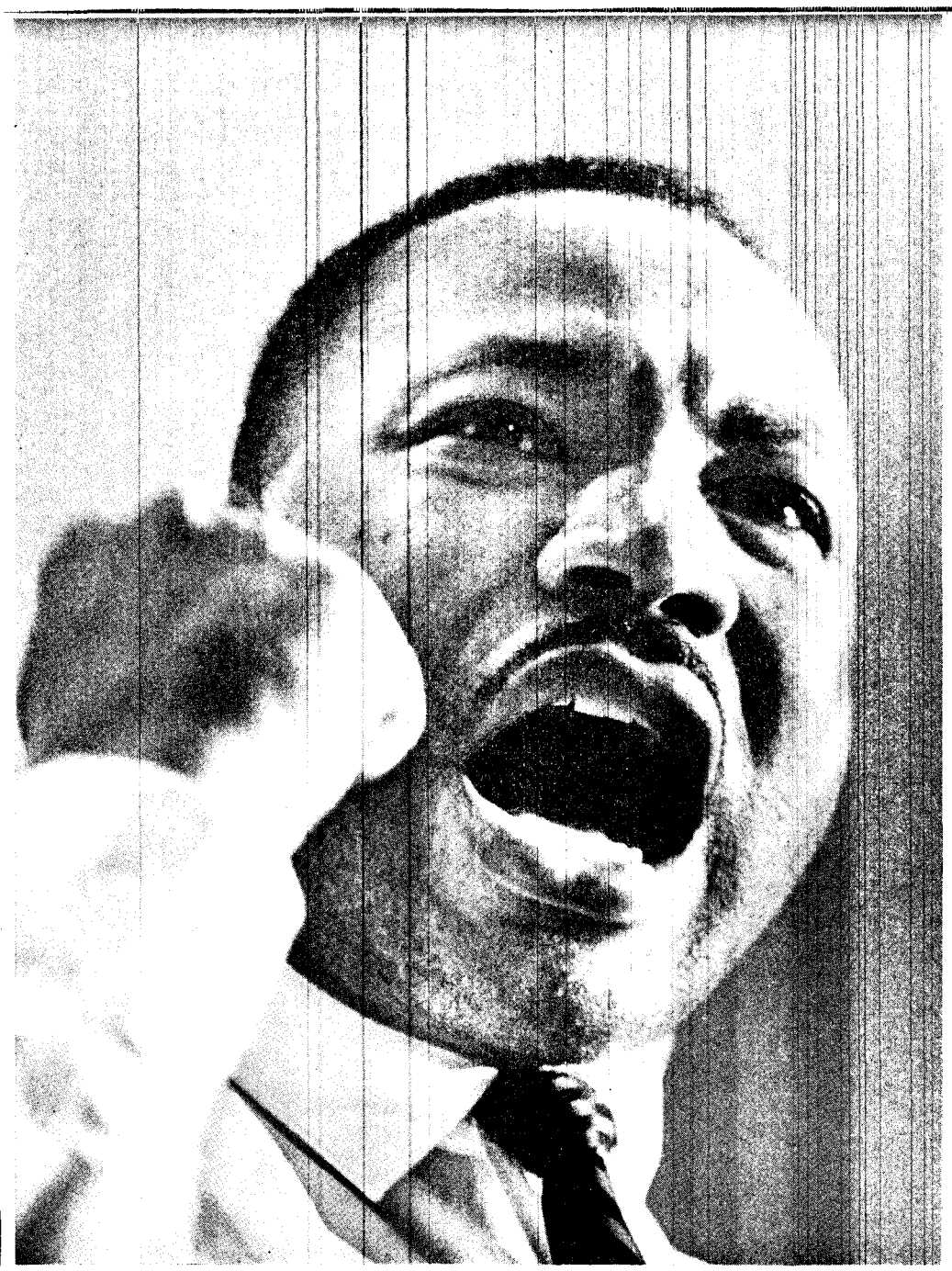

Martin Luther King Jr. — APOSTLE OF CRISIS

Critics accuse him of arrogance and opportunism, but his talent for inspiring "mass violation of immoral laws" has made him the most powerful Negro leader in America.

Since early April, temperatures had been rising inside the racial pressure cooker called Birmingham, Alabama. One muggy afternoon last month the lid blew off.

City Commissioner Eugene (Bull) Connor, deploying police forces to contain demonstration marches, had watched with growing impatience as a noisy Negro crowd filled Kelly Ingram Park, a square block of tall elms, walkways and green turf in the main Negro business section. Bellowing, laughing and jeering, the crowd—mostly students—taunted Connor's blue-clad policemen and the firemen sweating in dun-colored, knee-length slickers. Whining shepherd dogs strained at chains held by the cops, while the firemen manhandled big monitor nozzles combining two hoses for high pressure.

"Freedom!" shouted a Negro boy, flailing his arms. "Get white dogs!"

"Let 'em have it," said the Bull.

The firemen moved, and water shot from the nozzles. With a sound like automatic gunfire, a powerful stream rattled rapid-fire over elm trees, whacking off strips of thick, black bark. Then it slammed into a slim, white-clad Negro girl in the distance. She braced against it for a moment, then was knocked over into the dirt.

A group of unruly, drunken Negroes swung their arms and rocks began to fly. One crashed near the police. A bottle fell and shattered. Shouts of defiance came from the milling crowd. Rocks continued to clatter. The dogs whined eagerly. And over the cacophony of other sounds lay the crashing of the big hoses. The only still figures were about 200 whites watching somberly from across the street. Finally, with the Negroes pushed back, the water was shut off. "God bless America," a reporter mumbled in disgust.

Thus did racial violence come this spring to the most rigidly segregated major city in America. It marked a collision of two power systems, the first represented by Bull Connor, vigorously enforcing laws that preserve the status quo of racial discrimination, the second by Dr. Martin Luther

By REESE CLEGHORN

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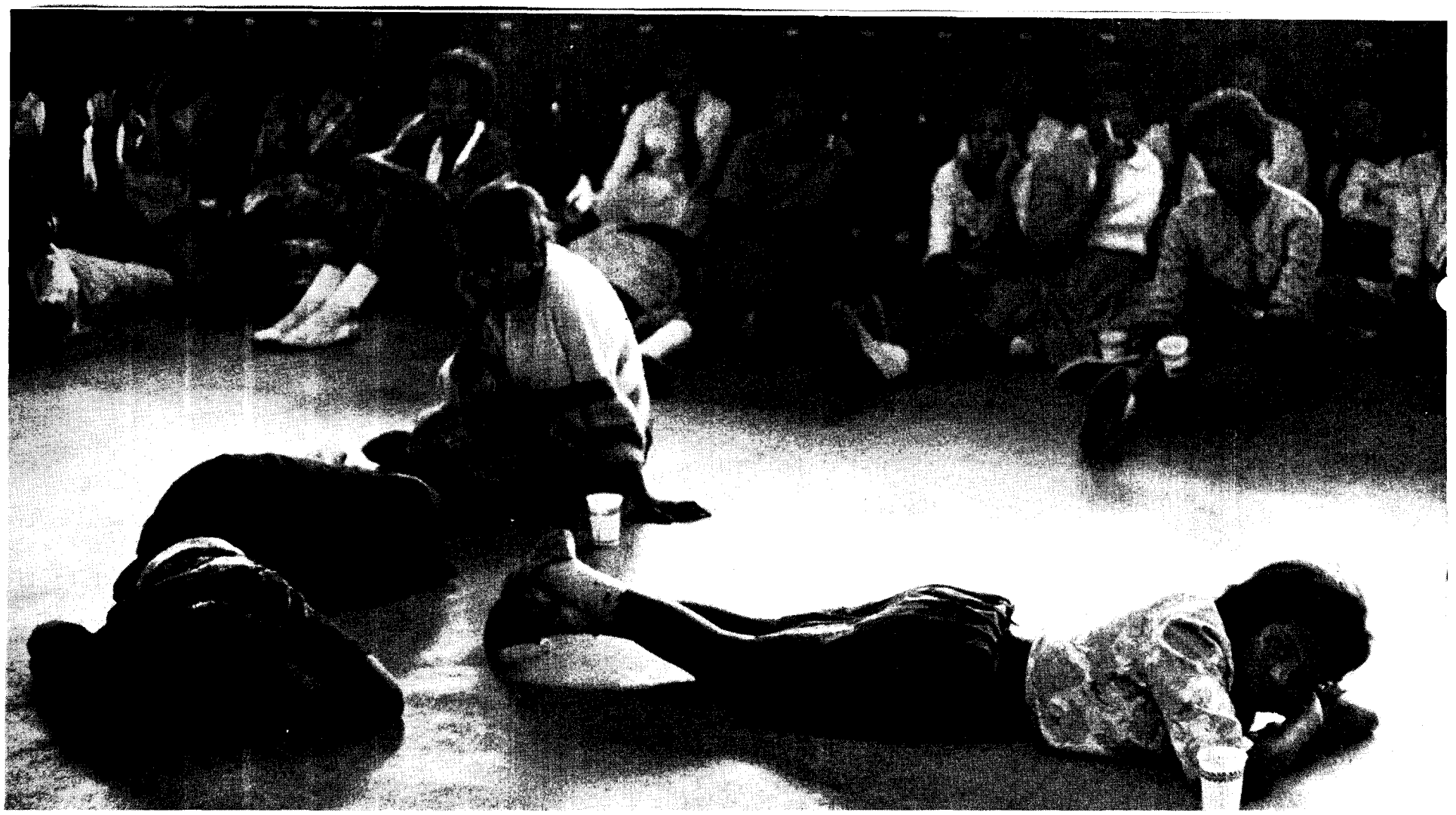

Negro girls, arrested for taking part in the Birmingham protests, huddle in 4-H building used to handle overflow from the jail.

King Jr., making a carefully planned assault on those laws and that discrimination.

For the crisis in Birmingham did not just happen. The Negro leader lighted a fire under the pressure cooker, well knowing that the "peaceful demonstrations" he organized would bring, at the very least, tough repressive measures by the police. And although he hoped his followers would not respond with violence—he has always stressed a nonviolent philosophy—that was a risk he was prepared to take. Two months earlier his No. 1 staff assistant, the Rev. Wyatt Tee Walker, had explained, "We've got to have a crisis to bargain with. To take a moderate approach, hoping to get white help, doesn't work. They nail you to the cross, and it saps the enthusiasm of the followers. You've got to have a crisis."

King got his crisis in a hymn-singing, rock-throwing crescendo of peaceful marches and violent strife that sent more than 2,400 Negroes to jail, most of them for such offenses as parading without a permit. It was the largest number ever arrested in an American racial protest. And even after he seemed to have won his fight for an agreement easing discrimination, 2,500 Negroes angrily responded to night riders' bombings by three hours of midnight rioting. Scores of cars were crumpled, torches were put to ramshackle stores and two apartment houses, a policeman and a cab driver were stabbed, and about 50 other people were injured. Later that black Sunday, President Kennedy ordered riot-trained combat troops to nearby bases.

In the days that followed, the tension eased, and integration leaders in Birmingham and around the nation tried to assess the results of King's invasion of this Deep South bastion. If the city's white business and political leaders stand by the agreement worked out in unofficial negotiations between white and Negro spokesmen, King will have won significant victories for the city's Negro population. This agreement calls for desegregation within 90 days of some lunch counters and other facilities in a number of downtown department and variety stores, for upgrading of Negro employment and hiring on a nondiscriminatory basis, and for the formation of a biracial committee.

On the other hand, coworkers in the civil-rights movement, which today teems with dissent and self-criticism, argue that these gains might have been won even without King. After decades of iron-fisted white supremacy, a series of elections in the past year had brought rejection of the old-line leadership, and white-Negro negotiations had established unprecedented rapport. (Speaking of a local Negro leader and head of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights, a white merchant who a year ago grumbled, "I never thought I'd be sitting down with Fred Shuttlesworth," recently volunteered in obvious sincerity, "I'm delighted to know you, Reverend Shuttlesworth.")

Now, however, Birmingham's Negroes face a backwash of troublesome problems. White hoodlums have been aroused. Negro demonstrators may be faced with heavy fines. School authorities suspended or expelled 1,100 children who left classes to march in the protests. And both the outgoing commission-type administration of Mayor Art Hanes and Commissioners Bull Connor and J.T. Waggoner, and the incoming mayor-council form of government headed by Mayor Albert Boutwell have publicly stated that they were not bound by the white-Negro negotiations. It will be months before anyone knows how much the Negroes won, or whether the battle of Birmingham is over.

For these and other reasons, some integrationist leaders felt that King had blundered in bringing crisis to Birmingham. It was not the right place, they maintained; this was not the right time; and mass marches to fill the jails—a tactic that bears King's personal brand—was not the right tactic. Furthermore, King had gone into Birmingham not only against the advice of these leaders but without even informing them. "That's just arrogant," one said in exasperation.

Other detractors within the desegregation movement have bitterly accused King of tackling Birmingham primarily to raise money and to keep his name and his organization, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.), ou in front on the teeming civil-rights scene.

But despite such criticism, King's magic touch with the masses of Negroes remains. They do not understand the intricacies of his tactics. What they see is a powerful crusader for equality who does something instead of just talking, who sticks lighted matches to the status quo and who is impatient with talk of waiting. Given the increasing unrest among Negroes, King's flare seems likely to spread a trail of little Birminghams through the nation during the next few months.

For King endows this American struggle with qualities of messianic mission. A short man whose thick neck and heavy shoulders convey an impression of height and power, he can fill New York's cavernous Riverside Church with eloquence about "the battering rams of historical necessity," or set rural Negro Baptists in Georgia to clapping and shouting rhythmic responses when he says, "The cloud is dark, but the sun is shining on the other side."

This oratorical blend of intellectual content with the imagery of an old Southern preacher is natural. King, 34, holds a theological degree from Crozer Theological Seminary in Chester, Pennsylvania, and a doctor-of-philosophy degree from Boston University. But some think his family heritage and home community explain much more about him than his education.

His father, usually known as "M. L. Sr.," was a strong figure in Atlanta for many ye before young Martin became famous. The son a hard-drinking part-Negro, part-Irish Georgia sharecropper, M. L. Sr. came to Atlanta as a largely unlettered young working man. He went to college, became a preacher, married a daughter of a man who had founded Ebenezer Baptist Church, and later became pastor of this politically influential church, as he still is today.

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"In the North, discrimination is even more agonizing than in the South."

Young Martin grew up as the son of a man of prestige in the community. Except that he was a Negro in a segregated Southern city, it was almost a typical middle-class American setting.

People who knew young Martin noted one characteristic early: He played rough games, but he didn't like a fight. Once the school bully knocked him down a flight of stairs and beat him, but he didn't fight back.

He was sensitive, and twice as a young boy he seemed to lose control of himself in heartbreak. Once A.D., his younger brother, sliding down a banister, knocked their grandmother unconscious. Thinking she was dead, Martin ran to a second-floor window and jumped out, but the fall was only 10 or 12 feet and he was not injured. Later, when he was 11, he learned that his grandmother really had died and took the same jump out the window—again escaping injury.

King's sensitivity and reluctance to fight back physically remain two of his outstanding characteristics. When a 200-pound self-styled American Nazi attacked him during a speech in Birmingham, King took the man's blows and never tried to retaliate. But his courage is not seriously questioned, even by those who find other characteristics to criticize. Although he does get tense and even tighten up in his speech when faced with arrest—possibly because of arm-twisting mistreatment he has received from police in the past—he does not let that deter him from following his chosen path.

Ordinarily he can match Perry Como in languid laziness of appearance. His broad face has an Oriental aspect, with a down-curving moustache and oval eyes, and he never seems to hurry.

His most frequent response is "Oh, yeeees." The word stretches out like a baritone's last four full notes. When he laughs at someone's trivial humor, the laugh seems just a moment too late, as if he has been contemplating even this.

King can clown in private

Many people think he has no sense of humor; yet he can clown in private, parodying a swinging gospel singer's radio routine, for instance. But few people ever see such a performance or realize that, behind a public dignity of ecclesiastical proportions, he is an avid sports fan. Swimming, tennis and fishing have been among his own pursuits, but he has little time for them these days.

His limited time, in fact, is largely spent with his family—his wife Coretta, a pretty former Alabaman who sometimes sings soprano in concerts; Yolanda (Yoki), 7; Martin III, 5; Dexter, 2; and Bernice Albertine, born March 28. They live in a large, two-story brick house in one of Atlanta's less fashionable Negro neighborhoods. He is at home about 10 days a month on the average.

More often he is traveling. A recent schedule took him to Chicago for four speeches on a Sunday, to the University of Minnesota Monday, back to his Atlanta S.C.L.C. office Tuesday with a church meeting at home that night; Wednesday through Friday there were meetings with the S.C.L.C. staff; Saturday, counseling at his church and visits to hospitalized members; Sunday morning, preaching. And then on the road for New York, Connecticut and Tennessee.

Despite the pace, he almost always appears fresh. His dress leans to brown, gray and sometimes dark blue; and his suits, which Mrs. King helps choose, usually look more respectable than stylish. He once bought some suits in the $150-$200 price range, with a preference for high-sheen dressy ones, but his taste seems to be more modest now.

Price, however, is not the problem. Testimony from state investigators in an unsuccessful Alabama tax case against King revealed substantial income. For 1958, for example, he reported $25,348—and the state charged him with having made almost twice that much. He attributed the tax case to persecution, and was acquitted of fraud, but he had by then paid some additional tax which the state claimed was due.

King receives one dollar a year from S.C.L.C. and $6,000 from Ebenezer Baptist Church, which lists him as co-pastor. Most of his income comes from speaking fees, gifts and books, of which his third, titled *Strength to Love*, has recently been published by Harper & Row.

For these latter sources of income, King naturally must thank his national prominence as a Negro leader; and it is a curious fact that, between crises, his place in the civil-rights struggle seems to slip. After his first ascent to fame during the 1956 bus boycott campaign in Montgomery, Alabama, he passed through a period of limbo. "The rest of my life will be anticlimactic," he told a good friend.

But the next year he reestablished himself on the national scene when he proposed a "prayer pilgrimage" to Washington, won out against N.A.A.C.P. opposition and, on May 17, spoke from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial to 25,000 Negroes. "Give us the ballot" was his theme, rolling out like the refrain of an old hymn. "Give us the ballot, and we will transform the salient misdeeds of bloodthirsty mobs into the abiding good deeds of orderly citizens. Give us the ballot. . . ." The crowd boomed its approval, and editor James L. Hicks of New York City's *Amsterdam News* wrote that King "emerged from the Prayer Pilgrimage to Washington as the No. 1 leader of 16 million Negroes. . . . At this point in his career, they will follow him anywhere."

Still, King, who in those days wore a floppy, broad-brimmed hat, unfashionable wide-lapel suits and floral-design ties, was often out of the limelight. In the fall of that same year, 1957, the Little Rock explosion thrust other leaders into the headlines; Daisy Bates of the N.A.A.C.P. was the Negro of the hour then.

King slipped further from view after he narrowly escaped death on September 20, 1958, when a mentally deranged Negro woman named Izola Curry plunged a letter opener into his chest as he autographed his first book, *Stride Toward Freedom*, in a Harlem department store. "I've been after you for six years," she exclaimed. The blade narrowly missed his aorta, and King probably would have died if he had pulled the blade out, a doctor said later. Instead, he waited calmly for medical attention, with the stoical bravery he has shown on other occasions. His recovery was delayed by pneumonia, and for two years he remained largely out of public view except for a trip to India to talk to Nehru.

He did not emerge until 1960, with the advent of more crises. That year he set up offices in Atlanta for S.C.L.C.—"Slick," in the jargon of the movement—which had been largely dormant since he and his supporters had founded it three years earlier. But it was the lunch-counter sit-ins in the Carolinas and the rising restlessness of the Negro students which brought him to the fore again. Not leadership but agility put him there.

Students from about 40 communities where there had been sit-ins met in Raleigh, North Carolina, in April, to organize; and because King was, to them, the great symbol of the movement, they asked him to help. Though they had moved ahead of him in pressing "selective buying" programs—boycotts—he had quickly adopted this as his own cause. ("He had to run to catch up with them," a friend remembers.) And now, when they organized the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.), he became its patron saint. S.N.C.C.—usually called "Snick"—has since become a grass-roots organization carrying the dangerous burden of direct action in the tough black-belt areas of the South.

The revolutionary new youth tide that flowed from Raleigh had the effect of thrusting King into the front of a civil-disobedience movement now identified with his name, although in actual practice it was a young people's tactic at that time. Mass violation of the law by sit-ins and jail-ins was the banner that impatient students thrust into his hands for the 1960's. It was a sort of "black man's burden," and he was carrying it when he went to jail in Atlanta's sit-ins of 1960.

The Atlanta showdown exemplifies an essential fact about King: Here, as has often been the case, he was the Negroes' symbol and public spokesman; but actually the sit-in campaign was run by the students, and the command of Negro forces dealing with the Atlanta city administration was exercised by the established Negro power structure of Atlanta. On the operating level, King was a major factor only once, when the power of his oratory was needed to persuade a rally of rebellious students to accept the desegregation timetable which the local Negro leaders had negotiated.

Partly because his method is to move about in evangelical fashion, with local people remaining to reap whatever harvest may come, King has

Police Chief Laurie Pritchett of Albany, Georgia, orders King arrested during demonstrations in 1962.

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Martin Luther King

Get on your walking shoes and don'tcha get weary

Blast of fire hose hit this Birmingham demonstrator.

been called the Billy Graham of the civil-rights movement. Unlike Billy Graham, however, King bears heavy organizational responsibilities, and it is in this realm that he is most criticized.

"I really don't have a great interest in administration," King said one day recently, semi-reclining in a swivel chair in his simple, cheaply furnished Atlanta office. He tapped a wooden letter opener rapidly in his palm as he thought. "But I have come to see the necessity of that emphasis. I've never thought I couldn't do it. But I have thought my function was creative leadership, without doing the day-to-day detail. In recent months I have tried to strengthen my administrative ability."

Though King and the N.A.A.C.P.—of which he is a member—periodically deny any rivalry, it is obvious that "the N-double-A" is warily watching one plan he mulls over. It is twofold: First, S.C.L.C. would become a membership organization, composed primarily of individual members rather than affiliate organizations, as at present. Second, it would become truly national. In sum, this move would put S.C.L.C. into full competition with the N.A.A.C.P. for members, dues, contributions and general support.

"I will have to face the decision soon on whether I should be limiting myself to the South," King said. "In the North there are brothers and sisters who are suffering discrimination that is even more agonizing, in a sense, than in the South. . . . In the South, at least the Negro can see progress, whereas in the North all he sees is retrogression."

At present, S.C.L.C.'s most far-reaching and, many civil-rights workers think, most useful activity is its citizenship-training program. In an attractive brick building called the Dorchester Center in rural McIntosh, Georgia, S.C.L.C. trains people it calls "the noncommissioned officers of the civil-rights movement." Most are leaders from small communities, learning how to teach basic literacy, voter-registration processes and procedures for obtaining government benefits. So far, about 600 Negroes from all over the South have gone through Dorchester. In Georgia alone, these graduates recently were conducting 50 local classes.

For these and other operations conducted by its staff of 40, S.C.L.C. has a 1963 budget of about $450,000, up from $60,000 in 1960, when the staff numbered three. Fees from its affiliates amount to only about $15,000 of this. Doctor King himself raises about $100,000 with rallies, dinners and other personal appearances. A surprising $150,000 or so comes through the mail, some spontaneously but most in response to appeals from Doctor King to a mailing list of 35,000 people. When a crisis such as Birmingham's comes, an "emergency appeal" may be sent out, and sometimes it adds substantially to the year's budget. For example, the National Maritime Union alone sent King more than $32,000 in the midst of the Birmingham crisis.

About $100,000 of the S.C.L.C. budget is a grant by the Field Foundation to the home mission board of the United Church of Christ, which finances the citizenship school that S.C.L.C. administers. The remainder of the S.C.L.C. budget comes from periodic benefits, concerts and assorted entertainment.

King's financial reporting worries some people. In contrast to the N.A.A.C.P., which reports its money handling extensively and likes to emphasize that it must be "as above suspicion as Caesar's wife," S.C.L.C. reports little. Its only known published financial statement is a one-page, carbon-copied sheet with a very general listing of income and disbursements in round figures.

Partly because of its laxity in providing reports even to those with whom it deals on a professional level, S.C.L.C. seems to have suffered badly as a participant in the foundation-financed Voter Education Project, set up last year to manage voter-registration programs through five participating organizations. S.C.L.C., which had enthusiastically disclosed that it would receive about $90,000 from the fund last year, actually wound up getting less than $25,000. And when the project drew up its tentative 1963 allocations this April, S.C.L.C. was down for none.

Others in the civil-rights movement are also taking a tough, critical look at S.C.L.C.'s work in voter registration. And, despite King's statement in an April fund-raising letter that "We are making the main thrust of our work in the area of voter registration," the "specialty of the house" with S.C.L.C. remains the mass protest. The ultimate outcome in Birmingham will be a judgment of this tactic, just as Albany was.

The name of Albany has come to have a special meaning in the rights movement. In that busy little city of 58,000 in the old plantation country of southwestern Georgia, a total of more than 1,100 Negroes marched to jail with King in December, 1961, and the spring of 1962, demanding desegregation. Thundering applause had nearly drowned out King's rising, falling oratory when he told a meeting of Albany Negroes: "Get on your walking shoes; walk together, children, and don'tcha get weary!"

King himself had been trapped in the kind of emotion that builds up at these meetings. When he went to Albany he did not intend to go to jail or, apparently, to allow his entire prestige to be committed. But by the time he reached the church, earlier speakers had already fired up the crowd. A local Negro leader, Dr. W. G. Anderson, whirled in the midst of an oration about marching to certain arrest and exclaimed, "Reverend King will lead us, won't you, Reverend King?" The answer had to be yes. "I don't think King leads the movement," said a former associate. "It leads him."

Looking back, an executive of another rights group has commented, "As a professional, I was appalled by the lack of planning in the Albany campaign. They just charged off."

Almost everybody outside King's immediate camp thinks the Albany protest was a failure. "Albany can never be the same again," King had said at the time. But the walls of segregation did not come tumbling down anywhere there, and the Negro's lot today is little different except for some new hardships. Slater King, an Albany Negro leader and businessman, thinks the campaign was worth-while on the whole, but he estimates that 20 percent of the work force of Negro maids and cooks lost jobs permanently because of white hostility aroused by the marches.

"Albany is just as segregated as ever," says Police Chief Laurie Pritchett, who is credited with giving King his first major defeat. And Mrs. Ruby Hurley, Southeastern regional director of the N.A.A.C.P., says, "Albany was successful only if the goal was to go to jail."

A difference in objectives

Doctor King himself, though he admits he might do things differently now, believes the marches did achieve something. "Negroes have straightened their backs in Albany," he says, "and once a man straightens his back you can't ride him anymore." It is a view that sheds light on the cause of many of his differences with leaders of other rights groups. As one such executive said, "We [various rights organizations] meet and decide on tactics for bringing about desegregation. I have the feeling S.C.L.C. does not regard this as the primary objective. For them it's to increase the self-esteem of the Negro. That calls for different tactics."

Doctor King, having established himself as the foremost practitioner of the "fill the jails" tactic, now has set up a legal wing that may be useful when and if thousands more of his followers go to jail. Contributions to this new Gandhi Society will be tax-exempt—unlike those to S.C.L.C., a political-action group. Doctor King, honorary chairman of the Gandhi Society, acknowledges that it may enjoy foundation support—some, hopefully, from the Rockefeller Foundation.

The relationship between King and New York Governor Rockefeller has aroused a good deal of curiosity, especially since an S.C.L.C. official resigned with charges that Rockefeller was a heavy contributor to King for political reasons. The two men met at a Harlem rally in 1957 but had little contact until 1960. That year, when King was to speak at a fund-raising dinner in Albany, New York, the governor greeted him in New York City and then flew him to Albany in his personal plane. They had long talks. "I was very much impressed by him and the strength of his commitment," King recalls. They have talked since then, King says, but not frequently. "I must say he has shown a strong concern for civil

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rights. I do not think it is wholly political." But King is hard to corner on the question of whether President Kennedy or Governor Rockefeller has more appeal as a civil-rights advocate.

"I don't endorse candidates and will continue to follow this policy," King said, but he added, "I will go to the extent of telling people who ask my advice what I think the candidates stand for."

Even that could be an important endorsement. During the 1960 campaign his father, the Rev. M. L. King Sr., publicly endorsed John F. Kennedy for President because of the candidate's "call of concern" to young Doctor King's wife Coretta, while her husband was confined at Georgia's Reidsville State Penitentiary. That call, and another by Bob Kennedy to a Georgia judge handling a traffic case against King, are credited by many political observers with swinging enough Negro votes to elect Kennedy.

King's position in the rights movement unquestionably is enhanced by the fact that he has the ear of the President and, for that matter, of figures around the world. He knows African premiers better than he does the influential whites in his own hometown—recently he could not recall the names of two of the most important churchmen in Atlanta, both of whom had lunched with him to talk race relations. Not only is he on speaking terms with many African leaders; to an extent few white Americans appreciate, his name is known and revered throughout much of the world.

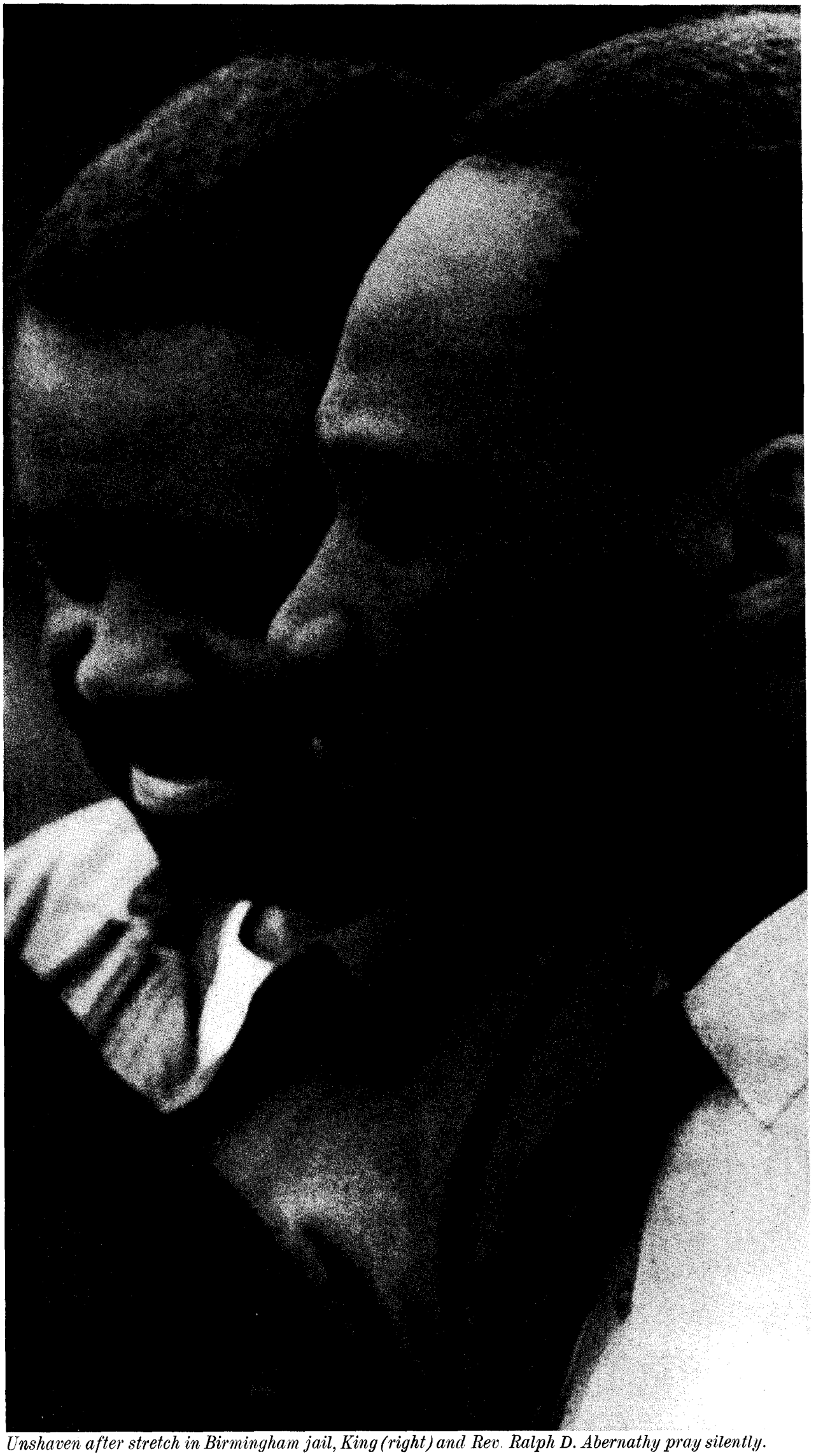
During the Birmingham push, for example, a Peace Corps official visiting in Senegal was plied with questions about why America had put Martin Luther King in jail. And by now most of the world knows that he has been jailed 14 times—as this is written.

Jail usually is the place where King catches up on his reading, but in the Birmingham jail a few weeks ago he caught up on some writing. Seven leading Alabama churchmen, some of whom had staked their prestige and positions upon a moderate solution in Birmingham, had openly criticized his actions there. He answered them with a publicly released 9,000-word letter which his staff later dubbed *Birmingham Jail Treatise of Martin Luther King Jr.* It was a telling document. More than ever it split him from the white moderates of the South and suggested that Negroes would plot their own course in the future.

The moderates, he wrote, had "gravely disappointed" him: "I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens Council-er or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to 'order' than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says, 'I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action'; who paternalistically feels that he can set the timetable for another man's freedom. . . ."

As for his own course, he said, he was the man in the middle in the Negro community. He stood between "a force of complacency" and "one of bitterness and hatred" exemplified by the Black Muslims, and he realized that he should have known that "few members of a race that has oppressed another race can understand or appreciate the deep groans and passionate yearnings of those who have been oppressed. . . ."

More than a "treatise" it sounded like a declaration of black independence in the civil-rights crises of the future. THE END



Unshaven after stretch in Birmingham jail, King (right) and Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy pray silently.

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Jean Seberg romps through woods in scene from Lilith filmed at Barnesville, Maryland.

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• *After a hazardous and some of the worst reviews*

By PETE HAMILL

One evening more than a decade ago a young girl sat down in her home in Marshalltown, Iowa, and wrote a letter to Marlon Brando. She had read that Marlon had no privacy, that reporters hounded him every waking moment. So the girl, who was 13 at the time, did the only thing she could think of to make poor Marlon's life bearable: She offered him a haven. "Why don't you come and live with me and my family?" she wrote. There was plenty of room and he could always get a free milk shake at her father's drugstore. Marlon never answered.

Years later he met the letter writer, who had grown up to become Jean Seberg, and said, "Why don't you ask me now?"

It is stories like this of which fan magazines are made, of course, but like many products of the Hollywood dream world, it contains a kernel of truth. After a long day's journey that has included nine movies, one broken marriage, acres of publicity, a fair amount of despair and some of the worst reviews any actress has ever received, Jean Seberg has finally arrived.

She now has producers speaking to her with respect, directors talking expansively of her talents, actors treating her as an equal and the curious of two continents gazing at her when she enters a public place. And, as if further evidence of her new status were needed, she has concluded, as Brando did years ago, that the entire apparatus of publicity is a bore. Jean Seberg is now a star.

"After all," she says, explaining her current reluctance to meet the press, "I am the greatest example of a very real fact, that all the publicity in the world will not make you a movie star, if you are not also an actress."

That Jean Seberg is now an actress, many observers—including a few reluctant ones—would agree. One of her forthcoming pictures, *In the French Style*, contains a Seberg performance so solid that startled Columbia executives tore up her old contract, gave her a substantial raise and thereby headed off the Indians who were coming on hard from Independent Production Pass. She is now acting on location in Maryland in Columbia's *Lilith*, her first movie in the United States in more than three years and certainly the most demanding role she has played since *Saint Joan*.

Based on J. R. Salamanca's novel, *Lilith* is the story of a tragic love affair between a schizophrenic girl and a young sanitarium attendant, played by Warren Beatty. Director Robert Rossen, whose last picture, *The Hustler*, received nine Academy Award nominations, says that "Jean is going to surprise the hell out of a lot of people. She has already surprised the hell out of me. This girl is an actress. Not just a star, an actress."

There are some people in the film industry who credit Jean Seberg's rise to an almost ruthless

trek that has included nine movies, one shattered marriage of our time, a modern Cinderella has arrived.

JEAN SEBERG

determination to succeed. But she puts it more simply. "I'm a better actress for one reason," she says, her mouth hardening a little. "Living."

The transformation of Jean Seberg began back in 1956 when, at the age of 17, she was plucked off a soda-fountain stool in her father's Marshalltown drugstore to play the movie lead in George Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. The plucker was director Otto Preminger, who had been conducting a highly publicized hunt for the Maid of Orleans. Up to that time Miss Seberg, shy and freshly scrubbed, was noted only for the fact that she played timpani in her high-school band. She became one of the great Cinderella stories of the postwar era and, in short order, a manufactured celebrity. Not exactly a star. Certainly not an actress. A celebrity. But it was not enough.

When *Saint Joan* opened in 1957, the reviews were cruel. "Jean was crushed," recalls one former friend. "She actually thought she had done a good job. She thought she was better than Siobhan McKenna."

When Jean's performance failed, Preminger was cast as the heavy, as a hard-nosed martinet who had taken an innocent daughter of the Midwest, used her in a great ballyhoo plot and then coldly chucked her to the wolves. Said Miss Seberg: "He dropped me like a used Kleenex."

There is some evidence, however, that the facts were a little different. "Every time I read about poor little Jean Seberg I have to laugh," says screenwriter Thomas Ryan, who worked with Preminger. "This was a tough little dame, very resilient, who knew exactly what she wanted. And Otto, despite the stories, *did* try to make it up to her. That's why he put her in a second movie, *Bonjour Tristesse*—to give her another chance. Of course, he also wanted to prove he was right when he picked her out of that drugstore."

Miss Seberg's performance in *Bonjour Tristesse* drew its share of withering critical fire. Such reviews would have destroyed a girl with less tenacity and she admits now that they arrived when she had just recovered from a period of despair. Prior to *Bonjour Tristesse*, she had dropped completely out of sight and traveled to Nice, where she studied French, played records and tried to teach herself to cook. "I went to the beach every day. And I cried. . . . I was completely alone for thirty days."

After that second picture, Miss Seberg realized that she would have to learn her craft. She took an apartment in New York, appeared in two forgettable films—*The Mouse That Roared*, *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*—and applied for membership in Actors Studio ("They never even bothered to answer me").

"What really hurt me then," she recalls, "is that I had to learn to act in front of the entire world."

While going through this crisis period, she met and married a 24-year-old French lawyer named François Moreuil. Their marriage in Marshalltown in 1958 attracted reporters and an overflow crowd at the church. But things went wrong from the beginning. Moreuil broke into tears at the wedding rehearsal, shocked the town elders when he emerged from a fitting closet in the town's leading store dressed only in undershirt and shorts, and topped off the wedding day by leaving his keys in the couple's locked car. If that were not enough, it also rained. They were divorced two years later, after a long separation.

At the time Miss Seberg said, "There is no bitterness involved." Later she spoke more bluntly about Frenchmen in general: "Frenchmen think you have to break in an American woman like a horse. You have to comb it, run it, train it and beat it. He thinks the ultimate compliment is that you don't act like an American at all."

Her marriage to Moreuil was not a complete disaster. She moved with him to Paris, city of beginnings, and through Moreuil met a group of young men who were to become famous under the title of The New Wave. "I guess I went to France the way some people go into analysis," she says with a laugh. "At first it was difficult. I didn't know many people and the language was a problem. . . . But if it weren't for the French, I don't know whether I'd have any career at all."

According to some observers, Miss Seberg's entry into French films was a shrewd, calculated attempt to redeem herself. She realized she was not an accomplished actress and that her best course might lie in playing an artless, American girl in foreign movies. The pictures would play the American art-house circuit and would be treated with more respect by critics because they were in a language other than their own.

According to Miss Seberg, her New Wave period was much more casual. She was then the property of Columbia Pictures, which had bought her contract from Preminger, but "no one was beating my door down to give me jobs. Then Jean-Luc Godard, the French director, asked me to make a picture. It was all a lark."

After she got Columbia's OK, they made the picture. It was called *Breathless* and to date it has grossed about two million dollars. It marked the return of Jean Seberg. No less a Gallic culture god than Jean Cocteau declared his "unreserved admiration," and Jean Paul Sartre labeled her performance "an exceptional triumph."

"*Breathless* was like home movies," Miss Seberg says. "There was no pressure. If I came to the set and said, 'Gee, I don't feel like working,' Godard would say, in the French equivalent, 'You know, neither do I. Let's goof off.'"

Jean Seberg, in a scene that could have come out of a bad 1940 show-biz movie, very quickly became the toast of Paris. Her picture, featuring the easy smile and the slightly rumpled look she wore in *Breathless*, blossomed all over France. She met Romain Gary, the swashbuckling author of *The Roots of Heaven*, *Lady L* and *Promise at Dawn*, and soon became his constant companion, to the delight of the French press and the annoyance of Gary's wife. In rapid succession, Miss Seberg made *Playtime*, *Time Out for Love* and *The Five-Day Lover*, all in French. And her French, spoken with a finely-honed Midwest accent, was as delightful to the French as English with a French accent is to an American.

Occasionally there were stories that dealt with dark themes in the Seberg life. There was one that incorrectly claimed she had suffered a nervous breakdown, others that, like Brigitte Bardot, she was a tortured child-woman who could never survive the pressures of her art. Most of them were inventions of deadline-punished writers. But Jean Seberg *was* living. "If I had to remember all the things that have happened to me in the last seven years," she says, "I'd flip."

More importantly, the Seberg artistic reputation had changed sufficiently by this point to attract writer Irwin Shaw and director Robert Parrish, coproducers of *In the French Style*. "She seemed like a natural choice," says Parrish. "The role calls for an American girl who goes to Paris and runs into life. Jean read the screenplay and said, 'I must play the role, because I'm always playing this scene with my parents.'"

Today the new Seberg image seems fixed firmly in place. Physically, at five feet four and 108 pounds, with sandy blond hair, she still looks much like the girl who was burned at the stake in *Saint Joan*. But she is not the same girl. She is a cosmopolite, a graduate of the University of Europe. Although she has maintained a Paris apartment for three years, she is sufficiently sure of herself to talk now about leaving the French capital. "It's too easy to become an emotional transient in Paris," she says. "It doesn't take long before people try to start using you frivolously for their spare hours."

In her spare hours, which she hoards, Miss Seberg listens to progressive jazz, Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald, and writes ("It's all bad"). Her favorite author, of course, is Romain Gary, and according to friends, they plan to marry as soon as his wife grants him a divorce.

Her future, it would seem, is unlimited. "She has her own style," says director Parrish. "She has been everywhere now and seen a lot of things. She's not a little American girl and she's not French either. She's Jean Seberg."

"I hate to talk about acting," says Miss Seberg, "because I've never heard an actor describe what he does without sounding like a dope. Any artist has to be a person who is driven, I guess. I don't think any healthy, well-balanced person would want to be an actor.

"In a way, it must be because acting is the closest to child's play that an adult can get. You know, it's very nice to know how a scene will end, how a story will end." She paused and smiled. "It's not at all like life." THE END

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Greece

Reflections of the colonnaded Parthenon shine in this ultramodern apartment house rising across the street. The worker in the window is lucky if he gets $40 per week.

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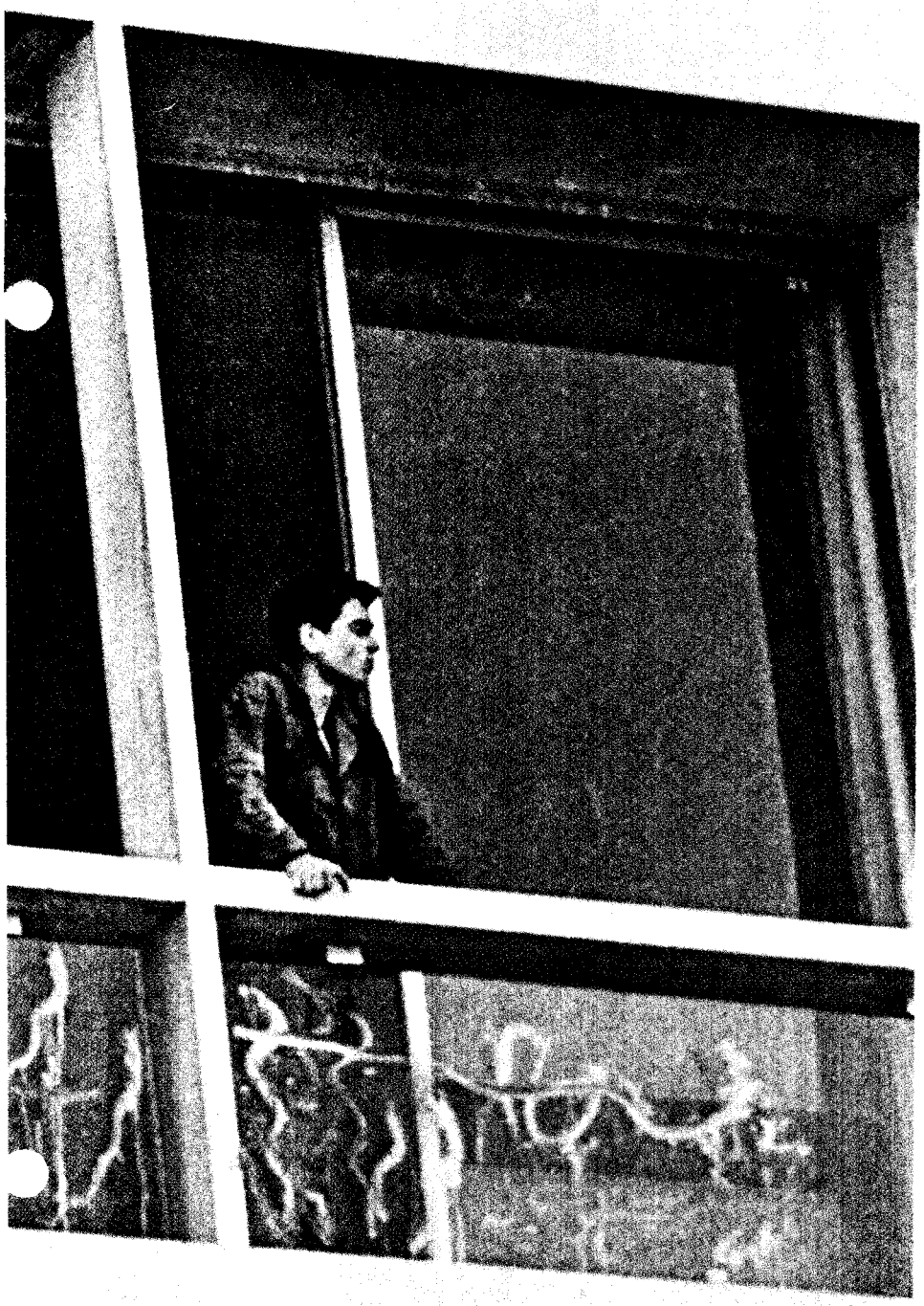

Below the ruined Parthenon, the symbol of Greece's glorious past, two photographers sit idly hoping some tourist will seek a souvenir.

Storms threaten an ancient nation

Too few share benefits of boom

Photographs by Constantine Manos

A member of the royal guards, in traditional costume, stands watch outside the royal palace on Athens' Herodes Atticus Street. The royal family, with annual allowance of $560,000, is widely condemned for lavish spending on palaces and a new yacht.

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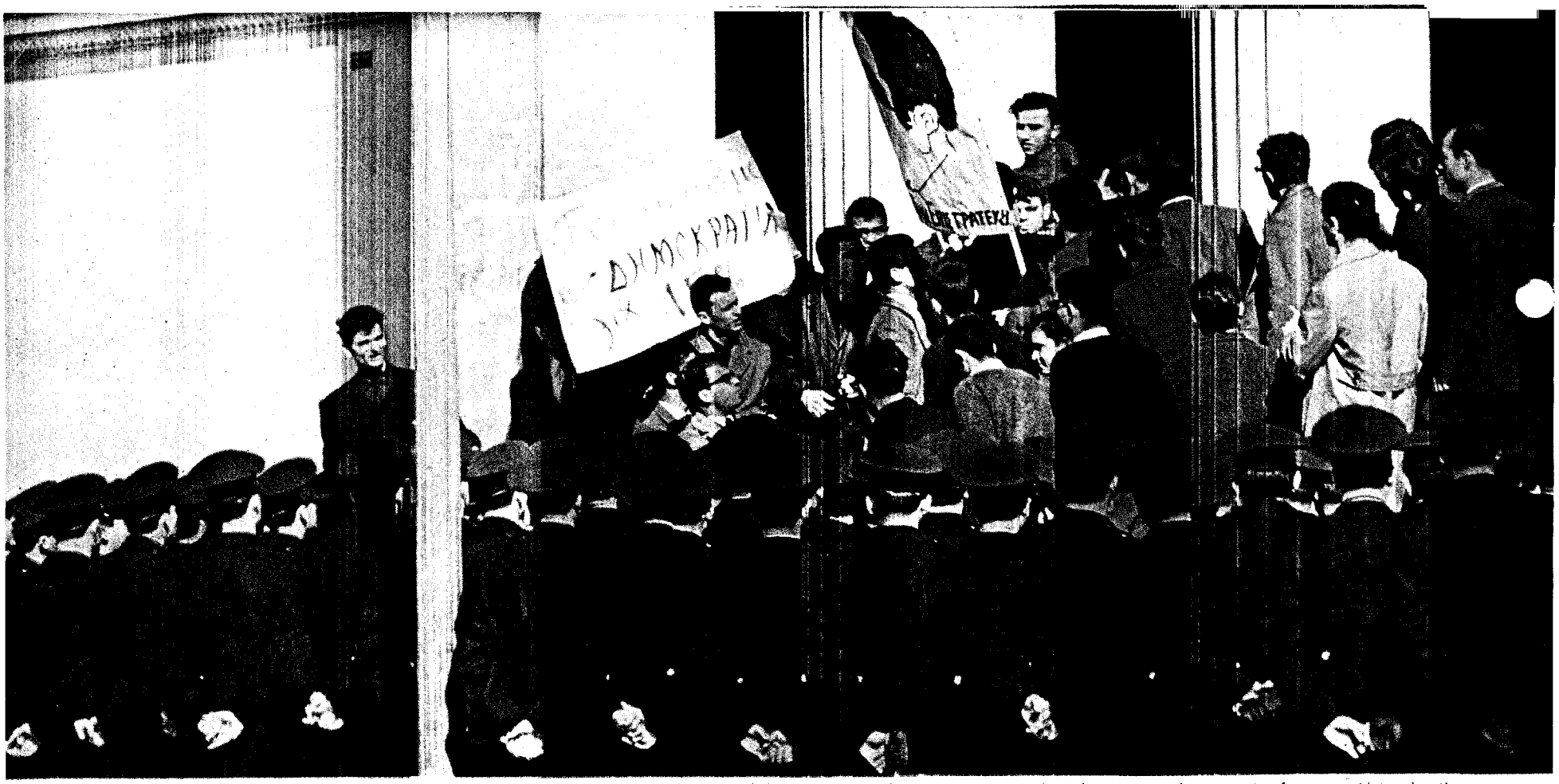


Police cordon blocks the passage of University of Athens students who accused the government of mismanagement and tried to stage a demonstration for more aid to education.

Greece

"Sorrow," said the gnarled old villager,

"Please, please let me come in!" the woman cried as she pounded on the door. "I'm the Queen of Greece!"

American actress Marti Stevens opened the door of her London apartment and saw, to her amazement, that the woman pleading for help was indeed the proud and pretty Queen Frederika of Greece. Over a soothing Scotch and soda the queen breathlessly explained that she was fleeing from a threatening mob of Greek demonstrators. But the demonstrators later said they'd wanted only to ask pardon for an imprisoned labor-union leader.

This recent imbroglio called attention to the fact that the idyllic Mediterranean kingdom of Greece is not so idyllic as it seems. In the birthplace of western democracy, there are cruel contrasts between wealth and poverty, between the rulers and the ruled. To the United States, which has devoted $3.5 billion to save the country from Communist takeover, Greece is an ally in trouble.

On the surface, particularly in the big cities, Greece is doing splendidly. Politically stable for the past eight years under Premier Constantine Karamanlis, and aided by the special privileges of "associate" membership in the Common Market, Greece appears to be booming. The streets of downtown Athens are full of new cars, and builders break ground for luxury apartment houses every day.

A few miles outside the cities, however, the typical Greek mountain village has no electric light, no stores, no transport except mules and only one miserable well. Many of its women are dressed in black; its children are hollow-cheeked. At night, during a hard winter, the wolves come.

"This year," said an old man in the muddy village of Stire, "our vines are eaten by a pest. No grapes. If it isn't one thing it's another. Sorrow is our lot."

"For years we've begged Athens for light," said a woman, and other women nearby joined in a tragic chorus of "*phōs! phōs! phōs!*"—"light! light! light!"

Many of these villages are being deserted. Some 80,000 Greeks emigrate every year, and others flock to the capital with their bundles and their hopes for a better job. Athens, which already harbors 1,850,000 people, more than one fifth of the population, is swelling at the rate of twenty housing units per hour, many of them slummy shacks. "My parents always tell me I should come back home," says a 25-year-old Athens lawyer. "What is there to go back to?"

The natural target of all criticism is Premier Karamanlis, a handsome, bushy-browed, squarely built man of 54, who holds a safe majority of 179 out of 300 parliamentary seats.

"What I have given Greece, and what Greece needs," he says, "is tranquillity, stability and peace."

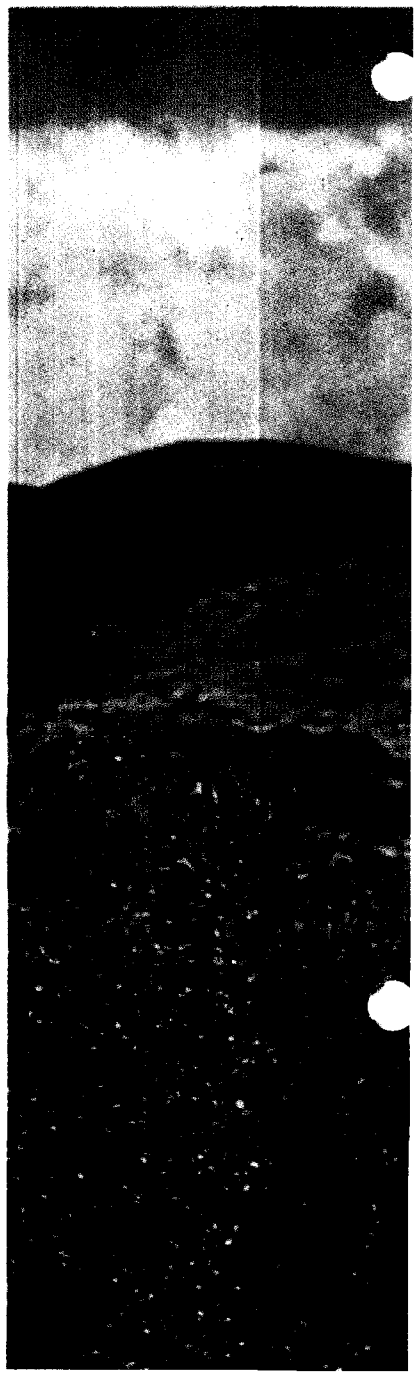
But the opposition charges that the last elections, which gave Karamanlis a 51 percent majority in 1961, were rigged even more than is traditional. Opposition politicians like to point out an Athens parkway where hundreds of votes had been cast for Karamanlis by the inhabitants of nonexistent houses. "It must have been the trees that voted," they say. Nor was the army vote, which went 90 percent for Karamanlis, above suspicion.

"After so many years in office," says the editor of a moderate opposition newspaper, "the ruling party no longer seems seriously concerned with solving Greece's pressing problems. Things have been allowed to drift. Look at the unfair distribution of wealth!" It is true that Greece's industrial development lags at least 50 percent behind government plans, that the rich get a disproportionate share of the per capita income of $365 (less than one third of the Common Market level of $1,200), and that almost 20 percent of Greece's adults cannot read or write.

But does the opposition have anything better to offer? The once-powerful Communists, who have dropped from 24 to 15 percent of the electorate since 1958, are divided among themselves and represent no serious threat. But there is not much promise in the principal opposition leader, George Papandreou, whose moderate Center Union holds 76 parliamentary seats. A tall, shrewd-eyed man of 74, Papandreou claims there is "revolution" in the air because of Karamanlis's "police state." He says he would run Greece with more "virtue," but he gives little sign of having a constructive program.

Since King Paul handpicked Karamanlis for his job, the opposition likes to blame both crown and government for the mistakes of either one—with special attention to the 46-year-old Queen Frederika. Many Greeks resent the fact that the royal family has treated itself to a luxury yacht and a series of fine new palaces—Premier Karamanlis rammed through a bill increasing the annual royal allowance from $380,000 to $560,000. And many Greeks remember that the German-born queen belonged to a Hitler youth group while the Nazis ruled Greece.

But Queen Frederika goes her own way. From public funds, she presented $300,000 as a dowry to Princess Sophia last May on her marriage to Prince Juan Carlos of Spain. Now that Sophia will give birth next December to a possible future king of Spain, the queen is seeking an equally promising match for her younger daughter, the 21-year-old Princess Irene. "Who does she think she is?" asked one Greek woman. "Marie Antoinette?" THE END



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Waving Queen Frederika spent $300,000 of public funds as daughter's dowry.

Old ways survive in Greek Orthodox Church. Here the Bishop of Piraeus attends ceremonial blessing of waters.

"is our lot."

In countryside, Greece's boom seems centuries away. Returning from fields husband rides, wife walks.

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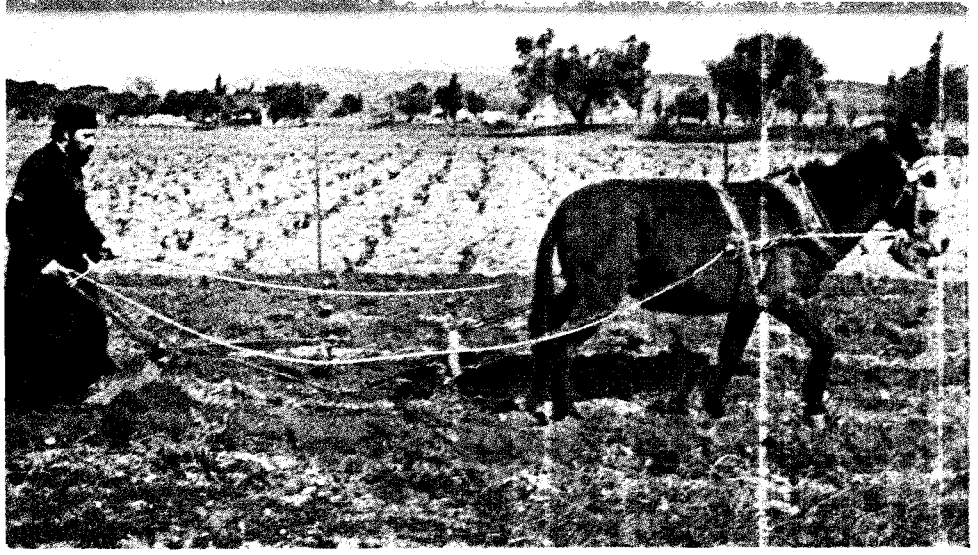

A country priest in southern Attica plows his own field to supplement meager income from church.

Young apprentice paints a crude fishing vessel.

Many live in shacks—but they still sing.

In village without light or running water, pigs join the sewing circle.

Used birdcage inspires a sales spiel in land where nothing is thrown away.

Greece

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On the hills around the Acropolis, where the ancient Athenians danced to honor Dionysius, today's Greeks still gather to eat, drink, sing and dance to the rhythmic twanging of the bouzouki.

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THE AMERICAN DOCTOR

Death of a legend in an era of miracles

Dr. William Kramm examines child's infected ear in his Niantic, Conn., office.

He practices in the shadow of "old Doc" who always seemed to have more time.

By Evan Hill

For some time now the generations-old love affair between the American physician and the American public has been rapidly cooling. As love affairs go, this one has gone.

At first brush such emotional disenchantment seems to be a strange quirk in the American character. For it is true that never before in the history of the nation has the patient been given such good care by such carefully selected, highly trained and stringently regulated physicians. Never before have Americans lived so long, enjoyed such good health and been so free of crippling diseases.

The wonders of American medicine—although not all originated by physicians, as some medical spokesmen would have us believe—are the everyday tools of the M.D., and he is using them with astounding success. Never before has the patient paid so little—per unit of health—and gotten so much from his physician.

Yet never before in the history of American medicine has the American physician been the subject of so much complaint and criticism. Despite his astonishing success with diagnosis, drugs and techniques, there is an undercurrent of discontent about him, a mental malaise that shows itself in recurrent complaints.

"He's a good doctor, I suppose," a middle-aged woman says. "Medically speaking, I mean. But he acts as if he couldn't care less about me."

"Hell, I get more service from the vet," a mill worker says. "When my dog's sick, the vet comes. But try to get a doctor out at night. They want to see you in the office or at the hospital. They're just too damned lazy."

A housewife ponders, "I know they've studied a long time to become doctors and they deserve a good living. But do they need to make *that* much?"

Lawyers have accused doctors of creating a "conspiracy of silence" in agreeing not to testify against their colleagues in malpractice suits. Labor leaders complain about the American Medical Assocation "dictatorship" and say it is obstructing social and economic reforms.

Beneath all these complaints, for many people, runs a subcurrent of desire for the golden past, for the warmth and comfort of the horse-and-buggy doctor. In actuality those days were hardly golden as far as medical science is concerned, but facts rarely interfere with a legend, and the modern American doctor still works in the shadow of kindly men now dead.

"The doctors in my father's time," an intelligent West Coast woman says, "were honored and trusted personal friends, almost heroes, top-ranked though never wealthy. They walked, they rode horses, but they got to the patient, any time. They weren't perfect, but their feet were

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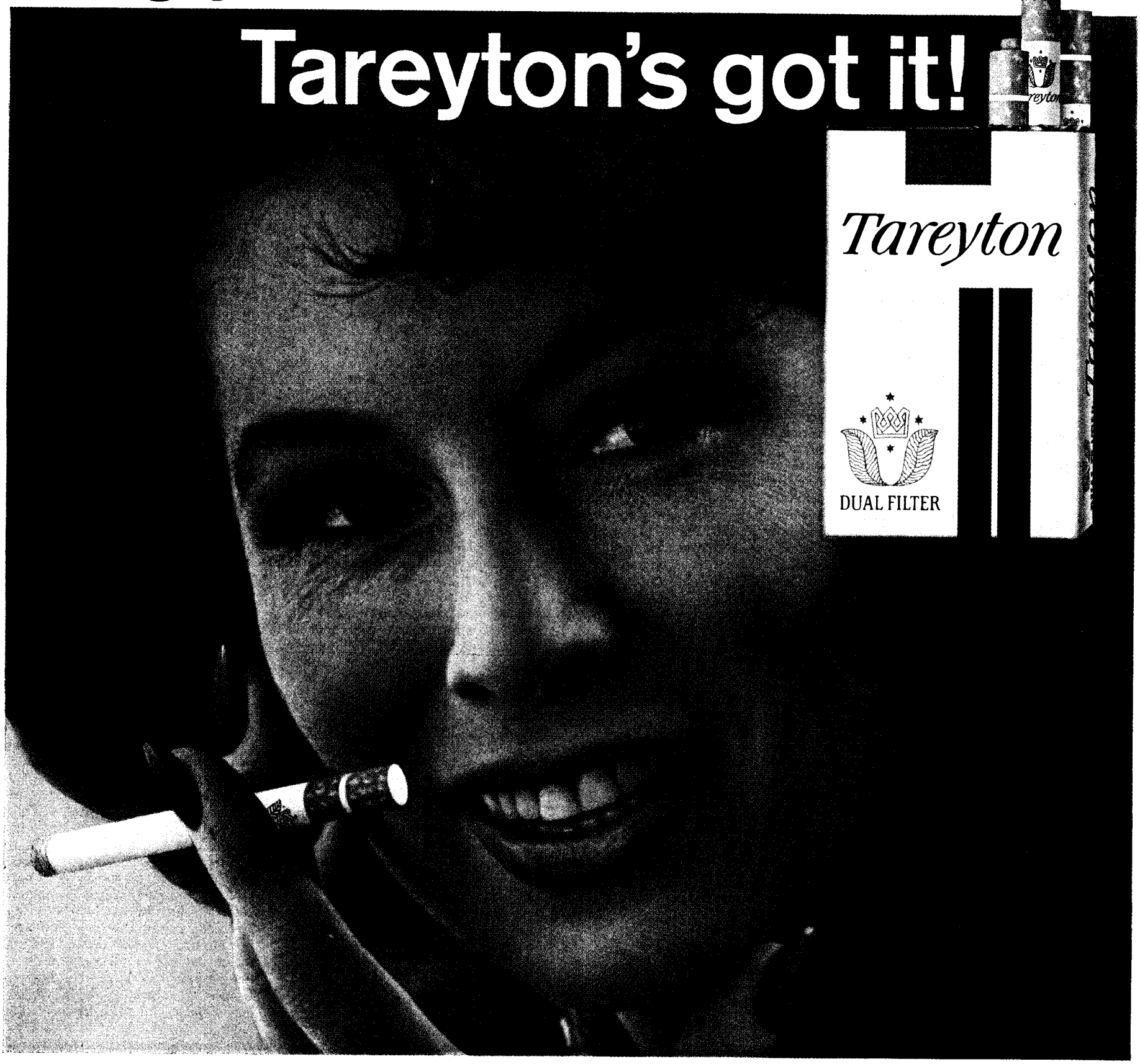
Hungry for flavor?



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"An American physician today cannot help but make a great deal of money."

on the ground and they were people among people."

But it is also true that Old Doc could do almost nothing for pneumonia and many other diseases except relieve pain, stress and distress. His main function, in many cases, was that of a sympathetic nurse. Standard treatment for lobar pneumonia was absolute rest, with liquid diet. As the patient's temperature shot up to 103 and 104, Old Doc applied cold packs or gave him tepid baths. But mainly he waited, returning day after day until the crisis of the ninth day, when the illness resolved itself.

With elderly patients the resolution was almost always death; and with patients of all ages a 20 percent mortality was expected. But Old Doc was always there, lacking the tools of modern medicine, but there nevertheless. There to comfort the widow, there to call the undertaker. And always he was remembered as a good doctor.

Today Young Doc uses a magic needle instead of a magic personality, jabbing it deeply into the patient's posterior. He prescribes an antibiotic drug costing $12 and leaves swiftly in his high-priced car. There is no ninth-day crisis, and no weeks-long convalescence for survivors. In fact, there is often little more than swift, lifesaving science and almost equally swift medical and pharmacy bills.

But there is grumbling about New Doc—who saved a life—and adulation for Old Doc, who rarely could. "The patient," says Milton Krueger, executive secretary of the Medical Association of Georgia, "wants modern medicine in an 1890 setting, and this is impossible. Not long ago the public was pleased because the doctor spent four or five hours in a patient's home. Today the patient goes to the doctor. All he gets is 15 minutes at the first meeting, and two or three minutes a day at the hospital as the doctor drops in with a cheery hello to read the chart. But he also gets quick recovery. The doctor no longer needs to hold your hand, but the patient still wants this."

This impossible demand has placed the doctor in what probably is an unsolvable dilemma—the desire to be both an efficient scientist and a time-devoting friend to his patients.

In exploring this dilemma and the details of the doctor's changing image, I talked with approximately fifty physicians and more than 100 laymen in states in the East, South and Midwest. Among the physicians deeply concerned with the problem is Dr. Edward Gipstein, a 58-year-old internist of New London, Connecticut, a modern, highly-trained physician who is old enough to have witnessed and participated in the swift, image-breaking changes in American medicine. Doctor Gipstein occasionally quotes a surgeon friend who said, "Medicine has lost its heart because it knows so much science and needs to know so much more."

But Doctor Gipstein worries over the meaning of such statements. He is concerned about the forces of society that are changing not only the image but the effective role of the physician in America. The son of a barber who had trained himself in chiropody, Doctor Gipstein is a graduate of Harvard and of Jefferson Medical College. For a short time in the '30's he was a general practitioner, and then, seeing the shape of things to come, he began postgraduate studies in internal medicine with a specialty in cardiology, studying in five American medical centers. Today, in addition to practicing privately, he is director of medical education and chief of staff at Lawrence and Memorial Hospitals in New London.

"The old doctor," says Doctor Gipstein, "for all his warmth, and the time he could spend with patients, is a vanishing breed. We can't stop his disappearance. It's inevitable. Even the public doesn't really want him anymore—not in terms of his medical knowledge. It is specialization that has made American medicine great. The old doctor was using his charm and selling his personality. He treated a severe headache with aspirin, while today we're likely to check the patient for a brain tumor."

Perhaps unduly influenced by his own specialty, Doctor Gipstein predicts that "the family physician—at least as he was a few years ago—is on his way out." He will be replaced, he believes, by the well-trained internist who will take care of the family, continue to act as the patient's medical counselor and adviser, and parcel him out to the specialist when necessary.

"The simple and only reason for the decline of the G.P.," says Doctor Gipstein, "is burgeoning knowledge. Medicine today is so extremely complex that no one man in medicine can be well trained in all disciplines—in cardiovascular diseases, in allergies, in pulmonary problems. Of course, the result of specialization is impersonalness, but the fact that it's impersonal does not mean that it's poor medicine. Quite the contrary. A good doctor, even though he is modern, is not, or need not be, completely impersonal. It's just that he can't be as demonstrative as Old Doc."

Both doctor and patient have difficulty adjusting to what Doctor Gipstein calls the "general dehumanizing of everything throughout all of society." We have the impersonal carpenter, and the clean, dehumanized, efficient supermarket where the housewife enjoys the variety and sterility of acres of merchandise but sometimes mourns nostalgically for the warmth of the old country store. But most young patients want a quick, scientific, businesslike visit with their doctor. They want to get in and get out. It is the older people, with their memories of Old Doc, who want more time and are uncomfortable with the new science.

Emphasis on the scientific side of medicine is felt not only in the doctor's relationship with his patients but in his contacts with his colleagues. And these extend beyond the period of treatment to the searching analysis of the treatment that failed. For inevitably death is often the winner, but the doctors must make sure they overlooked nothing in their last-ditch efforts to save the patient. Here, for example, is a view of such a post-mortem.

A fat man had died. Ignoring his family doctor's warnings, he had heaved a heavy crate onto the tailgate of a battered pickup truck. Then he had weaved unsteadily to a nearby house, and a frightened teen-age boy had driven him, lying beside the wooden crate in the bed of the truck, to a hospital.

Three days later—after X ray, cardiogram, a dozen laboratory tests and multiple medications—he had died of a heart attack.

He was mourned in his home, preached over and buried, and he began to be forgotten. But now, in the staff room of the New England hospital where he had died, he became enormously important. To the five physicians seated around the table, the fat man was very special. For this was the hospital's periodic mortality conference—or death conference—that is held regularly in most of the nation's 7,000 hospitals, and about which most Americans are ignorant. It is here that physician checks on physician, learning from the dead in order to treat the living.

"A white, well-developed, well-nourished, obese male. Age, 42." The family physician read aloud from the dead man's chart. The radiologist leaned on his elbow. The pathologist stared at his clipboard, thick with reports. The surgeon and the general practitioner doodled on the yellow pads in front of them.

"The patient had enjoyed good health until about five years ago," the family doctor went on. "Then he came to me, complaining of breathlessness." He read the man's medical history. He reported on his smoking habits—"30 cigarettes daily"; on his drinking—"an occasional bottle of beer; no more than three a week"; on his occupation, his recreation. He went through his physical examination and then into the course of treatment.

University of Pennsylvania team measures volunteer's brain blood flow to improve anesthesia techniques.

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He was describing the second day of treatment when the surgeon interrupted. "Why *that* medication?"

"What do you mean?" the family physician asked.

"Just what I said. Why that instead of ----?" He named another drug.

"Oh," the family physician said. "I'd recently read some new studies about it in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. It had given excellent results in similar cases." He paused. "OK?" he asked.

"Sure, go ahead," the surgeon said. "I'm satisfied."

The death conference went on. The radiologist snapped on an X-ray viewer, and the doctors examined the dead man's films. The pathologist read his findings. The doctors pondered, then discussed alternative courses of treatment. None seemed superior to the one used. Finally the presiding physician shrugged. "I don't know what else could have been done," he said. "Everyone satisfied?" The physicians nodded. "Next case, then." The pathologist riffled through his reports.

The death conference has been called "the meeting that keeps the doctor from hiding his mistakes," and it is one of dozens in a system of voluntary checks and balances that makes the practice of medicine one of the most closely self-regulated professions in the world.

There is the tissue committee, which controls unnecessary surgery. Milton Krueger describes its function in Georgia: "In almost every hospital in the state a pathologist routinely examines tissue from all operations except certain minor ones such as tonsils and adenoids. He wants to see if surgery was medically justified, and to check on diagnostic accuracy. If a doctor's percentage of poor diagnoses is out of proportion, his hospital privileges—his permission to use hospital facilities for his patients—are reviewed every year."

There is the grievance committee to hear patients' complaints about their doctors or their doctors' fees.

There is the American College of Surgeons' court to discipline fee-splitters; the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals; and the continuing watchdog efforts of the American College of Physicians to insure high-quality staff, facilities and administration in hospitals where young doctors get specialist training.

There are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of such nongovernmental committees and commissions that regulate the medical profession and result in better, safer, faster and less costly medical care to the public. Behind many of them are the guidance and pressure of the 197,369-member American Medical Association. This hugely convoluted, conservative doctors' guild has dominated the American medical scene for 116 years, fighting quacks and charlatans, improving medical education, forcing reforms.

It is best known, however, for its hard-headed, sometimes emotional, sometimes oversimplified attitudes on the economic facets of medicine. The A.M.A. is one of the largest and most powerful lobbies in the nation, and to many Americans its activities and statements—which so frequently seem to be ultraconservative—create an image of a doctor who is reactionary, argumentative, defensive and backward.

Yet, on balance, over the years, the A.M.A. and the great complex of city, county and state medical societies which is identified as "organized medicine" has served the nation very well. Perhaps 80 percent of its efforts and money have been devoted to science and the education of public and physician alike in medical matters. But this work goes on quietly, with scientific caution, for the medical profession—not unlike other highly trained professions—seems to have an innate distrust of both the patient's and the public's judgment.

It is the strident voice of organized medicine speaking out on social and economic matters that is heard, remembered and sometimes resented. The public remembers being warned that Medicare "would enslave the medical profession and the public." Many Americans were appalled and shocked at the doctors' strike in Saskatchewan and the threat of one in New Jersey. They were bewildered that doctors, of all people, should use the weapons of organized labor in matters involving life and death.

Many Americans still remember and still talk about the time Dr. Morris Fishbein, former A.M.A. spokesman, associated doctors' group practice with Communism, even though he made the statement more than 30 years ago.

Few are unfrocked

But the public is almost completely unaware of the stringent scientific self-disciplinary measures in organized medicine which we have been discussing. Rarely are there newspaper articles about them. Doctors are reluctant to talk about them. Patients almost never hear of them.

Of those who do know, some have doubts about their effectiveness. A critic says, "You hear of lawyers being disbarred, but who ever heard of an M.D. losing his license?" It is true that few doctors are unfrocked, but as one Oklahoma physician points out, "This may be because there are not many who need it," and it is a fact that physicians themselves cannot revoke a physician's right to practice. It is the state that licenses a doctor, and only the state can revoke that license.

Actually such harsh and final measures are rarely necessary, for doctors even more than most humans need the cooperation and approval of their colleagues. While a wayward doctor's patients might never know that he has been censored, the doctor himself knows, and such disapproval is a mighty force for reform. He also knows he may lose his hospital privileges—and this can harm him not only in his psyche, but in his pocketbook.

Who is this modern physician who fears the disapproval of his peers; who regulates himself so stringently, but fiercely resents the comments of the public; who is wondrously informed about science, but remarkably naïve about economics, philosophy or social change? What is he really like and how did he get that way? What motivates him? Why is he today such a controversial figure?

Seeking the answers to some of these questions, I talked, at a press conference, with Dr. Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital in New York City. Doctor Cherkasky spoke of the troubles of American medicine—inaccurate diagnosis, inadequate treatment, unnecessary surgery. But then I asked him: "In total, how much of American medicine can be considered poor? Twenty percent?"

"Oh, no, of course not," he said. "Not that much."

"Then are we saying that perhaps eighty-five percent of it is pretty damned good?"

"Oh, more than that. Much more. But it's the poor medicine—even though small in amount—that we must be concerned about. Good medicine doesn't need any critics."

As a matter of fact, good medicine is usually appreciated, and good doctors, as individual practitioners, are frequently praised by those on the receiving end, the patients. A survey of Kalamazoo, Michigan residents last year showed that 63 percent had had the same "regular doctor" for five years or more. And 90 percent said their local doctors gave them the services they needed.

A Chicago cabdriver told me, "Of all the doctors I've known here in thirty-two years, I have absolute trust in them. I've never been overcharged. Once I went to a doctor with an infected foot, and he didn't charge nothing. He knew I was out of work."

A grateful patient in Anadarko, Oklahoma, population 6,300, describes his physician, general practitioner Edward T. Cook Jr.: "He's the kind of a doctor who makes five house calls in an evening when he has guests for dinner, and neither he nor his wife even murmur about it. He accepts night calls as placidly as a parent tucking in his child. And he always smiles on a house call—as if he had been invited to a party."

For all modern doctors, time always is in short supply. It's not only the doctor shortage that robs him of his minutes and hours, but the technological and sociological intrusions of a complex, changing society. Such intrusions never beset Old Doc, and thus he had time for the hand-holding for which he is remembered.

Let us look in on a fairly typical day in the life of a modern New England general practitioner. Dr. William A. Kramm is 42, a short, curly-haired physician who practices in Niantic, Connecticut. Niantic's winter population is about 8,000, but in summertime it swells to almost 30,000.

Doctor Kramm's office is in his home, a brown ranchhouse surrounded by a white rail fence. Here he works and lives with his wife, Pauline, an attractive former nurse, and his five children.

His workday begins at the first telephone call—"Sometimes I can sleep until seven"—and ends 18 hours later. Usually he's up at 6:45, and while he showers and shaves, Mrs. Kramm takes the incoming calls. By 7:15 there have been at least five—asking for appointments or advice.

At eight o'clock his secretary arrives, and they confer for a few minutes before he leaves for house-calls. Sometimes there is a morning medical meeting at the hospital. Four months of the year he serves at the hospital's charity clinic, working from 9 to 11 A.M.

He tries to get home for lunch by 12:30, but "noon hour is a real nuisance" because of the telephone. "People know where to find a doctor at noon," he says. "They know he has to eat. The phone keeps ringing, and Pauline keeps answering."

By one o'clock he's back in his office ready to take the appointments made earlier and to take care of the accumulated telephone calls. Sometimes there are as many as 30 of these—a mother asking if Barby can go out of the house today, a wife concerned about her husband's "nerves," requests for prescription refills.

In the unlikely event that some patients miss appointments, he can work over the approximately 50 pieces of mail that arrive daily. These include drug literature; duplicate, triplicate and quadruplicate forms for insurance companies. Or he can read the medical journals that "I never seem to catch up with." Or he listens to the economic-scientific intrusion of the daily drug salesmen.

Dr. Edward Gipstein: Whither G.P.'s?

If it's not summertime—when he sometimes sees as many as 60 patients in a day, sewing up heads, treating sunburn, taking care of aged visitors with heart attacks or strokes, or cutting fishhooks out of buttocks "sometimes with the fish still on the hook"—and if there is no emergency, he closes his office at six. "I'm absolutely exhausted. When I see that last patient, my stomach's in my throat, and I'm not ready to talk to the children. But I've cured this."

His cure is three ounces of beer, sipped from a fruit-juice glass while he rocks in an antique rocker—a gift from a patient—in the kitchen. "Three minutes of rocking and three ounces of beer make me human again. Then I'm ready for dinner. This is the only time in the day when the whole family is together, and it's important even if it lasts only fifteen minutes."

From seven to nine it is children's study time. Doctor Kramm works with the older boys, William, 12, and Clifford, 10. Pauline Kramm helps seven-year-old Michael and reads to the five-year-old twins, Paul and Mark. But Doctor Kramm is not always home during study hour. Sometimes there are emergencies. "At times the children resent my having to leave, but you can't brush off a coronary." And often there are medical lectures at the hospital from 7 until 10, and more often there are evening house calls.

During one recent evening, while I talked with the Kramms, the doctor was interrupted five times. At 7:30 he rushed out of the house to answer an urgent call from a patient who recently had undergone surgery. "She was on the verge of hysteria from worry," he said when he returned. "She needed reassurance." At 9:30 a woman telephoned: "I've got a boy here with a very bad earache. It sounds like one my husband had about three years ago." Ignoring how an earache sounds, Doctor Kramm said, "Come on over." Twenty minutes later he examined the youth and prescribed for him. Another call was for an explanation of a specialist's explanation. The patient had been referred to an internist by Doctor Kramm but was confused. Doctor Kramm explained calmly and patiently for 10 minutes.

"By midnight," Doctor Kramm says, "I wonder if it's worthwhile getting into

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"The reason for the decline of the GP is burgeoning knowledge."

my pajamas. There still might be another call. Usually Pauline and I sit up for an hour just to relax so I can sleep when I do get to bed. In fact, this is about the only time we have to talk to each other." But even so Pauline has a stack of medical journals on his bedside table with certain articles flagged for his attention. So goes the doctor's day—and night.

Under such circumstances the American doctor has a huge earning capacity, and with such capacity there are inevitable abuses and accusations of abuse. Today, with such a small number of uncollected bills, there is little justification for the oldtime Robin Hood philosophy of soaking the rich to take care of the poor. Yet, there are still physicians who adhere to this practice. This is where the grievance committee comes in.

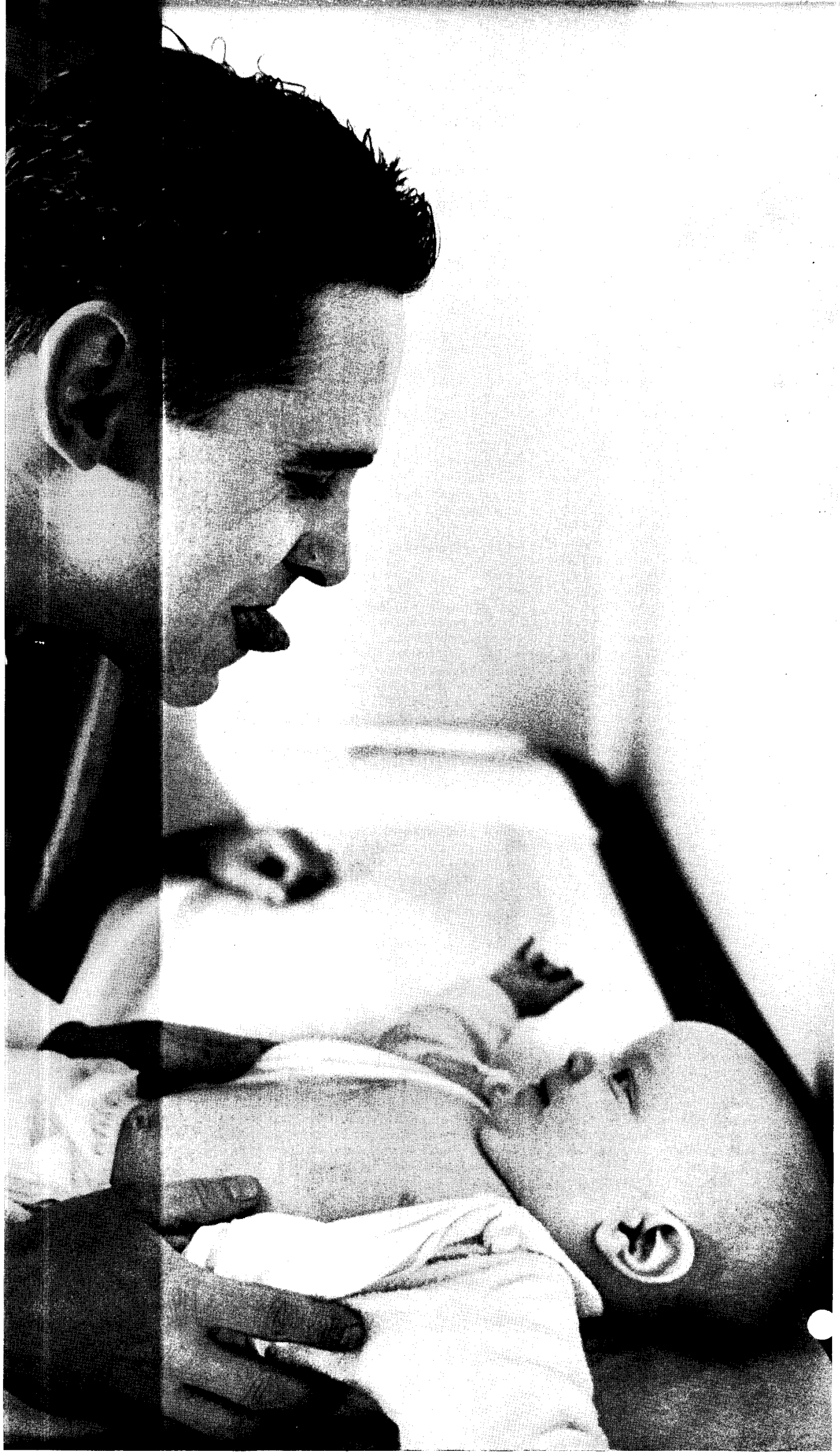
For four years Dr. Karl C. Jonas, a Philadelphia surgeon, served on the grievance committee of the Philadelphia County Medical Society. In that time the committee heard approximately 350 complaints lodged against some of the 2,500 practicing doctors in the society. "At first glance," he says, "it would appear that we are pretty pure, but the committee insists that we consider that each single complaint may represent at least 50 more that we never hear about."

About one third of the complaints concern such matters as inability to get a doctor, a physician's brusque attitude or suspected incompetence. The remainder, however, are about overcharging. "When we find genuine thieves," Doctor Jonas says, "we usually use Blue Shield schedules as a basis for settlement." But occasionally the matter is settled by negotiation, with pressure from the grievance committee if needed.

There was the case of the surgeon who charged $5,000 for ulcer surgery "because the patient could afford it"—a hangover of the Robin Hood philosophy. The surgeon stuck to his guns, and a confrontation of doctor and patient was arranged. When the grievance committee found the doctor had never discussed fees with his patient before surgery, the physician was reprimanded. When it found further that the patient had offered to settle for $1,500, it approved that amount, although without this knowledge the committee probably would have set the fee at $1,000.

There is the case of the Syracuse, New York, patient who complained to the local physicians' grievance committee that a New York City specialist had sent a bill of $1,345. The local doctors arranged to have the bill reduced to $275, and while the patient was impressed with Syracuse doctors, the byproduct was irritation over doctors' fees in general.

A few years ago a Texas surgeon is reported to have told a prominent mil-



Dr. Kramm takes a moment from morning-to-midnight schedule for play with young patient, Brett Southworth.

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Making calls at Lawrence and Memorial Hospitals, Dr. Kramm checks on asthma victim John Floyd.

lionaire that his fee for a comparatively simple operation would be $12,000. (The fee charged a department-store clerk for this procedure probably would not exceed $300.) But the surgeon said, "If something happens to you—someone who is so well-known—my practice, my reputation and my earning power will be harmed." The patient agreed, and his anesthesiologist, using the same reasoning, negotiated a fee of $10,000 for the anesthesia.

To most patients, and to many physicians, this justification is appalling, little short of robbery. One surgeon calls it "the healthy, medical bully taking advantage of a weak and fearful fellow human." Yet other doctors—perhaps unable to forget their long years of economic starvation while in training—shrug their shoulders, feeling, as one has said, "that it's perfectly ethical and moral to charge a Rockefeller $125,000 for a $400 surgical procedure simply because he can afford it. It's no more complicated than that."

But it is more complicated than that. By the same logic—that the rich should pay more for their services—the doctor himself should be charged $10 for a haircut or $50 for an auto lubrication. But the doctors who cling to the philosophy of charging what the traffic will bear strongly disagree. "It's not a good comparison," they say, and here their arguments dwindle into frustrated murmurs. One New England physician admits, "I can't defend it logically, but I can morally. You see . . . Well, I know there's no longer economic justification now that we get payment for almost all our services with insurance and such. But it's morally all right. Not for the barber or the laundryman. But, well, I think it's all right for the doctors. It's traditional, that's what it is."

In truth this practice is an outmoded tradition, and in fact today it is quite rare. With the huge growth of medical-insurance programs, most fees are now fairly well standardized; and with the doctor shortage plus increased medical demands by the public, the physician no longer needs to rob the rich either to survive or get rich.

To some patients, however, high fees are as much a status symbol as is a surgical scar. Recently an overworked southwestern obstetrician attempted to cut down the size of his practice by deliberately raising his delivery fee from $250 to $500. But instead of pricing himself out of part of his market, he doubled his practice. An internist comments, "Some patients want the doctor to charge high fees because that makes them think the doctor is good." A general practitioner says, "People don't care if a doctor gets rich. Hell, they expect him to."

Just how rich does the American doctor get? The fact is that today—in a nation demanding more medical care and stricken with a doctor shortage—a practicing physician cannot help but make a lot of money. The income for the nation's typical self-employed doctor is $22,100 after expenses but before taxes, according to *Medical Economics*, probably the most reliable source of information on physicians' earnings and expenses. *Medical Economics* reports that this typical doctor grosses about $34,400 from medical practice, has other income averaging $1,700, spends about $12,600 on expenses and pays almost $5,000 in Federal income taxes.

The most recent published A.M.A. study of American attitudes toward doctors was made in 1955 (when a typical doctor's net was $16,000 rather than $22,100) and it reported that "only about one third of the public thinks that most doctors make too much money."

Actually, again according to *Medical Economics*, only 13 percent of the nation's physicians net—before taxes, but after expenses—more than $36,000, 4 percent net more than $50,000, and only one percent net more than $60,000. About one in 150 *grosses* $100,000 or more.

However, that one percent is quite an image-maker. It includes one Eastern eye surgeon, for example, who works four and one half days a week and grosses more than $200,000 a year, charging from $600 to $1,000 for cataract removal. Despite taxes and high expenses—three nurses, a technician, a secretary and an assistant surgeon on salary—he manages two month-long European vacations each year and lives in a posh apartment that rents for $25,000 a year. He garages a Mercedes-Benz and a Cadillac, belongs to an expensive country club, loves to throw large parties, and his wife "always wears the latest shade of mink." But he's far from typical.

Some other *Medical Economics* statistics that round out the physician's economic profile are these: The typical doctor has $7,000 in accounts receivable, collects 93 percent of all his bills, and has $65,000 worth of life insurance. Eighty percent of the doctors own two or more automobiles, 17 percent have offices in their homes, and 43 percent at some time in their lives have had their income-tax returns questioned by the Internal Revenue Service.

In all fairness it must be pointed out that the doctors receive only a fraction of what the public spends for its health. Physicians' fees were 27.6 percent of the health-care dollar in 1961, and they have risen less than have all services listed in the Consumer Price Index. Doctors' fees, the A.M.A. reports, went up 95 percent from 1940 to 1960, while food went up 150 percent, shoes 174 percent, public transportation 145 percent and men's haircuts zoomed 233 percent. The A.M.A. points out, moreover, that today the doctor's share of the health-care dollar is less than it was 20 years ago. (The hospital's share, on the other hand, rose from 18 percent to 26 percent in this period.)

In order to earn his $22,100 each year the typical physician works an average of 60 hours a week—the specialist averages five hours less—with about eight hours given free to indigent patients. A study made last year in Kalamazoo, Michigan, shows that during an average working day the typical physician sees 31 patients, receives 14 telephone calls from patients.

The typical doctor became a physician for mixed motives—partly humanitarian, partly economic, partly ego-filling. A staff officer at Grady Memorial Hospital in Atlanta is typical. Reared in a small coal-mining town in West Virginia, he had earned two college degrees, was married and had worked for the state for five years before deciding to become a doctor.

Never have a boss

"I wanted to do something commensurate with my capacities," he says. "I'd worked with doctors and felt they were the most respected people in the community and, with the ministers, had the most to offer humanity. Money played a part in the decision, but it was not a big factor. But what was important was that I'd be independent and never have a boss."

And that—the desire for independence—is perhaps the most significant facet in the profile of the doctor. The element of independence is also seen in the very nature of his work. Dr. John H. Knowles, director of Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, says, "A doctor is trained to treat individuals, to take immediate action and to get immediate results. And the individual doctor, working alone, is really the best physician."

Perhaps because he is, in his own work, a practical solver of human problems, the doctor is prone to exercise this talent in other areas. A perceptive banker has observed, "I learned long ago that a doctor expects to be asked for his opinion, even on nonmedical matters. This is a result of his training; this is his job. In community committee work, if a physician is not asked for his view, he gets sore."

A state-medical-society president comments, "Don't forget that the doctor's burden is deciding on action that saves or loses a life. An airplane pilot makes similar decisions, but his error can affect him personally, while this is not true of the physician. And a man who must make such decisions naturally resents anything he thinks might interfere with it."

Such vital decision-making also makes the doctor cautious. As one general practitioner says, "A doctor always suspects himself if he gets an immediate, swift diagnosis. He fears he might be wrong. Medicine is really quite complex. Often it's a mistake to be too good too fast."

The doctor is generally cautious in medicine, and this conservatism carries over to the fields of economics and social change. Dr. Hugh Robertson, editor of *Philadelphia Medicine*, compares the American doctor's economic attitudes to those of the Amish, a Pennsylvania religious sect.

He says, "The physician, like the Amish, is so used to doing things in one economic way for years that he is simply resisting change. He feels, as a minority, that he is fighting for his rights. In fact, much of his resistance to an intermediary—whether government, unions or insurance companies—is simply because he doesn't want to feel he's working for someone other than himself."

Thus, because of his independence and his resistance to change, many observers have concluded that the doctor thinks he "walks hand in hand with God." Some probably do feel this way, but they are few. And the fact is that, as Doctor Cherkasky has said, "Doctors are special people and have to be treated as special people."

How did they get that way? The process starts in one of the nation's 87 medical schools—perhaps even before—and it continues through an educationally superb system of internship and residency that has been variously described as "economic starvation" and "medieval apprenticeship."

To begin with, the typical future doctor is somewhat special even before he enters medical school. He is usually near the top of his class in college—although in the last few years there has been some decline in the academic quality of students entering medical school. In addition, his family's income is almost twice that of the national average, and his father usually is either a professional man or in a managerial position.

Although slightly less than 6 percent flunk out of medical school, the future doctor "lives in constant dread of being

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"We have respect for doctors—

An emergency call brings family-doctor Kramm out on a dead run.

bounced. You have a continuous fear of the next exam." About 60 percent of them marry before graduation, and despite their schools' discouragement of outside jobs, many of them work two or three nights a week to make ends meet. At graduation time one third of them are in debt an average of $4,200.

When the four-year ordeal of medical school is past, the young doctor, now at least 25 years old and probably married, faces a year of the most rigorous and effective training required of any professional man—his internship, a year-long introduction to the facts of life and death. Teaching hospitals vary, but Dr. Richard Witzig, an intern at 2,000-bed Philadelphia General, is fairly typical of the approximately 7,000 American interns in the nation. (In addition, about 1,200 foreign-trained physicians are interning in the United States.) Another 29,637, having completed internships, are in residencies, training to become specialists.

Philadelphia General, the country's sixth-largest hospital, is considered a prize spot for interns.

But, because P.G.H. is desired, not only does it pick and choose its interns, but it need not pay them as much as other teaching hospitals which have less to offer. The result is that each month its interns are paid room and board and $105 for about 500 hours of work, or about 21 cents an hour. Some other desirable teaching hospitals pay even less, although the average monthly salary of American interns in 1961-62 was $233.

Doctor Witzig was married last July, and his wife Mary works as a secretary, earning almost three times as much as he does. Witzig is 31; his father is a civil engineer; and Witzig's college training was in business administration, a fact that forced him back to college to earn the science credits needed for medical-school admission. For several years after college and a three-year stint in the U.S. Marine Corps, he was a successful salesman for a large chemical corporation, but "I decided I was on earth only once and wanted to spend my life doing something satisfying."

After four years at Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia, and a medical-school summer in England studying and researching at the Bristol Royal Infirmary Hospital, Doctor Witzig is today in an internship that will prepare him for a surgery residency. This probably will involve at least another three years before he enters private practice and begins to earn a living.

His internship rotates through the medical wards where he sharpens his diagnostic sense and participates in such advanced procedures as preparing a rheumatic heart patient for a cardiac catheter exploration to see if open heart surgery is possible. In pediatrics he soothes weeping youngsters as he lances blisters, sews up split heads, prescribes for convulsions or measles or chicken pox. In obstetrics he brings 40 or 50 children into the world.

He works a minimum of nine hours every day, with night duty every other night, which means that three or four times a week he works 33 hours without a break. He gets every other weekend off. One week he was on duty five nights and seven days—140 hours—napping when he could.

The result, as Doctor Witzig points out, is a nonexistent home life for married interns. "When I get home to my wife after a day, a night, and a day in the hospital, I'm no rose. We have dinner, my eyes cross, and I'm off to bed. There's no night out on the town. An intern isn't with his wife very much, even when he's home. He's asleep."

In Philadelphia, interns frequently are given free tickets to pre-Broadway plays. "And this is a real test," Witzig says. "If they can keep dog-tired interns awake, they've got a ripper of a play."

Yet, to Doctor Witzig—and it is safe to say to almost every other intern in the nation—his life is one of the "most challenging and exciting in the world." These men are doing what they want to do, despite the cost in terms of years of their lives.

But there is an additional cost—this one in dollars—which helps to explain the practicing physicians' attitudes. There are various estimates of the cost of a medical education, but a fairly reasonable figure is about $70,000 from high school to the day the new doctor hangs out his shingle.

This includes $8,000 for his college education and $11,600 for four years of medical college. We can then add, at the very least, $22,000 of lost income during medical college. For while he continued training, his undergraduate classmates began to earn at least $5,500 a year. Then, during his one-year internship, the difference between his actual and potential earnings is at least $6,500.

At this point he may hang out his shingle as a general practitioner, although almost no interns do. But if he does, it will cost him an estimated $4,000 to furnish his office. The Kalamazoo study showed that the average doctor has about $8,000 invested in equipment, but the beginning physician can get along with less. By this time he has laid out or sacrificed $52,100.

But actually the typical physician takes at least another three years of residency training in a specialty—surgery, pediatrics, internal medicine. And his earnings loss for these three years is figured at $18,600, bringing the total cost for a medical education to $70,700. By this time he is at least 35 years old and in debt at least $10,000, perhaps much more.

Certainly a man who is willing to mortgage so many years of his life, who is willing to be exploited in return for his education, is a determined, independent man.

But one result of such long-term economic starvation is, quite naturally, the creation of an interest in money. As Doctor Witzig says, "The poverty of the system can result in a rebound by the M.D. when he begins to practice." He may overcharge to catch up, and certainly with eight years of at least 80-hour weeks behind him, hard work is no stranger to him.

The young doctor, nevertheless, often finds his physical performance being compared, unfavorably, with the tireless toiling of, say, Old Doc Cain in New Hampshire, who made night house calls through rain and hail and "even when the snow was crotch-deep on a nine-foot Indian."

It is a fact that today's physician is often reluctant to make house calls and he's berated for it. But his reluctance is understandable. He is less willing to neglect his family; he is envious of his patients' 40-hour work week; he resents the unnecessary two A.M. "headache calls." And in some cities M.D.'s have been lured to hotel rooms or vacant lots to be robbed of their narcotics.

These, however, are minor reasons for the decline in house calls, either night or day. The fact is that modern medicine—which the patient demands—can no longer be practiced from a little black bag. Usually when a doctor asks a patient to come to his office or to the hospital, it is not because the doctor is lazy, but because he can diagnose and treat more surely there.

However, Old Doc had compassion, a characteristic that patients not only want but frequently require. A retired G.P. who practiced for 50 years recently said, "A lot of the younger doctors say that most house calls aren't necessary. But I always felt that *all* house calls were necessary, if only to relieve the patient's feelings. They don't call a doctor just for the fun of it. Sometimes they're just nervous, but nervousness needs treating too. From a patient's point of view, house calls are always necessary."

This brings us to that much-discussed "doctor-patient" relationship, the sanctity of which organized medicine sees threatened by Medicare, group practice, hospital insurance and any other alterations in the pattern of medical practice which it opposes. Organized medicine warns that the relationship will suffer greatly, or entirely disappear, if American medicine ever is "socialized." Yet, closer examination of the problem shows that the forces of society and science are stripping the doctor of his warmth, often preventing the patient from receiving it when offered. Neither the patient nor the doctor has time to get acquainted.

The doctor feels the pressure of waiting patients, and the patient is eager to jump into his car and rush to job, or home, or other errands. Moreover, 20 percent of the nation's families move to a new community each year. In modern America there is much less opportunity—and possibly less desire—for a warm doctor-patient relationship.

Today New Doc can't help being what he is any more than Old Doc could help being what he was. Both are the products of their times, and the changing times have torn at the modern physician more than he knows. Take, for example, the father-son pair whom we shall call the Smith doctors. Old Doc Smith died only a few years ago in a mountain village where he had practiced general medicine for 50 years. A huge, fat man, quick with a laugh and a joke, he delivered 8,000 babies in a county of 16,000 population.

A lifetime without bills

When he died, his assets were a $1,000 insurance policy, $500 in cash, a $15,000 house, a $15,000 farm, two well-worn automobiles, some furniture and office equipment. Total accumulation during half a century: less than $40,000. Right through the '40's his fee for total maternity care had been $20, but he never sent a bill in his life. With undisguised admiration his son says, "Father never really cared for money. He rather felt that charging for medical care was a somewhat improper practice." Old Doc Smith loved his life and his patients, and they loved him. While his financial rewards were few, his psychological rewards were great.

But while New Doc Smith has great respect for his father, he also has great respect for money. He is a surgeon in a large eastern city, swiftly steering his new Cadillac through heavy traffic to visit patients in three hospitals on a harried Saturday morning. He firmly believes in the Robin Hood philosophy of fee-charging, and last year he grossed $66,000, "running like mad to make it." In introspective moments, he envies his father. "He had a most rewarding life."

Then, pacing the expensive oriental rugs in his large suite of offices, he says, "But my life is more professionally rewarding. Father could either do nothing for his toughest cases, or he had to send them away to others." Speaking of his own surgical skills, he says, "I can follow through and do the job, and that's where I get my satisfaction."

But New Doc Smith hardly knows the patients who give him this satisfaction. I followed him on ward rounds, and he was the distillation of New Doc—efficient, courteous, swift. He smiled, but he never lingered. Another patient was waiting, and another hospital.

Then for a fleeting minute I saw Old Doc Smith break through the scientific

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but very little love."

veneer of New Doc Smith. His patient, a tiny, bright-eyed, 80-year-old woman, beamed when she saw him. And he beamed in reply. On her cheek grew a transplanted fold of skin the size of her little finger. It once had lived on her chest from which he had excised it and shaped it and then transferred it to her wrist and then to her cheek, always keeping it alive, always preserving the blood supply. It was a healthy skin-fold now, pink and smooth and of good texture for a new nose. Already he had operated on her five times, and the next steps were to cut it from her cheek and graft it to her nose. Completion was months away.

"You see what I mean?" he asked in the hospital corridor. "That's what Father couldn't do." I said I saw what he meant and observed that it was an expensive procedure. "Oh, that," he said brusquely. "That's not important. She's a charity patient." And then I wasn't sure I knew what he meant. For I could not tell if his satisfaction came from science, from humanitarianism or from the fact that a long series of operations had allowed him to get to know one patient well.

Times have changed; science has changed; the patient has changed, and so has the doctor. And with these changes, of course, the image of the American doctor has changed.

The doctor's innate independence is not helping form a fonder image, and he is unlikely to change. The patient will not become less educated, less demanding or less critical. In addition, Americans—despite the cries of organized medicine—are beginning to feel that medical care is a "right" and not much different from such established services as education, fire protection and public roads, regardless of who pays for it or how.

Most lay criticism about doctors stems directly from medical legislation concerning the health-care dollar. Robert D. Potter, executive secretary of the Medical Society of the County of New York, says, "When the doctor entered the field of economics, his image changed." And when the patient attempts to understand the claims and counterclaims concerning medical legislation and economics, he feels that he's unraveling a can of worms. He gets impatient with both himself and the medical profession. Thus the doctor's image suffers.

It is true, as a mid-western physician says, that "the profession has deteriorated in the public eye even though medical care is better than ever before." But it is not true, as Dr. Frank Stinchfield of New York City recently told a convention of orthopedic surgeons, that the medical profession "has discovered the secret of making the public hate us."

The public does not hate the profession. Generally it has great respect for it, and it has reason for such respect. But it has little love—at least not the love it had for Old Doc—because neither the New Doc nor the new patient has much time for love. And with the immense growth of specialization coupled to the phenomena of the vanishing family doctor, the patient finds it somewhat unrewarding to love a scientific instrument.

The fact is that the problems of the American doctor are born, not of despair, but of progress. THE END

Five-year-old Diane Fallon eyes Dr. Kramm forgivingly as he bandages arm after smallpox vaccination.

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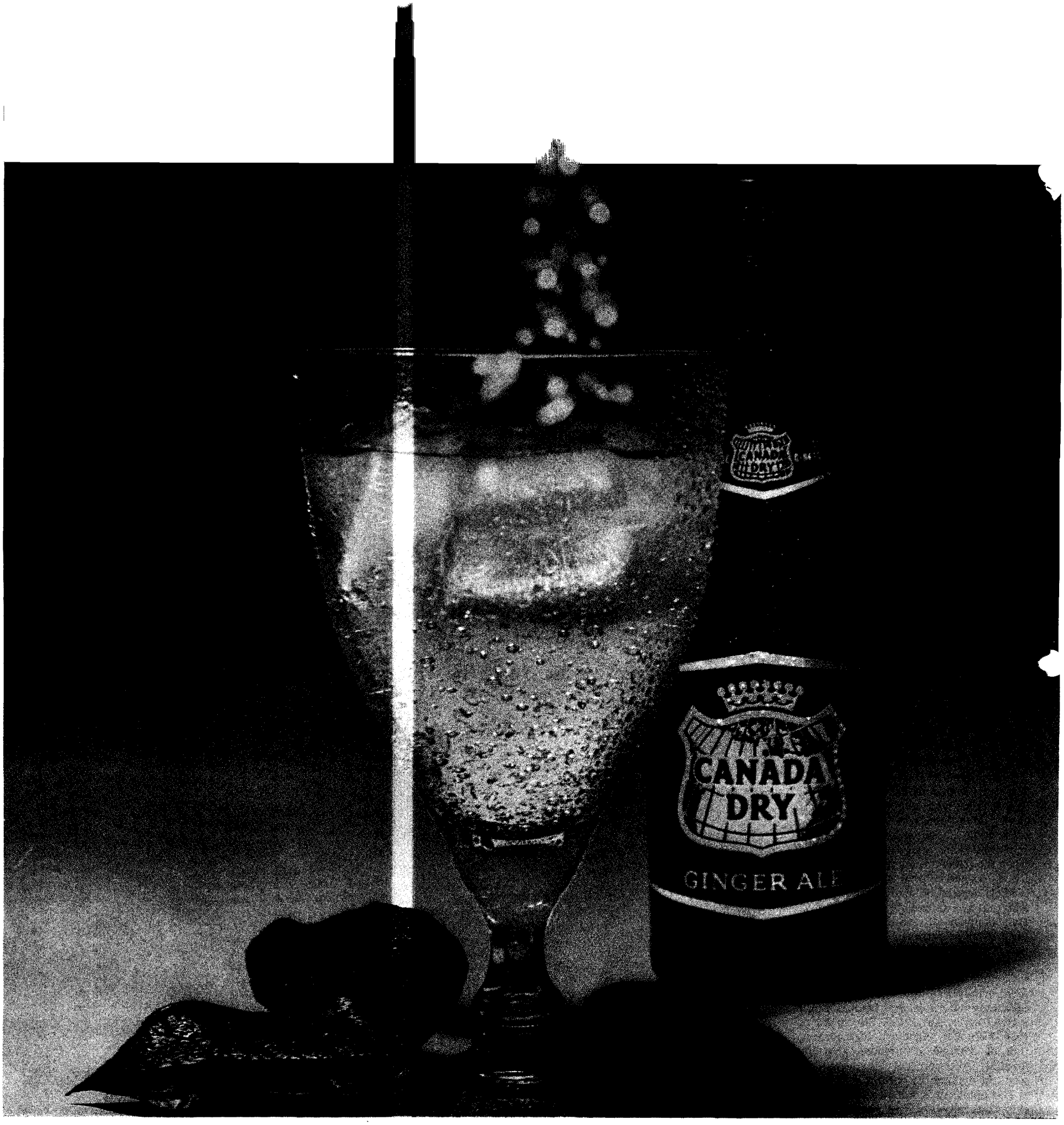

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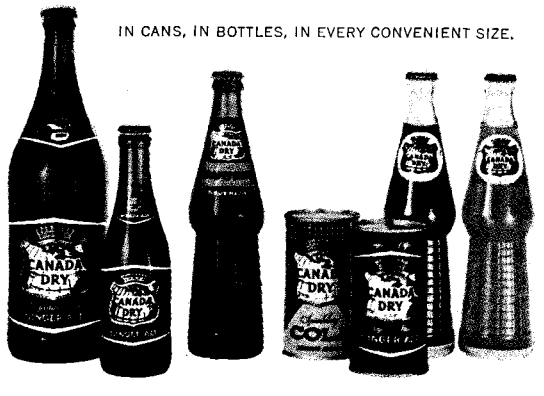

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FICTION

Stories by Miriam Rugel have been published widely—in England, Italy, North Africa and Scandinavia, as well as the United States. They have been included in both the O. Henry Prize Award and Martha Foley Best American Short Story collections. Her talents are varied: She reviews books and has done radio and television scripts and been a staff member of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. The Sweet Forever, her first Post story, fulfills a long-standing ambition. "I used to read The Post every Thursday morning when I should have been washing dishes," she tells us, "and on one of those mornings it was borne in upon me with a rather complete conviction that I could write what I was, at the moment, reading. I do not care to say how many years have gone by since then."

Miriam Rugel

After a variety of careers as a professional basketball player, window dresser, accountant and haberdasher, Robert Fontaine joined the Washington Daily News in the late 1930's. He turned to free-lance writing in 1945. Fontaine's first novel was The Happy Time, drawn from memories of his French-Canadian childhood. He has published a half dozen other books and more than 400 short stories and humorous essays. Fontaine has just completed the book and lyrics of a musical version of Jurgen, the novel by James Branch Cabell. This sort of work brings him to New York occasionally, but he prefers his backyard in Springfield, Massachusetts. There, he recounts, "I live with my wife, play jazz drums as a hobby and attend tea dances and the policemen's ball."

Robert Fontaine

The exotic background of Roy Bongartz's first Post story reflects his own travels since completing World War II infantry service. "I have lived off and on some six years in France, as well as a year each in England, Germany and Mexico," he says. "Along the way I've had the usual comical writer's jobs: truck driver, screw-counter in a screw factory, seller of subscriptions to Aztecs and Mayas." Bongartz was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and educated at Miami (Ohio) University, the Sorbonne, the University of Grenoble and Mexico City College. His short stories have been published in The New Yorker, Mademoiselle, Contact and many other magazines. Bongartz was married in 1955 to (in his own words) "an English girl named Cecilia Leigh, a cook of French specialties and a dogged critic of short stories.'

Roy Bongartz

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THE SWEET FOREVER

By MIRIAM RUGEL

50 years together!

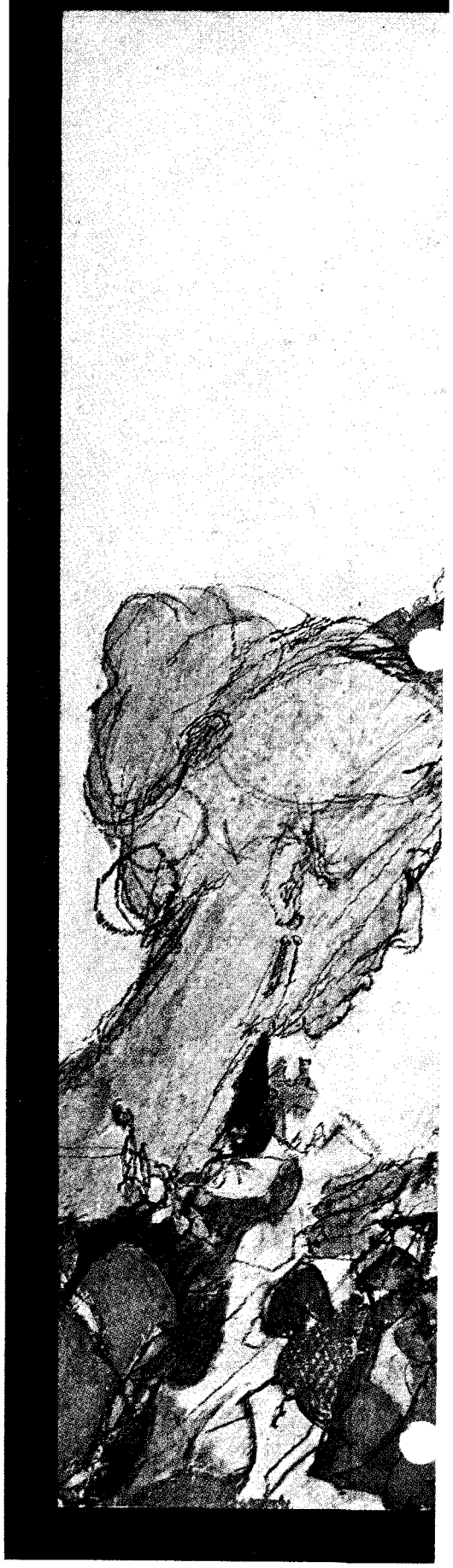

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

DORA & MOE, the little gold matchbooks read, piled high on the claw-footed pedestal at the top of the stairs. DORA & MOE ZAGOREN: the names were embroidered in gold inside each of the white satin skullcaps laid out on a long narrow table opposite the cages of lovebirds in the entrance hall.

Stairs and corridor led to the ballroom of the Plaza Royale, where in just a few moments the new $7,000 bubble machine—heart of the owner's heart—would be set in motion to waft varicolored circles over the shoulders of 180 guests. Already over the bandstand a large American flag, made up of red, white and blue electric bulbs, was lit and sparkling; illuminated blocks of ice, in which lay embedded crimson roses and whole noble fish, stood at both ends of the hors d'oeuvres table; a six-pointed star with DORA–MOE red-neoned in its center and a four-tiered wedding cake sashed in satin, PLAZA ROYALE—all these shone, waited, were ready.

Dora and Moe were ready too. They were not people late by habit, nor would they as host and hostess be tardy for this evening, planned months, indeed years, before ("If God is willing, if we live, if we are well.").

They walked now, with some difficulty, up the narrow stairs, Moe hampered by his troublesome knee, Dora stiff under a pearled tiara, attended by two sons, daughters-in-law, grandchildren—one, two, three, four, the finest! Franklin, the third and youngest son, Moe and Dora themselves attended as they had for thirty-six years; bald, a fringe of hair graying on an ovoid head, he walked amiably enough, smiling, hands extended, eyes spectacled, round, vacant.

Up the stairs went the entourage, Dora wearing on this mild autumn night not her mink stole or her mink jacket but the wide, truly street-length mink coat, sign and signature that she was beloved by a successful man. Had it been possible, she would have worn all three garments, as she wore all her diamonds, on fingers, wrists, throat and ears.

Before the pink and blue lovebirds, the arbor of greens and huge white chrysanthemums, they halted, gazing, Dora breathing asthmatically. Around her nostrils gray indentations, undisguised by powder, testified to the control with which she forbade, prohibited, an attack—on this evening of all evenings glorious.

And Moe? At the ballroom's threshold, seeing lights, flowers, the myriad small tables lit and gleaming, Moe silent? The ebullient, the frenetic Moe, at every party roaring until he was hoarse, dancing until he reeled ("What's a matter you don' dance? You old? Look on me!"), Moe, on such an evening, bending his head to his *yarmulke*, the only golden *yarmulke* permitted here tonight, Moe, for once, wordless?

"The king! The queen!" A shout from the Plaza Royale proprietor, magically on scene from an inner office. "Dear friends!" He had never seen them except as clients. "My felicitations! May you live from tonight another life as long and as beautiful as from before!" And hardly waiting to conclude his embrace, he sped to the bubble machine, pressed its starter, and in the greatest delight beckoned them close. "See? Fairyland you asked for; Fairyland I am giving you!"

They looked and looked and still were silent.

"Beautiful!" Dora agreed at last. "Very nice . . ." And bit her lip and turned her head into her husband's shoulder.

"Careful, Ma," Earle, the oldest son, cautioned.

"Careful yourself!" Earle's wife said snappishly. Out of temper since the planning had begun—the discussions, the choosing of clothes, the extravagant decisions and Earle a constant consultant—she was growing moment by moment more furious.

But Moe, even with his eyes fast on table centerpieces—gold-sprayed flowers on gold-sprayed driftwood and, above these, tiny individual fountains and, above the fountains, tiny individual lamps shaped like mermaids—from all this he tore himself and gallantly, gallantly, took Dora's coat and slowly turned her about, tiara, gold brocade gown, golden bag and golden shoes, shoes substantial but not quite enough so for legs veined from years of outdoor standing, receiving broken bicycles, abandoned radiators, children's express wagons piled high with old newspapers . . .

"Beautiful," he said. "Thank you very much, Mr. Plaza. But more beautiful, most beautiful of all here tonight, is—mine wife! Hah?"

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So much trouble, so much joy—more than the guests would ever know.

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THE SWEET FOREVER

Dora accepted the compliment with gravity and grace. All the years of their marriage Moe had bestowed compliments upon her; she was, after all, himself and thus equally deserving.

"So sit already!" Mr. Plaza Royale urged. "Come!" And, circled by their children, pushed, pulled a little, the king and queen of the evening moved warily across the waxed floor. Their chairs were high-backed, bright with gilt, gold-tasseled, covered in red velvet.

"Thrones!" Moe cried happily as, tall, spare, he slipped with ease into his. Dora, tall but wider, settled more slowly and submitted to the ministrations of her elder daughter-in-law Marilyn, who now presented her bitterly with a sheaf of orchids.

"Where's mine flowers?" demanded Moe immediately.

He was supplied a carnation as the first group of guests, an hour early, arrived. From a distant city, driving all day, their faces eager as though they had no return trip that very night to anticipate, they carried gifts and dancing clothes, the ladies disappearing under an appropriate sign—also red-neoned, set into the ballroom wall—the men making for their host.

The large room began to crowd; heat rose, the orchestra members tuned their instruments. Dora, distressed by the nonappearance of hors d'oeuvres, was forcibly kept seated by Marilyn, who grimly dispatched instead the second son to the kitchen.

Shouting steadily, Moe addressed an in-law. "Not bad, hah? Everything I pay mineself! Not mine children pay, but me mineself!" His listener had a fine full forehead; it creased slightly and straightened itself at once. "Look on mine wife!" Moe joyously commanded. "Not bad, hah? With, for a husband, a pushcart pusher!"

A pushcart pusher . . . from Cracow come, not a cent in his pockets, not able to read or write. And still not able. But to sign checks he had learned! To work eighteen hours a day—Dora too! And now she beside him, shining! His knee hurt, his knee. What was wrong with that knee? He thought he knew, but let the doctors be silent. *A pushcart, a wagon, a secondhand truck, a house with a yard for the business . . . no longer the junk business. Scrap Metal, the boys called it. And now? Retired. Done working. Handing over the yard to his middle son without charging him a cent. Nothing to do but enjoy! Enjoy what? The business, of course, every day—who but Moe could run it?*

"Me, mineself!" he said loudly to no one. "Everything!"

And the bubble machine bubbled madly in all colors, and Dora sat rigid with the moment upon her, and Hoffie Hoffnagle, master of ceremonies, knelt before the thrones checking on children's names and birth dates, and the frozen fish glittered beside the smothered roses, and Suzie-Beth, the youngest grandchild, practiced her dance solo before the bandstand while other children of various ages and sizes slid shrieking toward her, and Franklin, still gently smiling, ate canapés and danced his own uneven little ballet in a solitary corner, and the golden anniversary had begun!

In the corridor, its length filled with echoing music, two late arrivals removed their coats without hurrying. The Altmans—the doctor was brother to Marilyn, the furious daughter-in-law—were not in evening clothes. Lee wore black, modestly scalloped at the neck, the kind of dress worn by a board member to a museum dinner. Patrician in bearing, she had a thin face, habitually tense, tonight more so than usual. Ted Altman was slight and appeared mild, although his eyes were capable of a physician's sudden keenness.

"Ready?" he asked.

"As much as I'll ever be."

"We had to come."

"Why?"

"Just to be decent. Or for Marilyn's sake. Or maybe because, when I was in the hospital, the Zagorens prayed for me."

In midstep Lee halted. "You can say that?"

"Because I don't believe in it? That doesn't matter. They believe it."

"I think I feel ill," Lee said and looked at him as though she disliked him intensely.

Before the lovebirds the two lingered. Their eyebrows climbed; Ted winked. The skullcaps were noted and, in silent agreement, ignored.

"Lord!" Lee said suddenly, eyes on a browning scroll against one wall. She recited the Old English-lettered words. "'Be fair, kind guest, to those who make your visit pleasant here. Our staff must live, too.' Lord!" she repeated on a note of wonder, as a husbandly hand urged her forward. Moving through bubbles that broke in their faces, halted by a photographer who blinded them, past a fountain that sprayed cherry soda, past the glacial,

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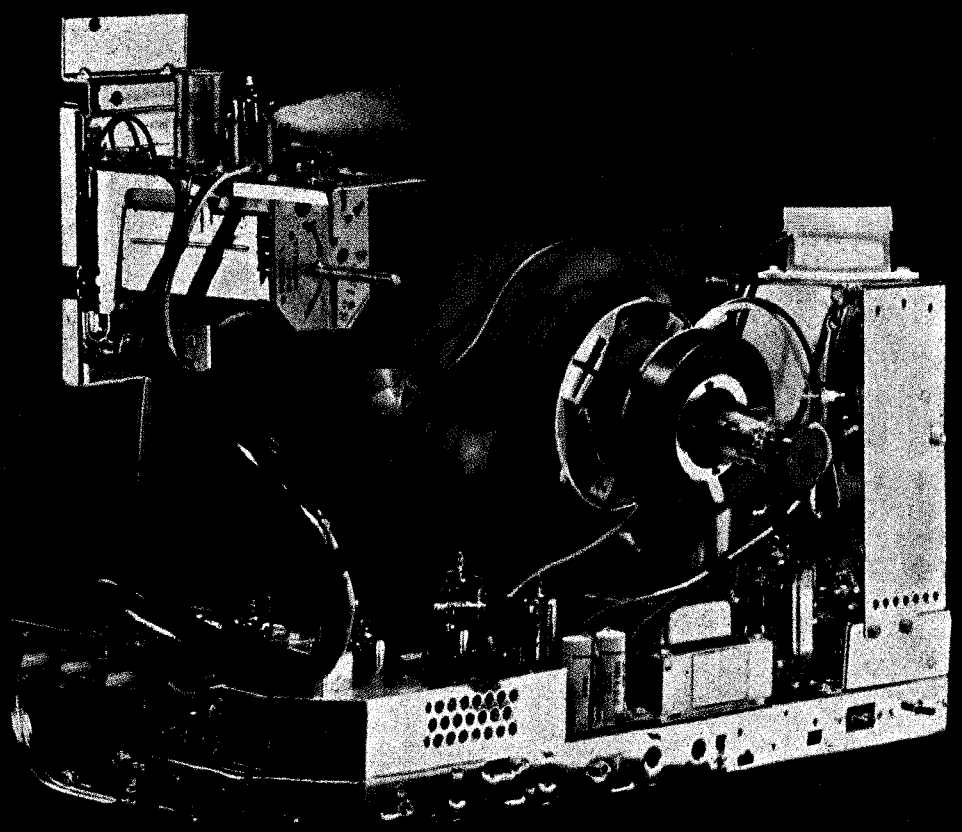

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wide-eyed fish, they approached their host. On the way, neatly, they collected cocktails, and their share of a *pâté* shaped into a solid, cockscombed fowl.

And Moe had spotted them. "Aha!" he roared. "So you are here!" For a doctor with golden hands, a chief from three hospitals, he rose. "How you like, ha? Everything I pay mineself—not mine children pay, but me mineself!"

The glances exchanged by the Altmans were involuntary: They had yet to spend any of their inherited principal.

"Congratulations," Ted said sincerely.

Their own situation seemed not too fortunate tonight. A son headed for an Ivy League college; a daughter, tantrum-ridden, faced psychiatric sessions. Like many moneyed people, Lee in particular was sensitive to expenditure.

Moe watched them move away. They had come! Maybe they hadn't wanted to come, but that didn't matter. Doctors... His gaze sought Earle. Wasn't a lawyer as good as a doctor? His heart, occasionally capable of its own kind of honesty, said no. A doctor was better than anything.

"This must have run into thousands," Lee was saying to Ted. "Can Mr. Zagoren afford it?"

"Rockefeller he ain't," Ted burlesqued, "but a party he can afford and not go broke, either. Here's Marilyn."

Behind her table of place cards his sister faced them glumly. "I warned you," she said. "See the lovebirds?"

"Remarkable," Lee answered. A tray of hors d'oeuvres was brought too close; she retreated.

"Take, take," the waiter importuned. "It don't cost nothing."

Before Lee's stare, tightened nostrils, Marilyn spoke with passion. "What can I do? Drop dead?" she demanded. "Ted, should Suzie dance tonight? She has a cold."

"Definitely not!" Lee cut in swiftly. "Extremely dangerous!"

Earle stood beside them. "You're pale," Marilyn accused. "You should have had a tranquilizer."

A fanfare of drums rolled through the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Hoffie Hoffnagle bounded to the platform. "Dinner is served! Kindly be seated." A second roll of drums. "Please, your attention! Listen to your master of ceremonies or he don't tell his best jokes. A little courtesy here, if you please! Until you take your places, your host and hostess cannot make their grand entrance!"

Half an hour later most of the guests were seated.

"The food, the food, dear Mr. Zagoren . . ." The Plaza proprietor, at a far door, was losing his calm. "Now! Walk nice. All right? One . . . two . . . three!"

They walked well together. Perhaps a little slowly, at seventy and seventy-four, but what was the hurry? How many grand entrances in a lifetime? Erect, Dora almost stately, they moved in unison, pearl tiara, golden *yarmulke*, accompanied by exploding flashbulbs and applauding friends all the way from the door to the center of the head table, to their children and grandchildren, each standing, and there they settled, gazed solemnly over those gathered in their honor, although in truth their table was such a jungle of orange trees and blossoms they could barely see their guests—and vice versa.

"All right, all right!" Hoffie Hoffnagle shouted. "Congratulations, everybody, to the lovely, lucky couple, Mr. and Mrs. Moe Zagoren, married fifty beautiful years tonight, God bless them!"

"God bless them!" returned the audience wholeheartedly.

"All right, all right, don't wear yourselves out too soon! Silence, please. Our national anthem!"

As the band swung into *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the room dimmed. Only the flag blazed in darkness, each crimson and white stripe most wonderfully—and electrically—rippling with vigor.

At their table, among strangers, the Altmans stared as though hypnotized. But a good part of the gathering came to attention with bowed heads, for to many here this anthem was still not so much song as prayer. And after the anthem the band went into the traditional *Hatikvah*, with everyone singing and a few youngsters even venturing onto the floor.

"Please!" from the master of ceremonies, in pained tones. "Opening dance always to the guests of honor! But first... silence!" There was almost silence. "A great honor is to be paid your hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Moe Zagoren, on this milestone anniversary. An honor so unusual as to tax the abilities of even your master of ceremonies. I have directed dozens of these affairs, and never have I witnessed what you are about to witness this evening. Bride and bridegroom! Family and friends! For our invocation tonight I have the inestimable privilege, which I accept with humility and pride, to introduce you to . . . the Tolner rabbi of this city!"

There rose a concerted gasp. For the Tolner rabbi, first in the hierarchy of

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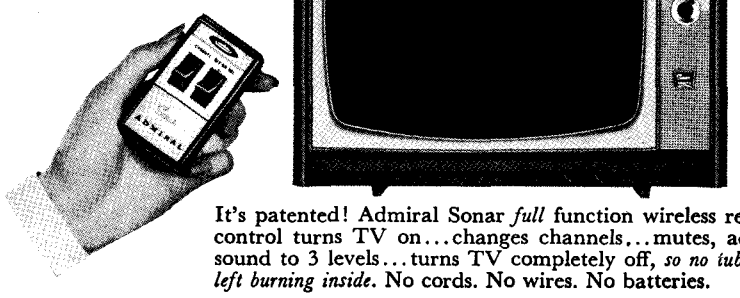

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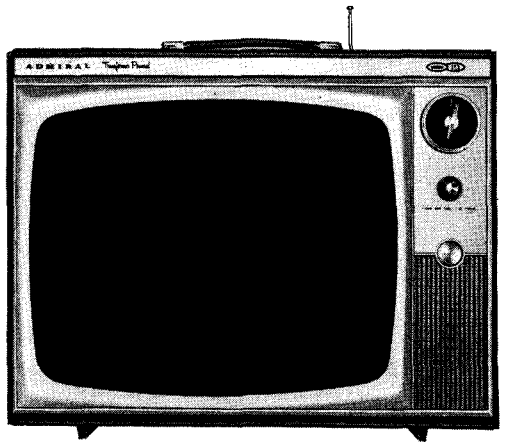

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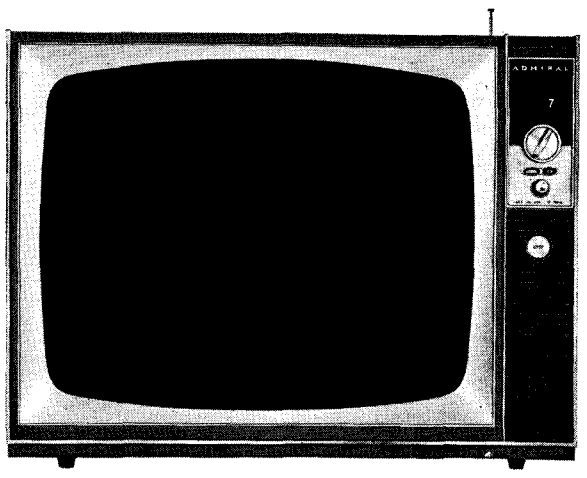

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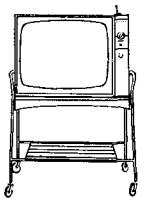

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spiritual leaders over the city and beyond, was ordinarily unseeable, mystic, legend, the corporeal representative of the Holiest on High.

The figure that entered, pointed silver wisp of beard floating—"A Chagall!" exclaimed Lee Altman, home at last among the strangers—was extreme in age, remote in bearing, indeed more spirit than body in its lustrous black frock coat and flat-topped silk hat. Flanked by two attendants only a little less ancient, the Tolner rabbi walked slowly through the risen spectators, whose heads were again bent and whose glances moved sideways.

Slowly, slowly the little group approached the head table, filed behind it, and the leader lifted his hands, white, trembling, over the transfigured faces of the two being celebrated. A second sigh, gratified and yet anticipatory, was inhaled, expelled. Oh, crown of crowns for the Zagorens tonight!

And then a quavering pipe of voice sounded, the syllables Hebrew, the volume nonexistent. "What, what?" the crowd whispered in pianissimo reverence. A microphone was offered. Refused. Not religious.

And the tiny, sweet piping continued, unperturbed by its own inaudibility, addressing not Dora or Moe or this audience, but a greater One, the only Significant One, reporting the human history of Moe and Dora Zagoren to God, not in the hope of heavenly reward, but only that God should hear and be pleased with His two good children.

And when the details had been given—all slain Jewish hearts wept for, all ritual performed, all tribute paid the synagogue, a sanctified home and sons raised within the tenets of Torah—the aged three turned, remote as they had come, and went home to their proper suppers, since, no matter how generous the Zagoren contribution, it was not to be expected that a Tolner rabbi should risk Plaza Royale food.

And then, acceding to many requests, the Zagorens opened the festivities with a polka. Born good dancers, they performed with spirit and grace, as pleasing to the eye in their way as was the group that succeeded them, teen-agers in a fast hora, the girls with their swirling petticoats and smiling faces like a fresh bouquet.

Watching, Doctor Altman spoke to Lee. "Maybe we're wrong. This is nice, isn't it?"

She shrugged. "Maybe you feel wrong. I don't."

His gaze left the dancers. "Odd," he said. "In Sorrento you thought folk dancing was picturesque."

"Oh, I don't mind folk dancing. I don't mind any kind of dancing—except your niece's! Especially when she has a cold. Why don't you give that child injections?"

"Why don't you stop prescribing for my patients? I'm the doctor. I'll make the diagnoses. And I'll prescribe the treatment." He moved a few feet away.

"A toast!" Hoffie Hoffnagle was shouting from the bandstand. "Silence!"

About the room men rose, big, corpulent, some with ties loosened, many already having abandoned jackets, and from their ranks a delegate stepped, glass high. "A toast! To Moe and Dora, may they live forever, for what we owe them, from the Zagoren cousins; and with the Zagoren cousins, everybody join in a good hurray!"

"Hurray!" the hall thundered.

Sighting through the shrubbery, Dora could see all who stood: Hymen, Schmaul, Beryl. . . . Yes. By whom had they been brought to this country, cousin after cousin, to live and eat with—sometimes too long—and by whom had they been started, each for themselves, when the time came, by whom? By Dora and Moe, of course!

With entire poise she parted orange trees. Look, look, on the tables, the waiters, the trays piled with food. And the Altmans. . . . If high noses could make people happy, how full of joy those Altmans would be. So why were they without juice? Dancing they did not like, singing they would not attempt, even eating they did not dare for fear they would look fat and therefore human. Into such a family her son had to marry. She had seen that Lee look on her diamonds. Maybe too many? Diamonds were old-fashioned now. So who cared? For Lee, for Marilyn—that ugly, that educated—diamonds were not good. But for her, Dora, they were good enough!

Comfortably, in an old habit, her mind left the present scene and ranged her home, the bureau drawers, closet tops, chest in the hallway, all filled to overflowing. More than could be used in a lifetime! By the Altmans this was so? Humph! Butter they wouldn't buy, only some substitute; marshmallow-fluff sandwiches they served to company; synagogue they didn't go to, it might cost something. And this was smart? Then let Dora be dumb! Synagogue Dora could afford, and when she would be dead, rabbis would come. As they had tonight. God saw. God took care. In Him she rested, magic-ringed, and all was well, didn't their lives prove?

Beneath the brocade an old pain stirred. Sometimes God punished. Why, she did not know. For what, she did not ask. Punished, she suffered.

She leaned toward Franklin, straightened his hair, arranged his cuffs, crossed one hand on the other, patted them to keep them still. "Babyla," she told him, "be a good boy tonight. Don't be foolish."

On the platform they were announcing gifts. Had the capon been served? The sweet potatoes in orange cups? She had missed everything! Beside her Moe was whispering and she knew she must have answered, but his voice was so much her own, so long had they whispered together, that now they asked questions, gave answers without even knowing they listened to each other.

"From the Sisterhood of the synagogue Rodeph Israel, in the name Moe and Dora Zagoren, two inhalators to Tel Aviv!"

Ah!

"From the sons and daughters of the Isaac Zagoren family, a fund for books and this plaque perpetuating the name Moe and Dora Zagoren in the library of the Zangwill Yeshiva of this city!"

Good.

"From the Ladies of the Helping Hearts, a hospital bed bearing the name Dora Zagoren, to be held in the invalid closet and available to any needy family that requests it!"

Applause.

And then Earle, standing, handsome like a judge in his tuxedo.

"Mother and Dad. Honored guests. I have one last gift, not so impressive as some that have been given, but offered with the whole devotion of the Zagoren sons to two wonderful people. . . ." His voice thickened; he coughed. "It seemed to us that Mother and Dad might well enjoy, at this time, the honeymoon they did not take fifty years ago. Accordingly"—a flourish of printed papers—"I have here two plane tickets and a wire which I should like, with your permission, to share with you." He gestured against buzzing and read as freshly as though he had not himself composed three quarters of the message: "'Mr. Earle Zagoren' et cetera . . . 'We shall be pleased to welcome your parents on any weekend of their choice from this date on. If, however, they will furnish us sufficient notice, we shall have prepared for their occupancy our bridal suite which, you can tell them, has proved satisfactory to such luminaries as Danny Kaye, Eddie Fisher and Sammy Davis Jr. . . .' Please, quiet! Would you like to hear the signature on the wire? It is signed, 'Your friend, Jennie Grossinger.'"

Ah, the applause then!

Through the cheering, Moe talked ceaselessly. "Is an inside mountain by Grossinger's, I hear," he said to Dora. "A made-to-order mountain. In the lobby." And his hand moved toward a wire in his own pocket. A weekend? He had in his pocket, against Earle's possible missing of a cue, a reservation for two weeks at Grossinger's! He almost rose for the announcement. Only his knee, striking with a savage-sweet pain as high as his heart, prevented him. For a moment he examined the pain, never before felt. And a wave of the most fascinated incredulity hit him. Was this how it happened, then? A little knot, not even worth seeing, a little operation, too much treatment, too much silence . . . to him, Moe Zagoren? He would not accept! All his life he had not accepted, in business twisting this way and that, let who would call names. He would not accept!

"Mother, Dad . . ."

He would listen to Earle on this—this milestone anniversary.

"I think you know that with our gift goes all our love and loyalty. It is difficult to put admiration into words. . . ." Again the cough, a trailing off of speech, a steadying of fingertips on the table. Marilyn, glassy-eyed, offered her wine. And Earle, after a sip, was able to continue. "If we, as parents, do half as well. . . ."

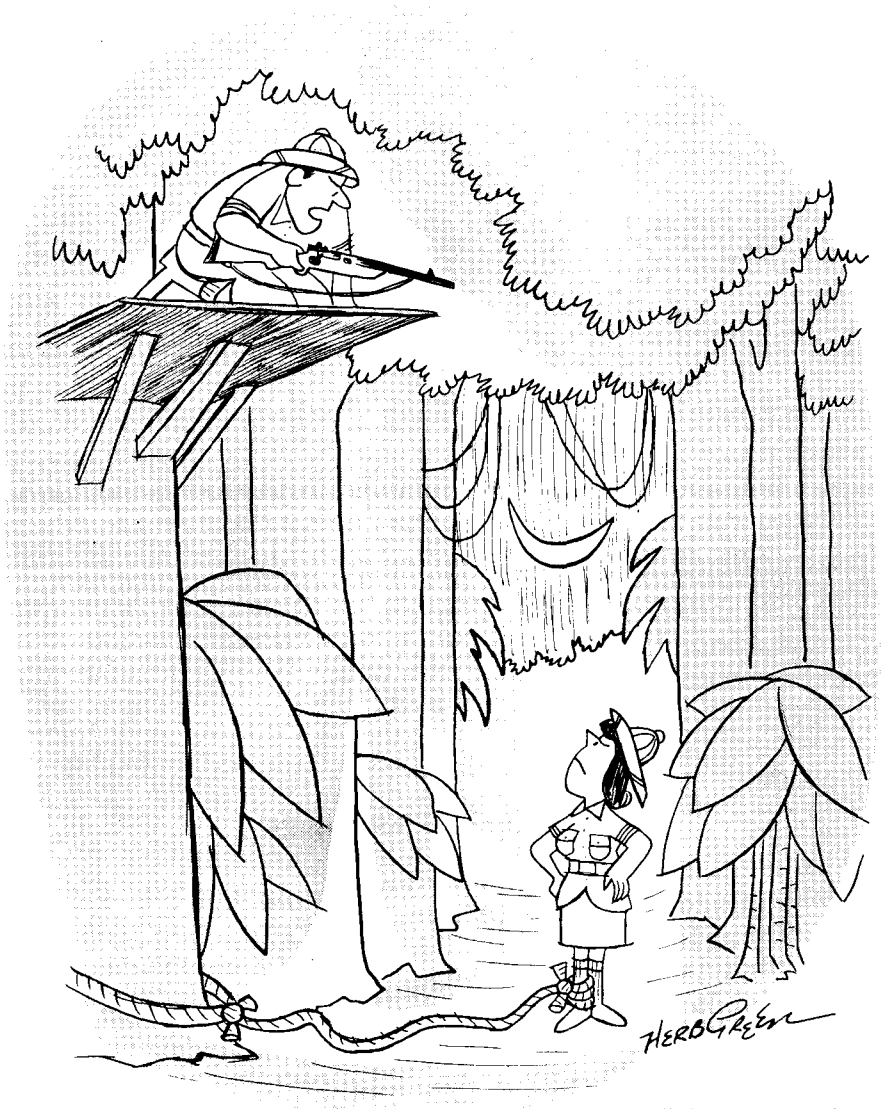
At their table, Ted Altman forgave his wife. "Can you see our kids standing like that someday?"

For the first time she turned fully toward him. "I don't even think they'd come."

And the attention of both returned to Earle. Some quality of waiting, of things gone wrong, drew them. In the silence, horribly, seeming still under control, Earle sobbed once, a single loud sob. He accepted the handkerchief that Marilyn, her face averted, passed to him; he tried for speech, failed and broke down completely. Everyone except the Altmans joined him. His younger brother rose and took him to his breast; the aunts at the front tables sobbed, the cousins at the next tier, the friends at the end of the room, Dora and Moe most of all.

Lee said distinctly, "How soon can we get out of here?"

On the platform Hoffie Hoffnagle, with fine timing, let the sobs continue for a moment and then, with a snap of



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Quit complaining. I told you the life of a white hunter's wife wasn't easy."

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THE SWEET FOREVER

fingers, again ordered the darkening of the hall.

Startled, the guests took hold of themselves and raised their eyes to meet the flag which, still splendidly illuminated, waved, rippled, undulated and blinked its stars. From the kitchen, a line of spotlighted waiters appeared, carrying dessert trays, led by a high-stepping, red-waistcoated maître d'hôtel. At a table just below the guests of honor, all halted. The headwaiter sprang forward, offered an outsize match; a third factotum advanced with a liquor-filled carafe.

"Cherries Jubilee!" the crowd roared. "*Flambé!*" Connoisseurs of countless "affairs," they were also connoisseurs of any course *flambé*, and they hastened to register their recognition.

Bowing, the maître d' accepted the match, rehearsed a wave over a vast tureen, bent in earnest while the audience waited.

And then from the room's threshold, at the height of the tableau, a masculine chuckle sounded. Confusion rose. Heads turned. Chuckles became laughter; the moment's balance wavered, as did the maître d' himself, and in the wavering both were lost.

Framed in the doorway, bathed by a fierce glare, Suzie-Beth in a tutu, all sequined and shimmering, took two determined steps. The audience hesitated, torn, and then, family ties winning, gave its attention wholly to the young performer as the band, three measures late, struck out at *The Glow-worm.*

Black-browed, the maître d' appraised the situation, disdainfully flung match and carafe contents into the tureen and wasted, in a lonely instant, almost a quart of kirsch.

Fumes and smoke ascended; Suzie, somewhat obscured, performed with zest; waiters scurried between the soloist and tables laden with aging desserts; and Marilyn, taken by surprise at her end of the dais, watched her daughter in a transport of maternal delight that made all the affair's long burdens a divinely inspired privilege.

There still remained the magician and the Israeli singers, but for these the Altmans did not linger. Assaulted by noise, struggling through a snake line of dancers now moving into the real business of the evening, they fought their way to the head table for farewells.

Their hostess, still poised, made no protest.

But Moe was offended. "What'sa matter? You didn't like it? I don't care didn't you like it. I liked it!"

"Of course we liked it," Ted said. "A wonderful party. Thanks."

"Don't say thanks! Just stay! If I lived so long to have this affair, you can stay long enough to make it last a little longer."

"We have had too much of everything," Lee said clearly, and turned away.

"Mrs. Altman! . . . Doctor Altman! When you were sick, mine wife had time! Plenty time she spent, rabbis should pray for you. And now we are well, we can dance, we can enjoy ——"

Ted laughed. "You certainly can. Judging by tonight, I'd say you'll dance for many years."

"Years?" Moe questioned. "Forever!" he corrected. "Moe Zagoren will dance forever! Hah, doctor? Yes, doctor?"

"Of course," Ted said. But he had paused before the answer. His eyes had changed. The sudden brightness of tears had changed them.

"Forever!" Moe was shouting. "Mrs. Altman . . . a dance! One dance with Moe Zagoren! A hora!"

Lee gave him a stricken stare.

"Everybody! Halt! Stop the music! Moe Zagoren, with Mrs. Altman, will dance one dance—the hora!"

"Mr. Zagoren," Lee said very rapidly, "I have never danced the—the hora in my life."

"Tonight you learn! Everybody! Clap the lady!"

"Ted! Please!"

"Why not?" Ted was steady now. "Go ahead. I don't mind."

A ring had formed, clapping, encouraging.

"Don't be bashful! Nobody's bashful with Moe Zagoren!"

Lee's face had gone from red to white. She looked around the ring, at Marilyn's dismayed face, at Ted watching intently, and made one disgraceful break for freedom. And Ted's hand caught her wrist, clamping tight.

"Don't let's be rude," he said. And as audibly: "Don't let's show everyone how charming you really are."

They stood as enemies, face to face, he for once, even with his lesser height, the victor.

And Moe, seeming to have seen nothing, bounding high with the band's first chord, seized her and swung her away, so fast, so furiously gay, that there was no choice but to follow. Hobbled by a tight skirt, soon gasping for air, legs flying out grotesquely as though unattached to the body that followed, too late, each deep knee bend and leap she could only shut her eyes and cling to a false, fixed smile.

"Hey!" the crowd shouted. "Hey!" even the orchestra members cried.

And Moe, spurred to excessive enthusiasm by this additional endorsement, finding her slow, too unbending, lifted her bodily around the middle, improvising with passion and finishing virtuoso, a dazzling finale that left her abandoned, whirling dizzily toward her husband's arms.

She struck out blindly when Ted tried to catch her and her expression stifled the loud huzzas. For an instant she watched her former partner, bowing, blowing kisses, and then with ignominious half-tears, fled through the nearest door.

In the entrance hall, before the lovebirds, Ted reached her.

"You fool!" she hurled at him, careless of the hatcheck girl, waiters resting. "To want me humiliated! By that . . . barbarian!"

"You weren't exactly a lady! You couldn't even be gracious to a man who's ——" He brought his voice down; the rest they spoke in whispers. "Of course he's vulgar. They're both vulgar. But at least they enjoy being alive! In their seventies, they still want to be alive!"

"They're stupid! Horrible, ignorant, hypocritical! And you admire them! People who've never faced a truth in their lives!"

"Admire!" he said. "Let's try to be rational." They were striding, striding. "I envy them! They've survived. They haven't been beaten! They think they're successes and they are successes! In their world, to each other ——" He was handed her coat, flung it at her shoulders. "I envy their big beautiful ego. One ego. Singular! 'What's mine is good. It must be good because it's mine!'"

"That's rational." Her laugh was not pleasant. "That's the way you'd like to be. You are a fool!"

"I may be. But I'd like to think I was wonderful. I'd like you to believe I was wonderful. What would the truth matter if you thought that of me?"

She stopped. Her eyes searched his face.

"When I look at them, then at us . . ." He was speaking slowly now. The wall was mirrored; he turned her roughly toward their images. "You know all the truths. When you look at us, what do you see?"

She was stubbornly silent.

"I see a fool," he said. "Tied to a—a bitch!"

She ducked before the word. Her head went back and her arm flew out, an odd, involuntary, self-protecting gesture. And his arms moved toward her, almost in consolation.

"Why is it like this?" he asked helplessly. "Why do we punish, destroy? Who do we have but each other?"

She studied his face and shook her head.

"I don't know," she said, hoarse. "I don't know . . . anything."

They turned to the stairway. Halfway down, a chill struck her. She shivered, drew her coat closer and walked out before him, alone, still ashiver.

In the ballroom, Moe returned to his wife.

"A dancer, that Mrs. Altman? Better move a ton of bricks."

Dora leaned closer. "With so much refinement you want also a hora dancer?" she explained.

And Moe settled comfortably in his golden chair and looked at his golden wife and at the star with their names in the center and the cake with the bride and bridegroom on top and the 180 guests all wined and dined and dancing at his behest. A good golden anniversary.

Almost good enough for them, Moe and Dora Zagoren, king and queen tonight before all who knew them, and inside—inside, the same. The same. Through all the years of their life together and through ——

He saw the doctor's eyes. Saved until this moment for the seeing. He could come close to them now. The eyes, blank, which said nothing.

And the tears. Which said all.

He tried to go back to that moment when the doctor had answered a question. And he could not remember anything. A wall rose in his head against memory.

But suddenly the lights, the colors, the dancers, the high voice of the rabbi telling their history, the fish that glittered like silver, the diamonds on Dora beside him—all swirled and became a circle, within it the blank eyes hanging, a black line around their pale centers, and the lashes, every one single. And the circle, the wheel, kept turning and only the eyes shining with tears, the wet lashes, stayed motionless.

And he wanted to cry out, cry out to the dancers, to tell them what the tears said, to deny the impossible. And he knew that for Dora, for the boys, he could not: that a king, among other gifts, gives mercy.

His hand went up and sought her, Dora, her flesh warm, not young, better than young . . . familiar.

King and queen through the years together. And through—he knew, he knew, and at last he admitted—the rest of their short forever. THE END

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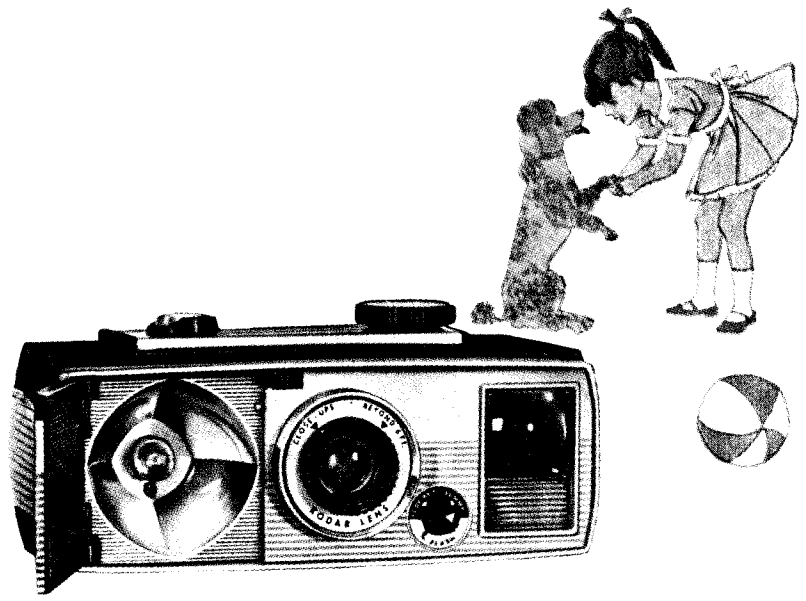

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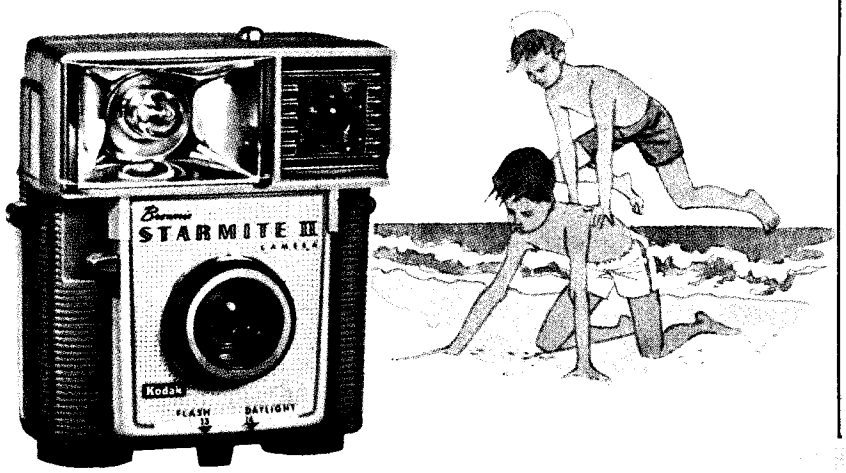

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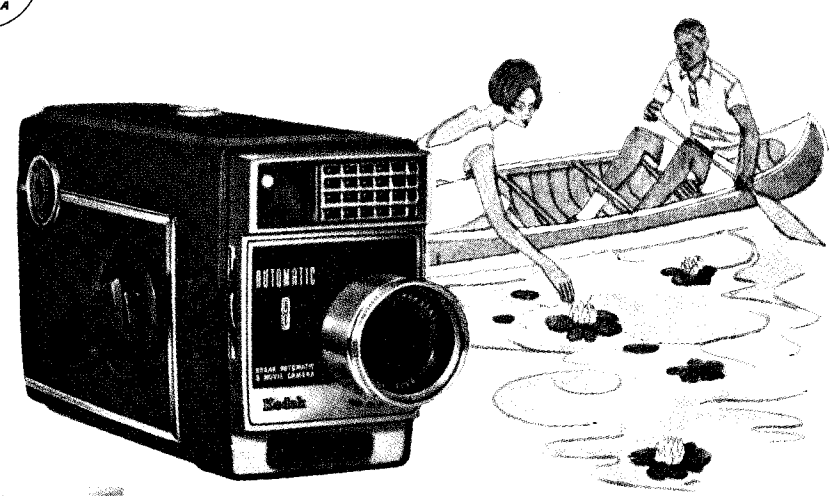

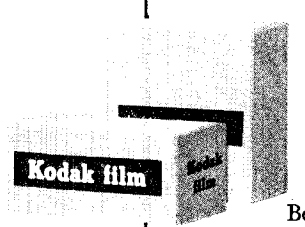

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They say
clothes make the man.
Make him what?
I was beginning to wonder.

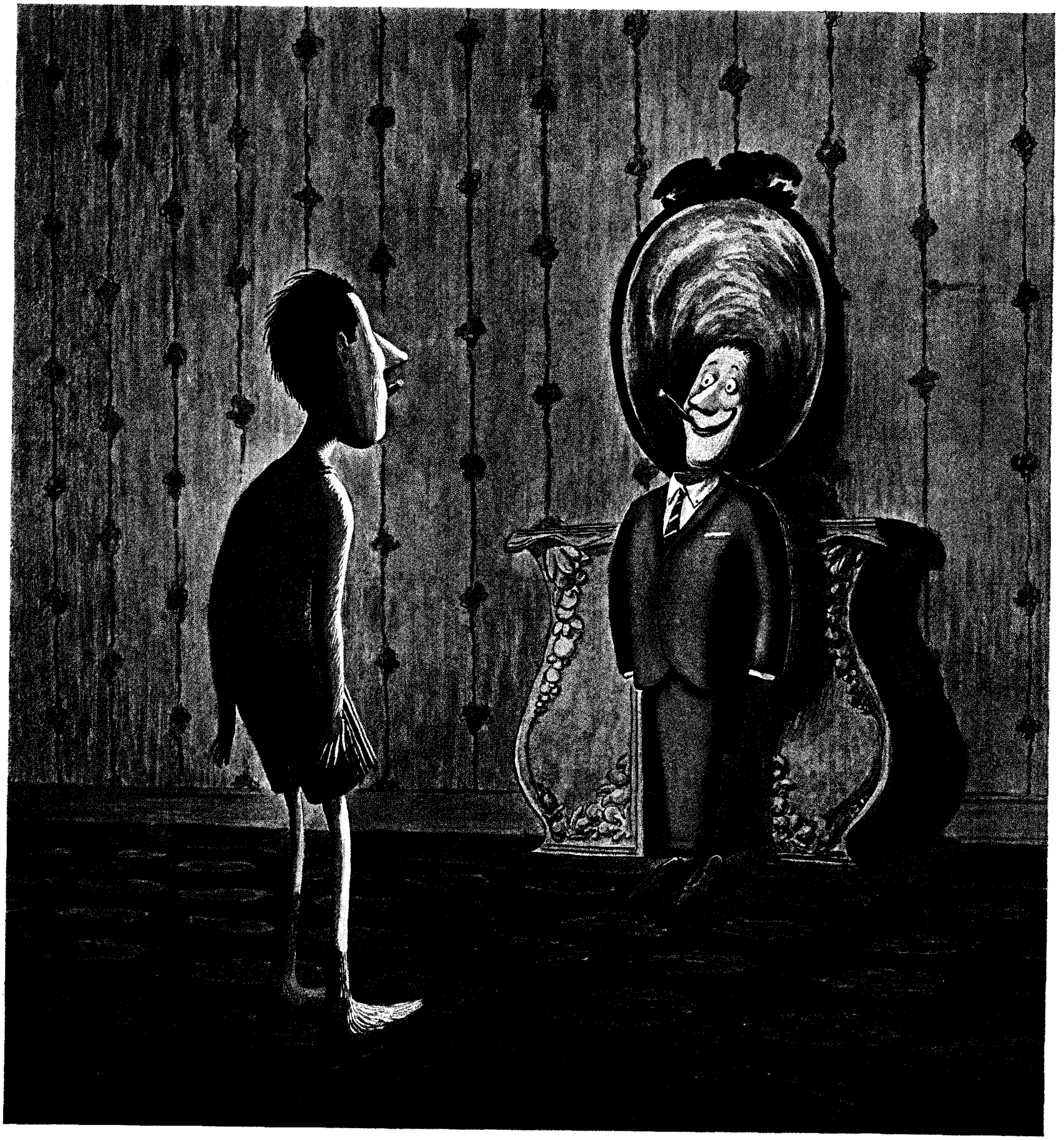

Illustration by Arnold Roth

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A SUIT LIKE NEW

by ROBERT FONTAINE

I lived in Mrs. Casper's rooming house for about six months. The last few weeks I was ill with a cold. I had lost my job, and my resistance was low. At least that's what Mrs. Casper said.

Although she had six roomers to take care of and a pale, weak husband who shuffled around, ghostlike, in slippers too large for him, Mrs. Casper found time to bring me hot soup and consolation. She kept reminding me that better days were coming and that, in the end, everything would be for the best.

When I was well I found a new and much better position with a better salary, and I moved to a small apartment. It was not much of an apartment, but at least it had a separate entrance and a private bath. I gave myself various reasons for leaving Mrs. Casper, who, I knew, had become attached to me. The real reason, though, was that I simply wanted to have a place of my own where I could *entertain* (if I may use the word); a place where my privacy was not subject to Mrs. Casper's kind but often untimely interruptions; a place where there were not always three or four exasperated people wanting to get into the bathroom at the same time.

"I'll miss you," Mrs. Casper said the day I left her, with a touch of bitterness. "Like a son you were."

"You have been very good to me," I said, feeling guilty. "Yes, in a big city where there is not much friendship, you have been very kind. But you have lots of roomers, and you will not be alone, exactly."

"Like a son," repeated Mrs. Casper.

"I am just moving down the street," I said. "You and your husband can come and see me often." I had no real desire to see either of them. Yet I did not want to cause the woman pain or loss of dignity. This instinct is probably a weakness in me, considering the state of the world today, but there it is.

"No. We will not come to see you. You are just being polite. You are young, and you are anxious to get away from decent, middle-aged people because they bore you. You want to be alone with that girl you used to entertain in the living room."

I felt uncomfortable. "That's silly. You will always be welcome. And since you helped me when I was ill I will be eager to see you."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Casper dubiously. She wiped the corner of her eye with her apron. "And now I must go and make the bed on the second floor rear."

I walked down the street toward my new place, carrying all my possessions with me in two battered suitcases.

A month or so later I met Lucy at a party. (A fellow in the office was being transferred to the Philadelphia branch. We gave him a watch with his initials on it, and we made speeches and drank a lot.) Lucy had cornflower-blue eyes and pink cheeks and honey-colored hair. She had gone to a junior business college in New England, and she was fresh and bright. She was also pleasantly shy and vague.

I was rather lonely after I left Mrs. Casper's or I might not have taken to Lucy so completely. My ideal was really someone I could talk to about books and paintings and poetry and jazz and all sorts of other interesting things. There was a girl like that in the office. Her name was Marge Bostwick. She was slim and dressed smartly and was a secretary to one of the vice presidents. She was quite aloof but not unkind, and once in a great while I engaged her in conversation. We would hastily discuss Howard Hanson's music, or Marin's watercolors or even a pro football game. Marge was certainly not encouraging, but she made an impression on me.

At any rate, Lucy and I got together at the party and had several drinks. I felt quite sociable. Whenever I have a few drinks I lose my feelings of inferiority and talk the way I usually talk only in my imagination.

I said to Lucy, "I'll show you New York. I've been here five years. I'll show you foreign cafés and little off-Broadway theaters and museums with free chamber-music concerts."

"That sounds nice," Lucy said, her eyes straying about the room.

"We'll walk all over Manhattan. We'll learn every street and every corner. We'll buy flowers from an old woman and hot chestnuts from an old man with an apron."

"It sounds interesting."

"We'll kiss in the dusk of purple doorways and then walk in the rain watching the red and blue neon lights splashing up at us from puddles."

"Will you get me another drink?" Lucy said. "I'm thirsty from all those smoked-fish canapés."

As the months went by we became good friends. We saw each other a lot. We walked in the rain and hummed in the sunshine, and we also bickered a lot because Lucy was very precise about everything and inhibited, I guess. But it was better to bicker than to be lonely.

I kept sitting around the office daydreaming, turning these quirks of Lucy's into virtues. If she was inhibited and orderly, that meant she would be faithful and a good housekeeper. What kind of a wife would Marge make with her mind all full of poetry, art, jazz, football and various other complexities? Marge was a fine person, but mercurial and mysterious. Any little thing you said or did could put some crazy notion in her mind. Besides, Marge was a vague acquaintance. Even when I danced with her at office parties she seemed only half there. Lucy was substantial and healthy and would make a splendid mother.

Hours would pass as I went through these convolutions, adding to them intricate calculations about when I would make enough money to support a wife and children. This interfered with my work. Even *I* knew it.

Mr. Armstrong called me into his glass-enclosed fortress one day and said, "You're slipping. There are a dozen errors in your extensions on yesterday's vouchers."

"I've had this fever," I said. "It gets me dizzy. Then I get these pains in my shoulder. But it's the fever that's the worst."

"Well, go see the nurse, then. There's something funny going on."

"I'll see the nurse right after lunch. I want to be efficient."

"You'd better be. The recommendations for raises will be going through soon, and I'd hate to strike off your name."

"Yes, sir."

I went to see the nurse and complained of the imaginary pains. The nurse gave me aspirin and said to drink plenty of liquids and get an extra hour's sleep every night.

I went back and told Mr. Armstrong I had some kind of virus that was as yet not fully understood, but that I would be all right with a little extra rest.

Mr. Armstrong said, "Well, don't get it here." Otherwise he seemed satisfied.

I had seen Mrs. Casper twice since I had moved. Once I caught sight of her coming around a corner, and I darted into a secondhand bookstore and hid. The second time I saw her I dashed across the street into a fish market. I felt guilty. There was no reason for me to avoid Mrs. Casper, even though she did remind me of five people waiting to get into a bathroom, a dying husband, and woodwork soaked with the scent of cabbage. I hoped it would seem reasonable to Mrs. Casper that a man who needed a secondhand book or a fish in a hurry would tend naturally to hasten toward bookstores and fish markets.

Then one day she came out of a drugstore and pounced on me.

"Mrs. Casper, how nice to see you! I've been planning to call on you and Mr. Casper, but I've been putting in a lot of overtime. A lot of overtime."

"You avoided me twice."

Mrs. Casper looked worn and unhappy. She made me feel like a heel. I had always believed intellectually in kindness and compassion for my fellow man. But whenever I had an opportunity to do my share I became bored and irritable, and then afterward felt bad about not living up to my beliefs.

"I didn't see you, Mrs. Casper, I'm sure," I said.

"You don't have to speak. It's not as if I was coming to your house and pestering you. But on the street is it so hard to say, 'Hello—how's by you?'"

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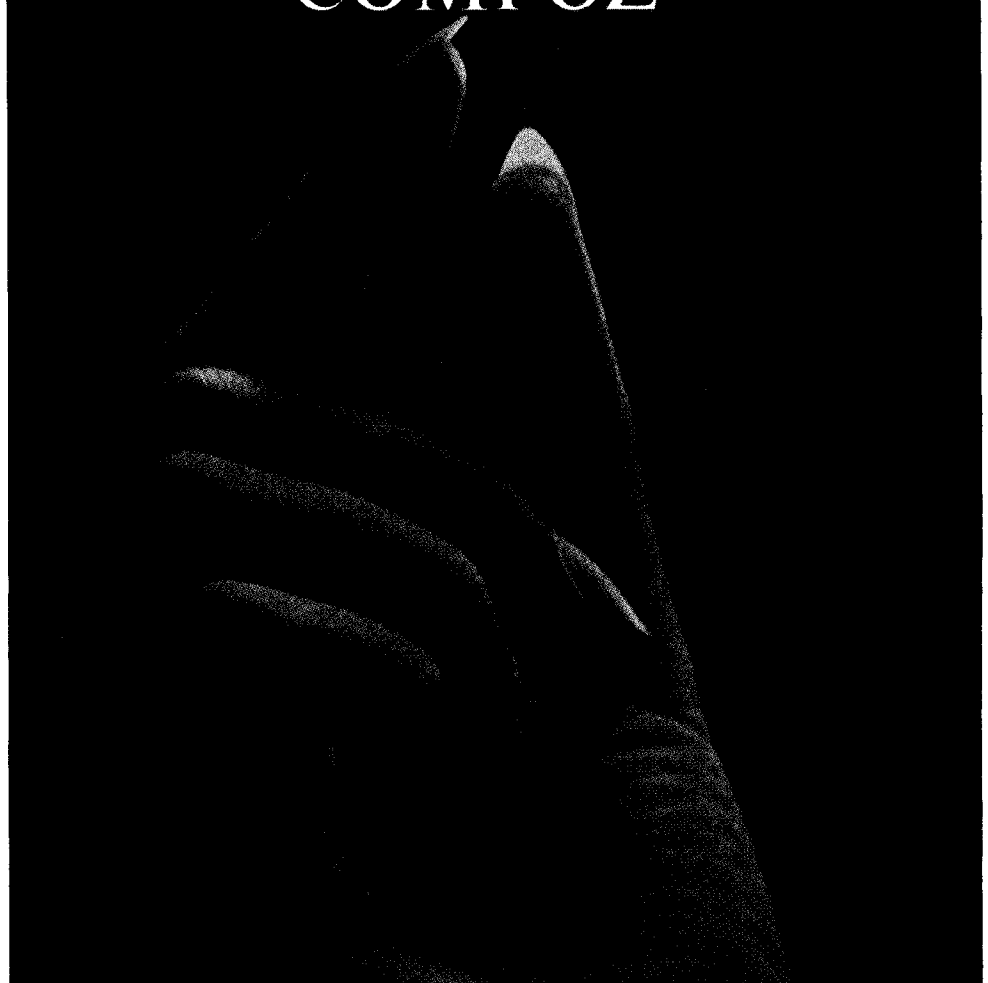

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A SUIT LIKE NEW

I thought she was going to weep. I felt the way I had when I was a very small boy and a woman punched my mother and broke her thick, expensive glasses, and my mother could not even see to punch back, and I was too sick and scared to do anything at all; and, besides, I had been the cause of the fight because I had been stealing apples from the other woman's yard.

I said, "Mrs. Casper, that is silly talk."

"You think you're superior."

"I am just a speck in a big city. Why should I think I am superior? I am very fond of you, Mrs. Casper. What a way to talk!"

She lowered her head. "I'm sorry. My husband is ill. Worse yet than before. If not one thing, then another. I'm upset. I wouldn't mention anything otherwise."

"I understand. I'm sorry." I was uneasy not only because Mrs. Casper made me feel inadequate but because I was on my way to meet Lucy, and Lucy could not bear anyone who was even one minute late.

"He asks for you often, my husband. He says, 'What happened to that nice boy who used to listen to the baseball games?'"

"I will go and see him," I said firmly. "Very soon."

"When?"

I swallowed hard. "When? Mrs. Casper, I don't know. I'm a busy man. I'm studying accounting at night, and I am saving to be engaged and ——"

"You don't care," Mrs. Casper said coldly. "A young girl turns your head, and you forget the ones who helped you when you were sick and lonely."

The charge was so accurate I winced. Not only had I forgotten the Caspers, but I had *wanted* to forget them. I tried to redeem myself. "Look, Mrs. Casper, I'll come to see your husband very soon. I'll bring him cigars."

"Never mind the cigars. Bring yourself. There is not much time left."

The weeks went by, and Lucy and I seemed closer to getting married. Now and then I caught myself being annoyed by her selfish demands, but I would reason that my own demands were, possibly, also selfish. These things, I told myself, always work out. Love is the great arbiter.

Then one day I met Mrs. Casper again. She was carrying a huge bag of groceries from which protruded the pale faces of parsnips and the sharp orange fingers of carrots. Ashamed again because I had not gone to see Mr. Casper, I dodged into the doorway of a fur store. But Mrs. Casper was too quick for me. She came and tugged on my sleeve.

"Why do you hide when you see me? Have I done something? When you needed me it was different. Now you hide when you see me coming."

"My dear Mrs. Casper, I was thinking of buying my fiancée a fur coat. I did not see you coming. How are you? How is your husband?" I had recently quarreled with Lucy over some minor matter, and I was impatient and nervous. I edged away.

Mrs. Casper took a grip of iron on my arm. "My husband is dead. Five days ago. You never came to see him."

I gasped. I tried to tell myself that it did not matter if a sick old man was dead. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Mr. Casper was better off in heaven, was he not? His pain removed, his spirit soaring. . . . I could not convince myself. For a moment I could only stare into the woman's sunken eyes, in which there was no animosity, just pain.

"I'm sorry," I said at last. "God rest his soul. I had it in mind for days to visit him—and you. Something always came up."

"That girl. A selfish girl. Without her you're better off."

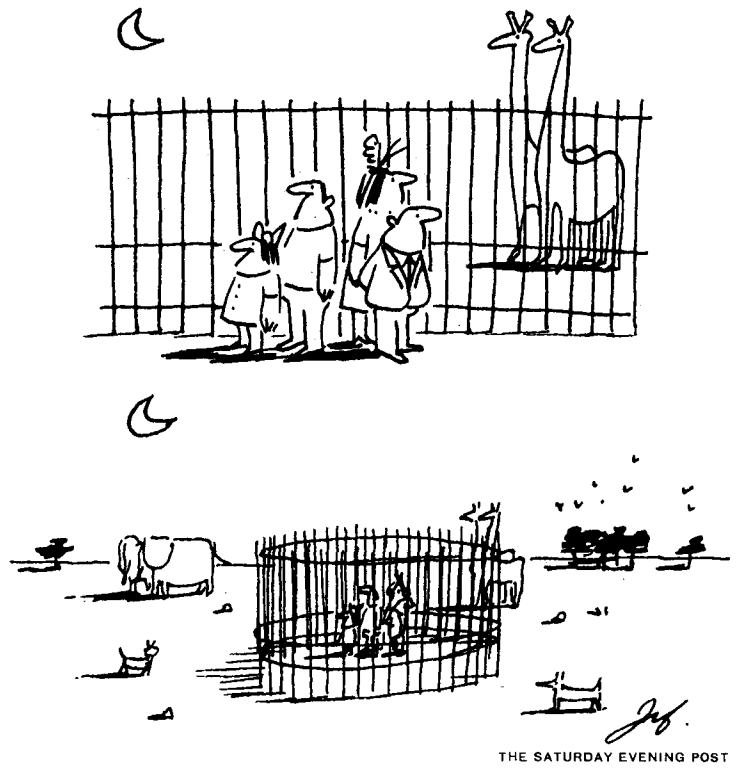
"Mrs. Casper, you've never even met her."

"I can tell." She waited, but I had nothing more to say. "What does it matter?" she said wearily. "What was he to you? What are you to me?"

"Mrs. Casper," I said, determined suddenly to do something kind and helpful, "let me carry your groceries. I'll come and visit. A cup of tea, perhaps. Right now."

Without a word Mrs. Casper handed me her bag. She walked ahead of me, limping a little from her arthritis.

In her apartment I noticed that the woodwork still reeked of cabbage, and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I could hear roomers bickering upstairs over how long it should take a man to shave.

I sat down in an old rocker, and Mrs. Casper took the groceries to the kitchen. Presently I heard a teakettle whistling. Mrs. Casper brought in tea and homemade fruitcake on a willow-ware plate.

I sipped my tea and for some time there was silence. Then Mrs. Casper said, "He knew he was dying. A week before he went he brought home a custom-made suit, very expensive. What got into his head? Who knows? From Mackinton and Mackinton on Fifth Avenue yet! We are not poor, but a suit like this is two hundred dollars. 'All my life,' he said, 'I wanted a suit custom-made.' There you are."

"I can understand. Most men feel that way, that someday they will have shirts and suits made to order. Perfect fits. It is a dream."

I nibbled the fruitcake. It had brandy in it, and the brandy killed the odor of cabbage in the house.

Mrs. Casper said, "Never worn, this suit. Not once. My husband said, 'When that boy comes I will wear it.' That's what he said."

"Mrs. Casper," I protested, pained, "I was selfish. I did not come. All right. It is too late now. Believe me, I did not understand that you and your husband liked me so much. I am not used to having people like me. I am glad if people are even neutral. Possibly I am too modest."

"So how will you be happy that way? You will not. All right. When he was dying he said, 'Do not bury me in this new suit. Promise. Such a good suit would be wasted completely. The angels will not reject me because of old clothes. Keep, instead, the suit for that boy, who was like a son.'"

"I'm very moved. I did not think . . ."

Mrs. Casper brought me the suit on a hanger. It was a very conservative, three-button suit, at least a size too large for me. The fabric was fine, but it was not my style of suit at all.

"You will wear it? Pull in the belt. Wear suspenders."

"I'll wear it," I said desperately. "I'll wear it. I promise."

"Good. From heaven he will look down and smile and say, 'The boy is wearing my new suit.' You wear now clothes like from a racetrack or gangsters. This suit will change you. A good conservative suit. Try it on."

I hesitated and then went nervously into the bedroom and tried it on. The seat hung, the trousers flapped and there was room for a dictionary inside the jacket.

"That's too bad," I said. "It's too big. Well ——"

"I'll fix it. Often I took in my husband's pants, the seat, the waist. The coat, too. I can take in the side panels. I have a good machine."

Before I could protest she brought out chalk and a tape measure and began to mark me up.

A week later she arrived at my apartment as Lucy was leaving. When Lucy had gone she handed me a box with the suit neatly folded in it. "Try it on. Is that the girl?"

"Yes."

"She looks mean."

I tried the suit on in the bathroom. Mrs. Casper had labored long and carefully. It fit well now. It fit beautifully. But it was not me. Just the same, a new suit is a new suit.

"It looks beautiful. You look like somebody. Now throw away that cowboy hat and you'll be a well-dressed man. Like a success you'll look."

"I'm very grateful," I said. "Can I make you some tea? A glass of wine maybe?"

"Thank you, no. I want only you should wear the suit in good health and prosperity."

"All right," I said. "I'm very grateful."

At the office the next day Marge Bostwick stopped by my desk. She stayed longer than usual. "I like your suit," she said. "It's elegant."

"Thank you." I was really very surprised and pleased. "I like your dress. It looks like spring."

"Thank you," she said, smiling. Of course Marge smiled at everybody. Still it was nice she smiled like that at me.

I began to feel good about the suit, and I wore it every day. It did something. Changes took place. I stopped smoking cigarettes and started on cigars. I paid attention to the way my hair was cut. I bought several conservative ties. I didn't dare spend too much. Lucy would complain that I wasn't saving properly for furniture.

It was a funny thing, but when I went out with Lucy I would change into my old suit. Childish, perhaps, but I worried about her reactions. I began to be concerned about my reactions to her reactions. I was not the same person, it seemed, and every day I became more different. The chats with Marge got longer all the time, and I was much less self-conscious.

One day Marge came by with some vouchers. "You're getting a raise," she said.

"Oh!" I said.

"I shouldn't tell you, but I just typed up the sheets for Mr. Fetkin in Personnel. I'm very glad for you."

Mr. Armstrong called me into his office a few minutes later. He offered me a cigarette, but I lighted a cigar. It was a fine cigar, too.

"You're getting a good raise," Mr. Armstrong said. "I know you're going to night school. But that isn't the only reason. The last few weeks your work, your appearance, your attitude are all quite changed."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"I know character. I know when a man is on the downgrade, when maybe he's drinking or there's trouble with his marriage. I know when a man is suddenly on the upgrade. I sense these things. I think you are starting up."

"That's a very nice compliment, sir."

"Keep up the good work."

"Yes, sir."

I stood up, and Mr. Armstrong stood up. He stared at my suit and then felt the material. "Handsome suit," he said. "Well-tailored. Expensive, no doubt. You had to make sacrifices. But appearance is important. I'd like a suit like that."

"Hand-tailored," I explained casually, "by Mackinton and Mackinton, Fifth Avenue."

"Oh, custom-made. I must try them. I like two pair of pants. I always wear out the pants long before the jacket. My wife says I'm hard on my pants."

"Yes, sir."

That evening, getting dressed to meet Lucy, I suddenly became angry at myself for changing into an old suit. Would my life always be like that? Would I always be afraid of what Lucy would say?

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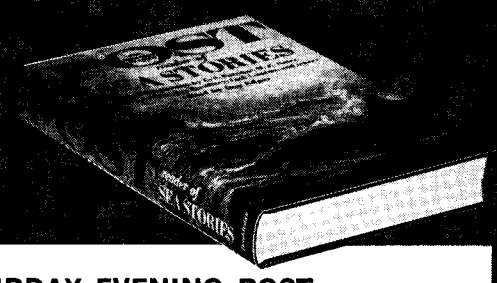

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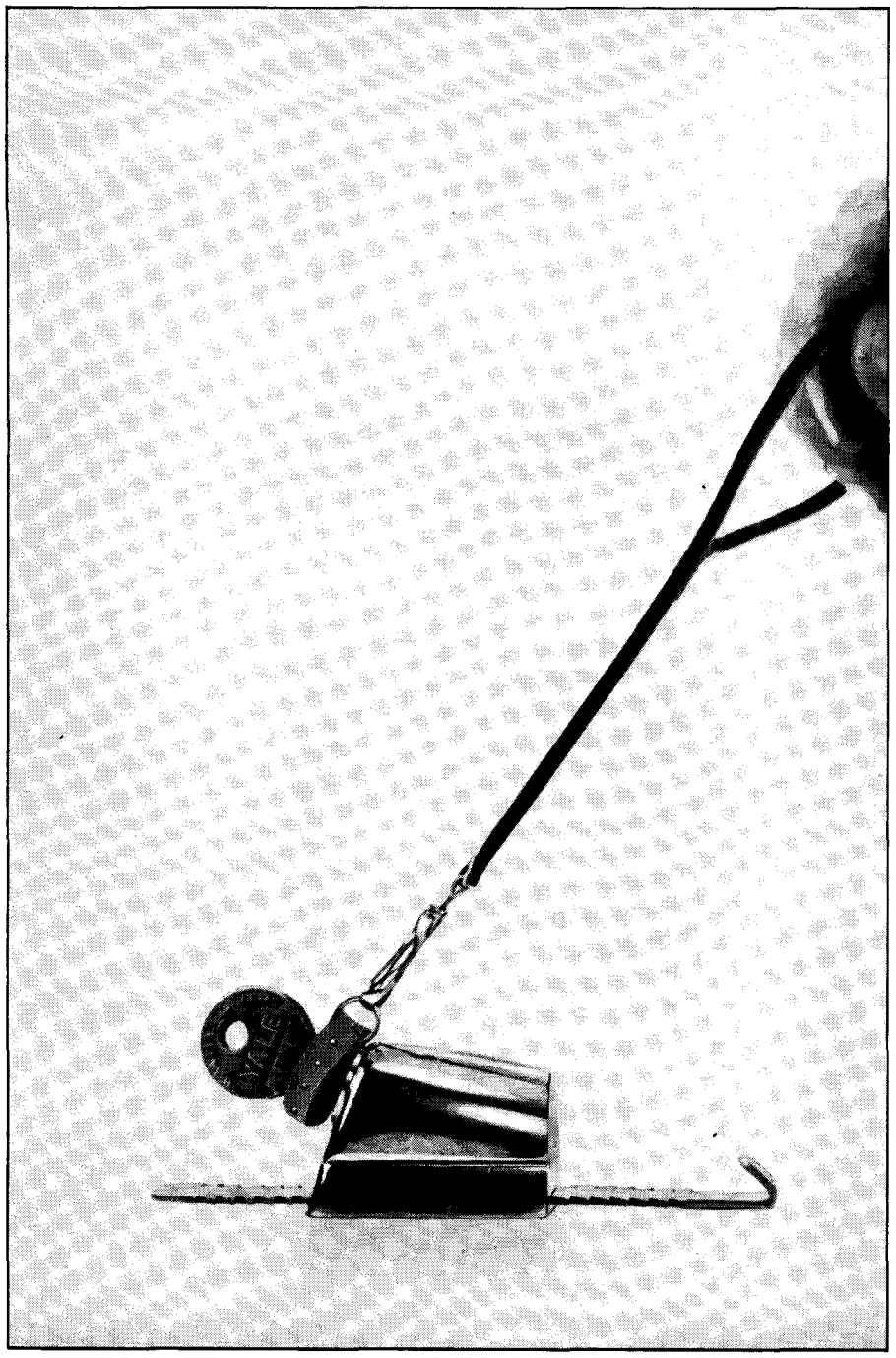

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A SUIT LIKE NEW

I put the new suit back on, and a new tie, and I drank several glasses of dry sherry. I felt very good when I left for the street corner where I was to meet Lucy.

On the way I stopped in a bar and had two more glasses of sherry. I was smiling and glowing when I met Lucy, ten minutes late.

She was furious. "You've been drinking!"

"I had a glass of wine," I said, and took out a big cigar and lighted it.

"Cigars! How much did that cost?"

"Twenty cents."

"For one cigar? And you're late!"

"Maybe you're early. There are two schools of thought. Ha, ha."

"You're drunk."

We walked on down the street. I said nothing. I just basked under the influence of my raise and Marge's smile and the cigar and the wine and the suit and the evening.

"Where did you get that expensive suit? I know clothes."

"I had it made. Two hundred dollars."

"You must be crazy."

"No."

"We could buy a lot of furniture for two hundred dollars."

I laughed lightly. "I've decided that you're going to work after we get married. You'll buy the furniture, the linens, the dishes and the food. I'll buy the wine, cigars, and my own clothes."

"You're plastered," Lucy said.

"A few glasses of good sherry. Seventy-five cents a glass for Spanish sherry in a bar. Imagine! Easy come, easy go."

Lucy was furious. She walked rapidly away from me. Every other time she had done that I had chased after her. This time I just stood there smiling.

Lucy stopped and turned. She was astonished to find that I was not chasing her. She came running back and stood staring at me for a moment, speechless. Then she snatched off my wide-brimmed hat and tossed it into the road. The hat sailed away like a bird. It landed in the street just as the light changed. Two trucks went right over it, and then three taxicabs. Lucy raced off. I knew we were through.

I went into a hat store and bought a new hat. I spent twelve dollars for it, more than I had ever paid for a hat in my life. It was a nice one with a small brim; the latest thing.

I went home and drank some more sherry. I was lonesome. Lucy, whatever her faults, had been part of my days and nights for quite a while. I did not want her any more, but already I was beginning to be sick with missing her. No matter how irritating a relationship is, it *is* a relationship. It is *not* nothing.

I went across the street to a cigar store and, trembling, called Marge Bostwick.

"Hello," I said. "I was wondering. . . . I mean . . . I know you probably have a thousand dates and all that. And I know it's pretty short notice, but I was wondering if you'd have dinner with me?"

"It's about time," Marge said good-naturedly.

"Huh?"

"I'll explain when I see you. Why don't you pick me up at my apartment?"

Marge insisted that we go to an inexpensive French restaurant. She made me try frogs' legs, and we had a bottle of white wine. Then we took a long walk down Fifth Avenue. Marge looked in windows and explained fabrics to me, and clothes and paintings, a whole world of things. We talked about writers and composers and shows: everything I had always wanted to talk about. I felt the way I had felt when I was a kid at Christmastime and believed in Santa Claus and in the miracle I found downstairs on Christmas morning, a miracle of unselfishness and love.

We went to Marge's apartment, and she played some old records: Billie Holiday with Teddy Wilson. Very rare and fine, and far away.

"It took you a long time," Marge said.

"I was afraid of you," I said.

"Why?"

"Because you were so attractive. I used to beat myself that way. Anything or anyone I really cared for, I was afraid of. I was afraid I couldn't have things, so I pretended it didn't matter."

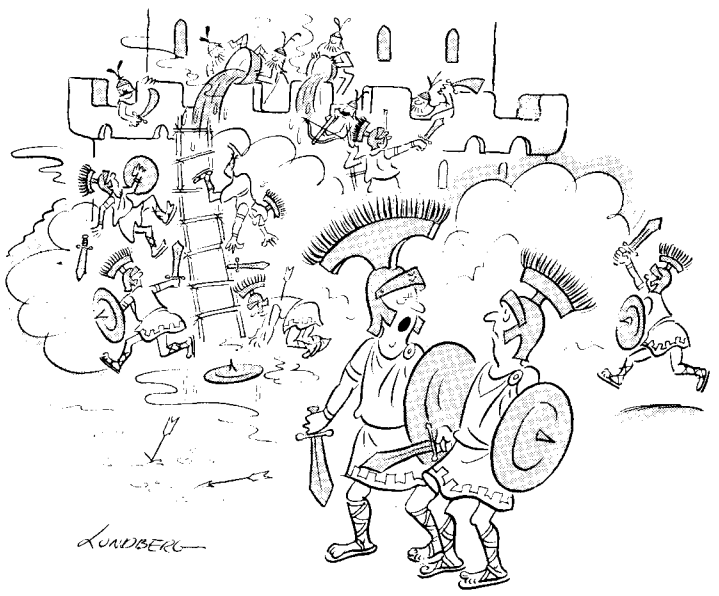
Marge smiled. She was growing prettier every minute, softer and warmer and gentler. "And so you always settled for what you didn't really love."

"Yes."

"No more," she whispered softly.

"No more," I said. I kissed her, and there were no more doubts about anything; the past, present and future were all changed and new. And Teddy Wilson played a chorus of *Them There Eyes*.

The next day I bought a dozen roses and a bottle of good Burgundy, and I went to call on Mrs. Casper. I thought she'd like to see me in my new suit again, and wearing my new hat. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Look, you knew about the boiling oil when you joined up."

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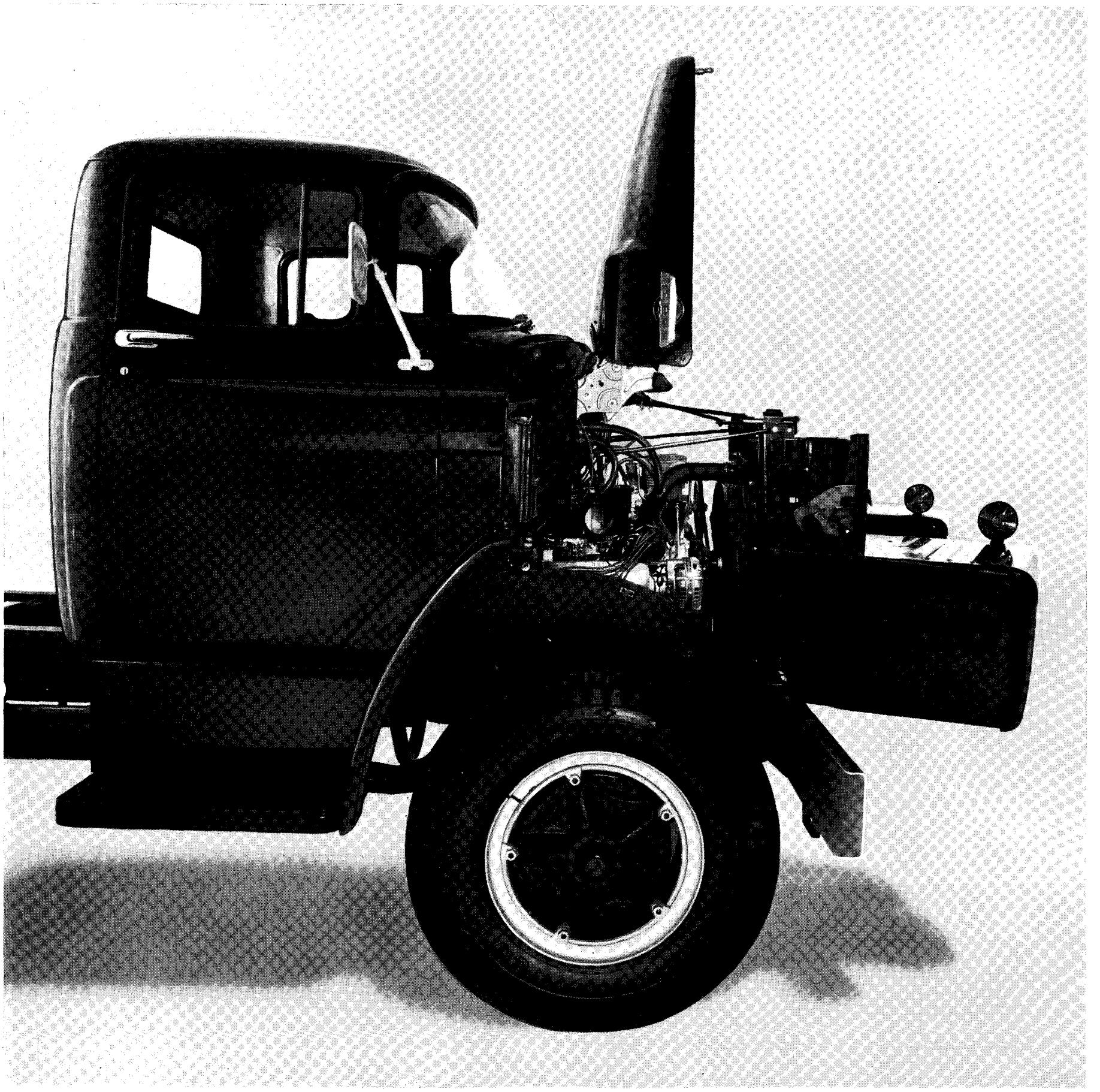

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The Beautiful Travelers

It was a strange land. He wondered why he had come and what he would learn about himself.

by ROY BONGARTZ

The shepherd children came tearing down the stony hillsides to the road, straining to reach the car before it went past—tiny Yugoslav peasant kids with shaved, cannonball heads and ruddy, cheeky faces wide with crescent grins. They came running along the dusty, potholed road; now a moon-faced little boy sprinted away from the others, chasing the slowly moving car, shouting out at it, and when he failed to catch up he struck out toward it with a whiplike branch in a burst of anger.

The driver of the car pressed his foot down on the accelerator in a characteristic reflex of evasion, escape. He was a young, outwardly carefree and hearty American; his name was Roger. The slender, graceful girl beside him—wearing a tight, sleeveless, one-piece yellow dress, her fine dark hair caught in a ring at the back—was his wife Julie. They were on vacation from Paris, where Roger was in charge of marketing for an American manufacturer of electric razors. He had met with little success in impressing the French with the ability of the razor to shave a coconut, a feat that had been advertised as its most remarkable feature. "They're not getting it," he complained frequently to his wife.

Roger was wary of Europeans, the more so because his wife was altogether at ease with them. She had lived in Paris for two years before he ever got there and met her and took her back to the States for what he called a "proper marriage" and then brought her back to Paris again. After a year of marriage he had still not adjusted to his wife's avidity for any kind of new experience, her openness with strangers anywhere and everywhere. Their trip to this rough land of jug-eared peasants and waffle-surfaced roads, where he could hardly speak two words to anybody and felt like an ass when he tried, had, of course, been Julie's big idea. But no matter where they went or what they did, he always felt some inexplicable reluctance to follow her. "What are you afraid of?" Julie would ask him when he declined an invitation to meet some of her old friends at the Sélect, or to browse through the junk market at the Place de la Bastille.

Now here they were, jouncing along this spectacular Dalmatian coast, so far from the ordered desks and neat files and American-style Venetian blinds of his Paris office, so far from the comforting presence of the appliances in their Passy apartment. The country and its people seemed wholly strange to him, and Julie, even against this backdrop so unrelated to them, appeared more self-contained, more sealed-off from him than ever. Why this intrepid, firm-fleshed girl should make him feel so vulnerable he did not know, and he was beginning to doubt that he would ever learn.

Looking back through the rear window, Julie said, "You could have stopped for that kid."

"Why should I stop? I can't stop for them all. What do you suppose he was yelling?"

"He wanted some candy, maybe, or just to say hello."

"He sounded sore about something."

Julie glanced at him. "Wouldn't you be sore, stuck out here in the middle of nowhere with a bunch of sheep?"

"I don't know. Maybe. I'm not a shepherd."

"No, you certainly aren't."

"What do you mean by that?"

She didn't answer. So don't say what you mean, Roger thought. So I'm not a shepherd—*tant mieux* for me and *tant mieux* for the sheep.

Later they did manage to have a short conference with an old man and two little boys. Roger had stopped the car in the spotty shade of an olive tree beside the road, and he and Julie were sitting in the scruffy grass, their backs against the car, sipping slivovitz from the cap of a vacuum bottle and gazing out over a wide valley below them. In the distance a man was plowing a field with a horse, moving inexorably to the right, and then a stop, a turn, and to the left, stop, turn, and to the right again, over the rough, rolling land. Roger looked around and discovered three faces considering him from the other side of the road—a grizzled, toothless old man with a white stubble on his face and a flat-topped, round red hat on his head and a thick gray blanket over one shoulder; and two of those pumpkin-faced little boys. They had sprung up magically from somewhere among the bleached rocks in the hills above the road.

Resolutely, Roger greeted them, trying to quell the faint, unreasonable alarm he always felt before an encounter with people he did not know: "*Dobardan!*" Julie had insisted they learn at least how to say hello, good-bye and thank you, before crossing the border into Yugoslavia.

The old man scampered across the road and stood grinning vacantly at them; the little boys followed timidly after, keeping their distance. Roger said to Julie, "Do they *want* something?"

"A little conversation, probably," Julie suggested. "Tell them about life in the gay foreign capitals, Roger."

The fact was that he hadn't much of anything at all to tell them. I would dearly love to ask them some questions, Roger thought, beginning with, "What goes on in your minds as you watch over your flocks through the years, down the long, sheep-lined corridor of time?" He picked up the bottle of slivovitz and offered it to the old man, who grinned even more widely, showing his pink gums, and waved his hands negatively, while the little boys giggled.

"Look, we're communicating," Roger said.

Julie smiled up at the old man, who nodded and squatted down and stared at them. The little boys crept up behind him. Roger, still holding the bottle, poured himself another drink and sipped it, his audience watching closely. Then the old man sprang up and, like a used-car salesman, appreciatively banged the fender of the Dauphine, crowing, "*Dobro, dobro!*" He was proud of the little car, happy to have it here on his road, glad of Roger's good fortune in being its owner, pleased with it as an object of art. Roger bravely made a show of standing up and shaking hands all around, and Julie distributed pieces of candy to the boys, who held them and looked at them, embarrassed, and then drew back as if they had become suddenly aware of their nearness to Julie and Roger, nearness to the unknown.

The Americans went off, and, as they drove along, other children charged upon them out of the woods and fields and barnyards, with harsh, high-pitched cries of greeting—an inexhaustible supply of little shepherds and goatherds, some only four or five years old, entrusted with family fortunes in livestock, urging the flocks along the rutted road in businesslike fashion, a dog or two their only help.

The Americans—in their neatness and polish, their clean-cut surface serenity and self-sufficiency, in their light, well-pressed clothes, in their *beauty*—

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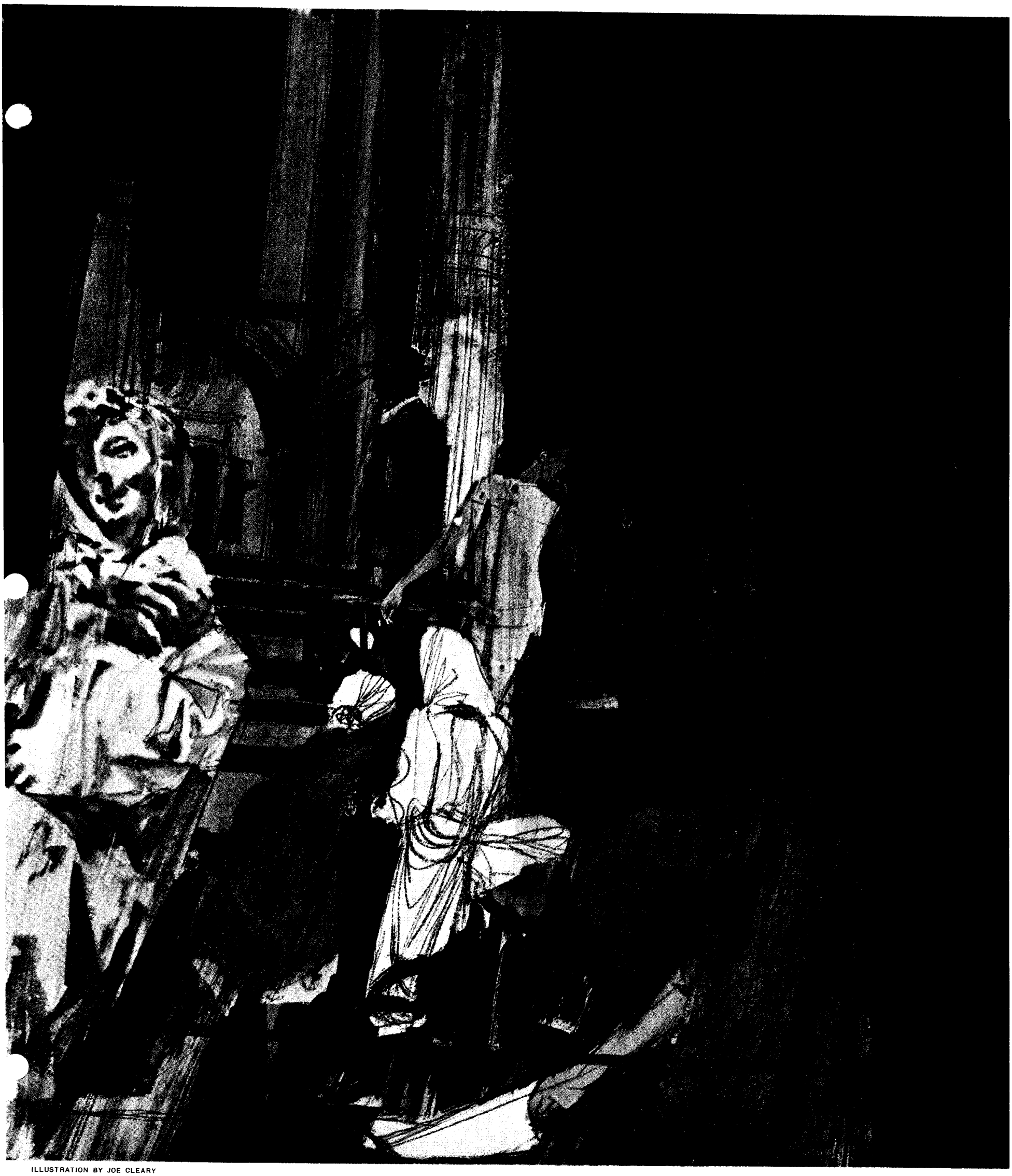

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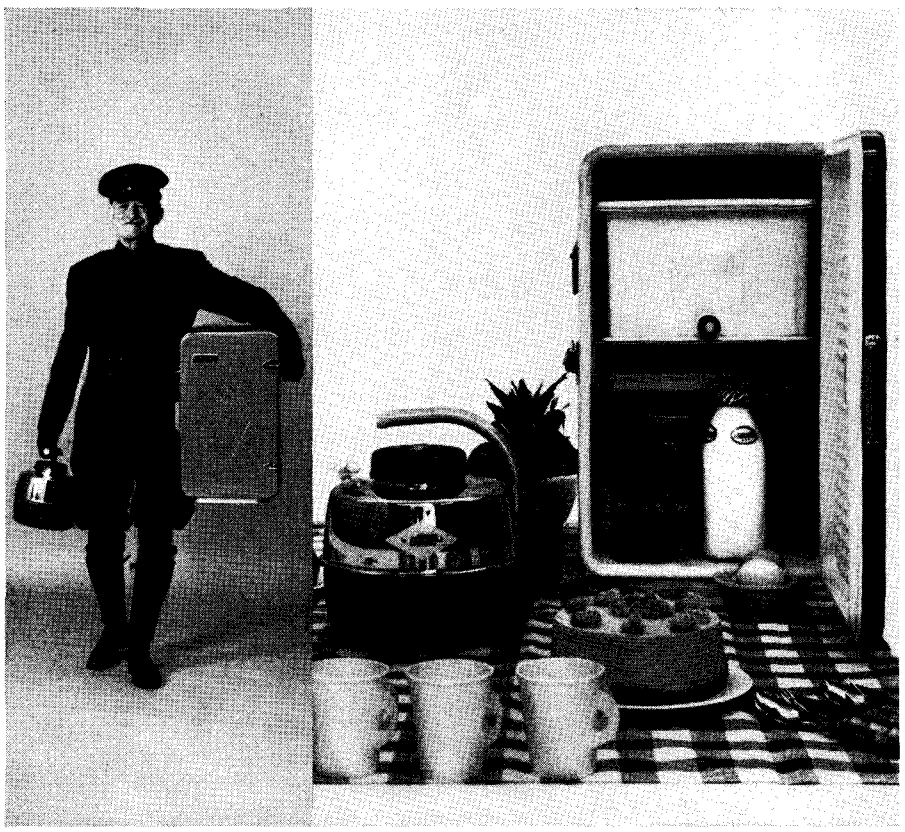

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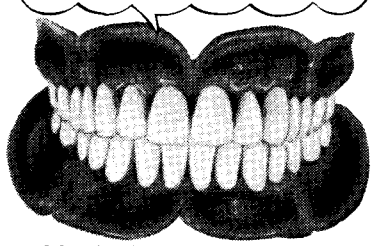

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BEAUTIFUL TRAVELERS

were no match for these hearty children. Roger, who in Paris was used to making his presence felt at least to the extent of exchanging bits of conversation in cafés, was at a dead loss here; he felt that his passage left no trace, meant nothing. He would have liked some human involvement, but all that was given him was this series of sights, sights, sights—he and Julie were totally outside this tough, pastoral life.

They stopped often to watch the tiny, distant figures of men and women and children almost lost in the colossal sweep of valleys and plateaus. Once, as they drove along, they beheld, crashing and rattling down the rutted road at them, a wagonload of revelers straight out of a Russian novel—a narrow, high-sided farm cart, pulled by four horses, jammed with young people shouting out a song at the tops of their lungs. The girls had those same guileless sunburnt kids' faces, and pigtails, and white embroidered blouses all of a kind; the young men wore wide-brimmed black hats and felt-collared dress-up coats, and they all hollered out their song in a rough, minor-key, Slavic harmony that pierced its way through the closed windows of the Americans' car. They called down a greeting and the driver waved his whip in a salute as they clattered past, dangerously close to the vulnerable little Dauphine.

In a high-ceilinged, board-floored country inn a moustached whale of an innkeeper eyed them with amusement that became a tobacco-juicy laugh when Roger told him they wanted coffee with milk (they had French-style *café au lait* in mind). Like a malevolent Santa Claus, he clapped one fat hand on Julie's shoulder and the other on Roger's and, bubbling over with bearish delight, propelled them to a table and brought them great tin mugs awash with muddy Turkish coffee and heavy, scummy milk sweet with sugar. "*Café au lait?*" Roger asked his wife doubtfully. But they drank the stuff, and as Roger observed the argumentative farmers at the other tables, all putting away a midmorning snack of bread, sausage, goat cheese and slivovitz, all oblivious of him, he had the distinct impression that he was becoming invisible.

When Roger and Julie came out of the inn, they found the car surrounded by an ocean of dumbstruck little boys with their faces pressed against the windows. Roger had an idea he would like to grab half a dozen of these little fellows, teach them some English, and then shake their secret out of them, but he only waved a finger at them in a friendly way and said fatuously, "How's it going there, men?" No answer. After he and Julie had managed to get into the car, he drove slowly out of the boy-mass, leaving a Dauphine-shaped vacuum behind.

By the time they got to the ancient, walled port town of Dubrovnik, the dust of the roads had lodged in their eyes, in their hair, between their teeth, under their fingernails; the engine of the car was thick with it, and it had blown in under the doors and into the suitcases and had filled the slot in the floor around the emergency-brake lever. They parked the car outside the town wall, passed through a gate, and came out onto the medieval splendor of a long, straight thoroughfare paved with cream-colored stones. The shops, behind arched façades, were identified by four-sided lanterns with the owner's name painted on each translucent pane. The only vehicles were some small-wheeled flat carts; mainly there were people, flowing in great jabbering streams up and down the way, their modern dress—girls in sweaters and slacks, men in wide-lapelled suits and synthetic-fabric raincoats—disturbing the atmosphere of unchanged time.

Roger, who had been looking for people he could comprehend, was encouraged; here, certainly, was his chance to collect one live Yugoslav. But he was dizzied by the imperative note in the shouting voices around him, by the glare of the old stone, on top of all that jolting and bouncing at ten miles an hour over those endless, ravaged roads. He and Julie ducked into a small bar for a glass of wine. They sat transfixed by the blinding light outside, and Roger thought, Here I am just like one of those stupid American tourists in Paris, beaten before I begin. In Paris he prided himself on being far above those garish summer trippers, milling about like ants, not knowing why they had come—gaping, camera-garlanded, complaining clods. Yet here he was, dazed by the robust light and sound and motion outside the door, asking himself those same answerless tourist questions: Why did I come? What can I find? He envied Julie, who, head cocked to one side, was eyeing with interest the gesticulating, wiseacre old men at the tables around them. Julie was again inhabiting a world he had never entered; he felt like a beginner on the high diving tower with his toes curled around the end of the board.

"You speak English?" It came from a shadowy form blocking the sunny doorway; Roger squinted up at a slight, bony young man of about thirty with a scarecrow, wired-together look about him. The man came forward and pushed his face down close to Roger's, his eyes wide, the whites bloodshot. "You speak English?"

Roger pulled himself out of his paralysis, thinking, I could have used a little rest first, but maybe here he is already, my tame Yugoslav, ready to come across with the secret of his Slavicness. He invited the man to sit down.

"I speak English, I live two years in States," the stranger chattered. "I know all about States, I live in Jersey, you know where is?"

Roger nodded. The man's expression changed so fast it was hard to keep him in focus. There was a forced, actor's enthusiasm in his smile, which immediately vanished into gasps of gratuitous surprise, but nothing interrupted the torrent of words—tune him out and then tune him back in again and there he was still babbling away like a disc jockey: "You need any work done on your car I show you a good garage friend of mine by the fort, you like to fish I have friend with boat he don't charge you anything I just tell him you friends of mine and it's OK you go out fishing with him." Tune out, tune in. "You want eat special Yugoslav food like meat on a stick that's called *ražnjiči* I show you where to get it or little sausages that's called *čevapčiči* you need somebody show you around, you like that food OK you eat them you don't eat them it's OK with me, in restaurant I tell him you friends of mine, you do what you want, OK?, you my friend." Suddenly he stopped talking and stared in what looked like terror, as if he were afraid Roger *wasn't* his friend. Roger gave him an artificially encouraging smile. Mollified, the man gabbled on, and put out a hand to be shaken. His name was Grujo.

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BEAUTIFUL TRAVELERS

Roger introduced himself and his wife, and they were thus effectively captured. Grujo told him they shouldn't drink the wine they were drinking; what they should have was the local fad, white wine and soda water mixed, which was called *špricer;* he ordered a round. They went along with him, because there seemed to be nothing else to do. Grujo's hands darted about as he described a thousand plans for them, his tame Americans (but, Roger protested silently, Grujo was supposed to be the tame Yugoslav). Now Grujo brought over an embarrassed friend named Luko, a red-faced, apologetic young stonemason wordlessly pleading helplessness against the force of this natural calamity, his buddy Grujo. Roger told himself challengingly, Come on, face the music, face the Yugoslavs, this is what you wanted! But Grujo's chattering was jangling his ears, and all he really wanted was a refuge.

Julie was engaged in sign language with the stonemason, pointing to a glass, a chair, a bottle, and worming out of him the object's name in his language, which he gave in a self-effacing mumble. It was clear why Grujo had chosen the stonemason for a pal—they were the Loudspeaker and the Ear. Grujo's head darted from side to side, his hands whizzing about like pinwheels as he put in a commercial plug for himself: "You know I translate for tourists, I work for myself not for travel agency, they don't pay anything, I make what people like to pay me, but listen, you a friend of mine, you don't worry about paying, see?, I translate for you if you like but you a friend, OK?, all right?"

"Right," Roger agreed, hypnotized. He looked for some help from Julie, but she had enticed the stonemason into unwrapping the green bandanna in which he carried his tools, and he was showing her his square iron hammers and chisels and telling her their Serbo-Croatian names.

"Listen," said Grujo, "what's your name? I know—Roger—right? Listen, Roger, you want to go out to Lokrum, that's a little island, I get my friend with the boat, he don't cost much, we go out there this afternoon, when you like, tomorrow, that's beautiful island, you see a monastery out there, what you like, OK?" Grujo also had plans for a visit to the aquarium, for a hike along the mile and a half of wall encircling the town, the buying of squid in the market, a visit to a wine cellar to buy Dalmatian wines, a brief stop ("We have one drink only, because it's expensive") in a nightclub called the Labirint that was in a cave behind the port. Grujo would find out for them which movies were in English, would guide them through the museums, choose their restaurants for them.

Roger, his mind numbed by Grujo's yammering, pulled secretly away from him and contrasted himself and his wife, cool and smart-looking in their summery clothes, with these loutish strangers. A phrase returned to him from their wedding reception back in the States the year before—a giggly, blue-haired matron clapping gleefully and then reaching out to Roger and Julie and swinging their hands back and forth, her eyes shining in terrifyingly worshipful admiration, squealing, "Ooh, you beautiful people!" He had managed to get away from her without saying anything insulting. But her words kept coming back to him—"beautiful people."

Julie was certainly a beauty, anyway; there was no doubt about that. She had effectively used that beauty by skipping out of her "third year" college course at the Sorbonne and going to work as a dancer at the Lido in order to stay in Paris. Roger had objected, soon after he'd met her there in Paris, to her dancing job; the protest had come from some unsuspected store of prudishness. "Don't be a sap," Julie had said. "If people want to look at you and get pleasure out of it and you get paid for it, there's nothing wrong with it." She was always ready to take on any situation, blithely unafraid of involvement with anybody. People—any people—delighted her. As for the dancing, she'd asked him, "Would you like it better if I wore a yellow T shirt with *Herald Tribune* on the front of it and peddled papers on the Champs-Élysées? Come off it, Roger."

He had often wondered how he had ever got her to marry him. Her decisions were always quick ones. Her answer to his proposal he would never forget; she had said, "Sure," so fast that it seemed to Roger as though she felt that committing herself to him immediately would spare her a lot of emotional turmoil, as if marrying him would make life just that much simpler—assure her more continuing freedom than she could have by refusing to marry him. Anyway, they had Paris to live in, and they enjoyed it. They were the beautiful Americans, they were employed and solvent, they went out every night in the week, and afterward, in the early hours, they drowned themselves in lovemaking.

Now, leaving Julie among the hammers and chisels, Roger followed Grujo out to reserve a hotel room. They were swept up in a thoroughfare streaming with people; Grujo told him its name was the Placa. "It's some different from States, the Placa, in States everybody has car," Grujo said, and gabbled on about having jumped ship in Hoboken and working in a diner and in freight yards and warehouses and factories for two years, Rheingold and hamburgers and Seagram's and 7-Up and the Hudson Tubes—all the unforgettable delights Grujo had known in that faraway Atlantic Coast Cathay.

"So why didn't you stay?" Roger asked.

"The immigration people kick me out. They come around to diner one time and say, 'Everybody here citizen?' I tell them, 'Sure, I'm citizen. I'm citizen of Yugoslavia!' Ha! So they kick me out. They tell me to get out on plane or go to jail to wait for boat. So I spend all my money on plane and next day I'm back here. Aw, you know, Roger, you don't want to go to *jail*. They ask me have I got friend in America will stand up for me. I say no. I have no friend like that. My boss, he was no good for that. So I get out. Two years I'm there."

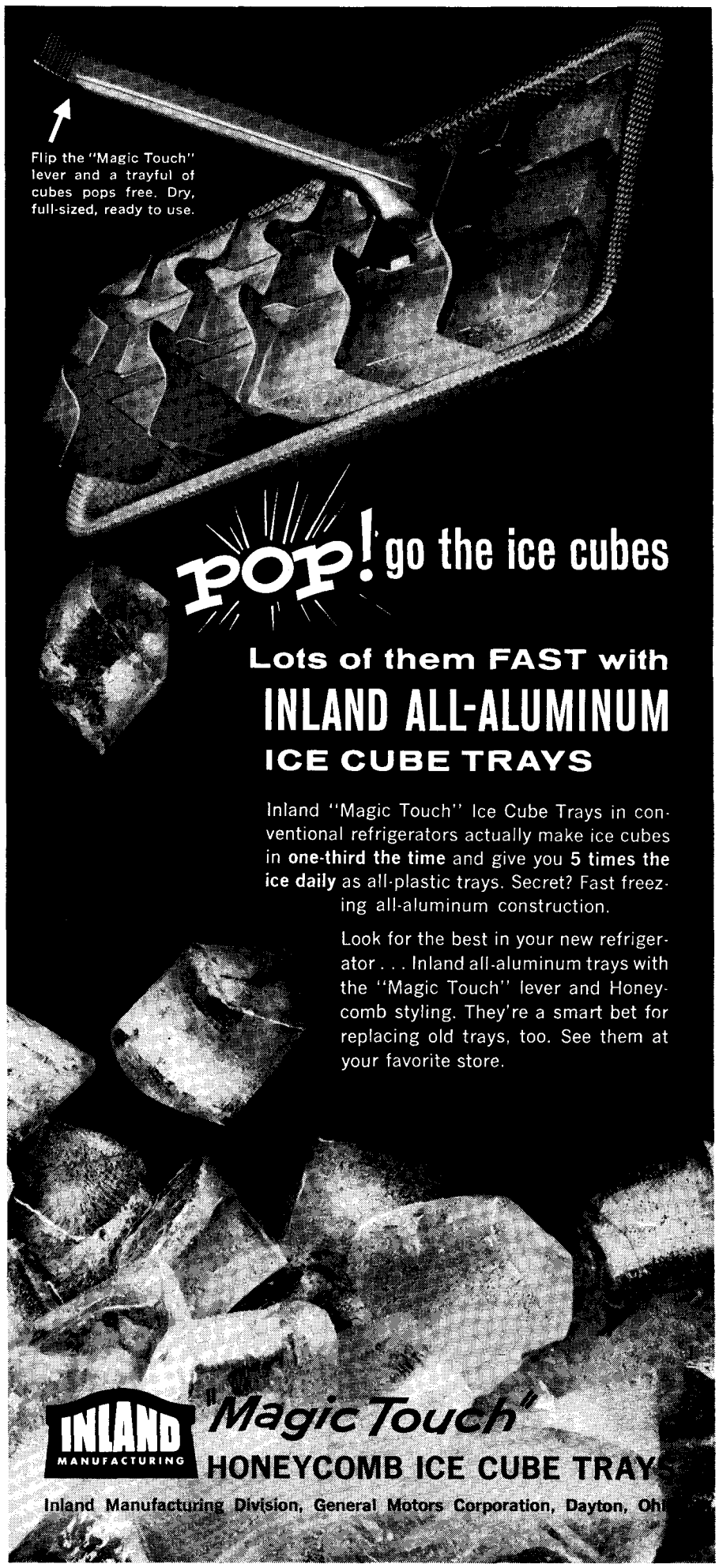
"But why did you tell them you're a Yugoslav?"

"Aw, I tell them I jump ship. I don't care what I tell them. I don't like how they ask, 'You citizen?' I don't give a damn, I tell them, 'Sure, I'm citizen—Yugoslav citizen!'" He threw an arm around Roger's shoulder and said, "I should know you in States, I be OK with those immigration guys."

Sure, you should have known me in the States, Roger thought. I'd have done you a lot of good. If the immigration people had come to me, I'd have told them I'd never seen you in my life.

Grujo was prancing around, reciting further proof of his intimacy with various name brands available in New Jersey, searching Roger's face for recognition. But he got little. Roger did not pretend to be any savior to a Yugoslav ship jumper. It was out of his line.

They returned to the bar after making a hotel reservation at the travel bureau, but it turned out that Luko's mother had a room to rent in her house at the edge of town; they would at least have to inspect it before deciding about the hotel, or else Luko would be upset. Grujo was openly running the show now, assuming a position, a relationship with them (friends for life) that clearly did not exist except in his own whirling mind, telling Roger that after the visit to Luko's house he and Julie *could* stay in the hotel, if they insisted. Roger peered uneasily at his wife, hoping she might take some action that would get rid of this blabbering oaf and his ham-handed artisan friend with the landlady mother; but no such luck. Julie was savoring everything, alert to the rough-voiced talk of the men at the bar; she was in one of her easy-come-easy-go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moods, smiling to herself over that mysterious lifetime joke she always kept to herself. (She had been like that the time she'd agreed to marry him: grinning, but her eyes not really seeing him, answering with no pause at all, "Sure.")

So it was off to Luko's. Crossing the Placa, they hurried together up the steps and through the gate at the end of the avenue, and piled into the car and drove off to a rambling, three-story concrete house painted blood red, set among scrub pines in a sandy hillside. Luko's mother, a fat, flat-faced, maternal creature, opened her arms wide in a curious gesture combining welcome and dismay—evidently she wanted to embrace them, consume them all, but at the same time, the gesture said, the house was not ready to receive guests. She scurried about, opening and closing doors and shouting at her son, and then subsided, shuddered with the effort of composing herself, and managed to ask Grujo questions about how many beds or rooms were needed for what length of time. The questioning took hold of her, inflated her; she was beginning to swell.

Afraid she might explode, Roger stepped in (just in time, he told himself), waved his hand negatively at the woman, and shouted into Grujo's ear, "Tell her we don't want a room!" Grujo relayed the message, and the woman's face dissolved into consternation. Roger said to Grujo, "Tell her we love her house but we want to stay in town." Grujo tried but suspicion and rebuffed hospitality filled her eyes, and she waved her hands helplessly to indicate all the riches and luxuries of her plain house, and asked, "*Dobro, dobro?*"—wasn't it a *good* house? Wasn't the house *fit* for them? What have I done wrong? What more can I offer you? Edging out the door, Roger congratulated himself on this narrow escape from adoption into the stonemason's family (it was clear that a guest here would have no choice other than to become "one of the family"). But Julie was still inside. "Let's go," he called.

She appeared in the doorway. "Why don't we stay here? It would be fun."

"I don't want to live out here with this—this ——"

"This *what?* They're good *people*, Roger."

"I don't want to get all tangled up with this gang. Come on back into town, now."

Grujo, glued to them, escorted them to their hotel, insisting they park their car in a certain place where there was shade. He helped unload the car, still gabbing away about his plans for their every day, hour and minute in Dubrovnik, his mind a switchboard of problems and projects and ideas, all wiring themselves into the lives of Roger and Julie.

In the hotel room Roger sagged into a chair and unhappily watched Grujo hop around arranging baggage and pouring drinks, which he handed out like the mayor of the town. He spewed forth a disconnected history of the old port, and warned them against local professional guides, who knew nothing and who had pulled such stunts as identifying a bronze statue of a wartime Partisan with an aimed rifle as a representation of a Serbian writer who had died in 1830.

Julie stood at the window, placidly contemplating the occasional movements in the square outside, which was quiet now in the early afternoon. Roger wondered how Grujo managed to keep his mainspring wound so tight. Obviously his metabolism was on a much speedier schedule than normal people's. He seemed to be all over the place. Roger wanted to tell him to sit the hell *still*, but it was no use; his jittering came from a motor that nobody else could turn off. Roger wondered what Grujo sleeping would look like—sleeping jumping beans, sleeping red-hot pokers, sleeping dragonflies?

In a portentous tone, Grujo said, "Listen, Roger, let me have a thousand, OK? I pay you back tomorrow, money coming to the post office for me tomorrow, I pay you back all right, don't worry, I get money tomorrow."

Relieved, Roger pulled a thousand-dinar note from his pocket and handed it to Grujo. Money would straighten out the relationship, put a period to it, pay it off—maybe, Roger hoped, end it—though Grujo might still, after all, be useful to them if they could devise some way of taking him a little at a time. Anyway, the fellow did work as an interpreter for a living—or so he'd said—so he had the money coming to him.

With no break in the stream of his talk, Grujo took the money and poured himself another drink. "I was drunk four times yesterday," he said.

Roger channeled the blast of Grujo upon his wife by stepping out onto the balcony where he could hear Grujo spellbinding Julie with an account of his life in the diner in Jersey—hot-roast-beef sandwiches with mashed potatoes and gravy, bowls of chili, pork chops with French fries. No, it was going on too long. Roger stepped back into the room, lay down on the bed, hid his eyes with his hand and said, "Grujo, old man, I think we'll take a little rest."

Grujo jumped up. "OK, OK, you take a rest, you been traveling a long way, I know how you feel, I see you later, you get some rest and maybe tonight you feel like going someplace, maybe the Labirint, that nightclub, or I show you some other places, I got plenty friends, you can meet them, they talk English, you see how you like them, OK?, and you rest now, I come back any time you want."

"Make it tomorrow. Tonight we will take it easy. Around noon tomorrow."

"OK, tomorrow we go out to the island, I tell my friend with the boat, very cheap on his boat."

Roger waved a finger as a sign of dismissal, and finally Grujo, waving a jerky farewell to them, made a jack-in-the-box disappearance out the door.

Roger felt as if a burning electric current had just been disconnected from him. He dozed off and in a half dream saw himself skating along the polished floor of the Placa with Grujo beside him, both of them gliding unerringly in and out of the throng of strollers, who turned their heads admiringly to watch; now he and Grujo sped straight down the length of the avenue to the clock tower, twirled in an arabesque before the columns of the Rector's Palace, and then sailed off in silky effortlessness.

When he blinked his eyes open, it was dark outside, and he saw his wife on the next bed reading by the light of a table lamp. He closed his eyes again, listening to murmurs from the square. Then he heard a knocking at the door. He was wide awake now, but when Julie whispered to him, he kept his eyes shut. Julie opened the door.

It was Grujo. "Is he asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, he was worn out," Julie said.

"Are you going out tonight?"

"I don't think so."

"Listen, I have a deal with a man, I need some money—fifteen hundred dinars. He's waiting for me outside. I pay you back tomorrow."

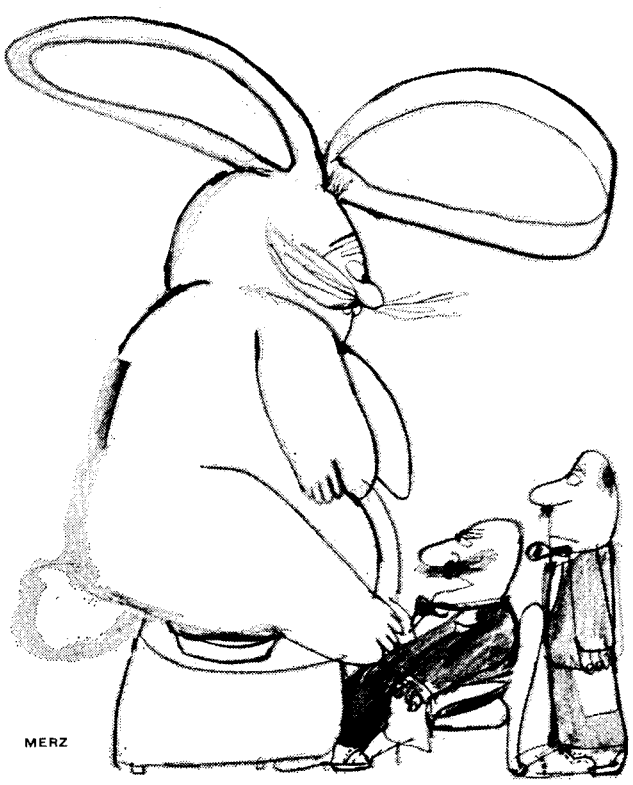
Angrily, Roger thought, He's just one more panhandler. He wanted to jump up from the bed and throw Grujo out, and he wondered what it was that kept him here feigning sleep, pretending not to be involved. He suspected that Julie knew he was awake, and he knew perfectly well that he was being a fool, hiding like a frightened infant, but he couldn't force himself to face the situation.

"I don't want to wake him," Julie told Grujo.

"I'll wake him," Grujo said.

"You'd better not. He won't like it."

"You give me the money, then."



"There's a hare in my soup!"

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"I couldn't do that without asking Roger," she said primly.

Well, well, thought Roger.

"Only fifteen hundred," Grujo whined.

There was a silence, and Roger's eyes ached with the tension of keeping them shut, of keeping himself out of this nonsense with his big-deal, ship-jumping Yugoslav pal. Then he felt that bony hand on his shoulder, and he pretended to be waking up, putting on a little show—for whose benefit? Not for Julie's—he was sure now he hadn't fooled her. Then the show was for Grujo. Grujo had him again.

"Listen, Roger, you're a friend, I need a little money, I got a guy waiting for me with a business deal, just fifteen hundred dinars, pay you tomorrow."

Roger played out his silly role, blinking his eyes and mumbling, and caught Julie's cool look. She wanted him either to let Grujo in with them altogether, accept those skinny arms draped around their shoulders, or else never start such a business with anybody else again, if he was afraid to follow it through. But the business *had* been started—was that Roger's fault? He thought it was not, and he also thought it was high time to stop wasting any more of their trip with this parasite. Grujo was the scourge of the tourist; his kind infested all the bars of the world. His own fault, Roger thought, was in having forgotten that fact, in having let Grujo pull him along, unresisting (yet he dimly recalled a moment when the two of them had really been friends and had moved down the Placa happily together).

"Come on, Roger, help me out, it's only a couple bucks."

Damn it, we'll see who can play the friends-for-life game, Roger thought, and he sat up with a jerk, staring at Grujo. He grabbed Grujo's thin arms and shouted at him, "You want to be *paid* now? I thought we were friends! Without any angles to it. Now you want money for it! You want me to *hire* you to be a friend of mine."

Grujo, trying to pull away, said, "No, what do you mean?, you're a friend, I only need money till tomorrow, I pay you back tomorrow, it's only a little favor."

"Will you get the hell out of here, Grujo? I thought we were friends. Can you understand? *Friends*." He pushed Grujo away from him.

Grujo backed to the door and looked to Julie for support, but she just stared in amazement at her husband. Grujo seemed to realize that the action had passed out of her hands. He said, "Sorry I wake you up, Roger," and went out.

Roger got up and switched on the lights, grinning. "Guess I cleaned up that situation."

"That was a pretty childish little scene. He only wanted two dollars," Julie said.

"Two dollars, and keep the bum around our necks? If you wanted to give it to him, why didn't you?"

"He was asking you for it."

"And I answered him. You knew I was awake when he came in, didn't you?"

"I thought you were."

"You were very good."

"Thanks. You were quite good yourself," she said without inflection and there was, he knew, no point in asking her what was wrong; she would simply say that there was nothing at all wrong.

But later, over dinner, he couldn't help bringing it up again. "Look, we'd have had him on our hands all the time we were here. He'd probably even haunt us all the way back to the States and make us hide him out the next time he jumps ship."

"I know," Julie said.

Roger woke up the next morning with something worrying him; there was a physical, squirming discomfort below his lungs, and it took him a few minutes to decide the cause of it: Grujo. There was no movement in this nagging lump; it just lay there in him, bugging him. The formless misery had come to him because he had treated Grujo badly, even though he felt no shame that he had treated him just as he had; he wanted no palsy-walsy, buddy-buddy connection with a sad apple like Grujo. So then, why the worry?

Julie was still asleep. Roger lay listening to the loud, angry babble from the marketplace in the square outside. When he got up and opened the shutters, the roar flooded the room. He gazed down on the jam of shouting, grabbing buyers and sellers industriously squeezing and weighing fruit, vegetables, nuts, pickles, sweetmeats; and then he dressed and went out and pushed his way through the crowds to get some paperback books from the car. He crossed the Placa, and then he climbed stone steps between the old houses with red-tiled roofs, to the place where Grujo had persuaded him to park the car. There he found the car with a rear ventilator window smashed and the contents of a basket of picnic equipment and canned food spilled over the back seat and the floor. Nuggets of glass like diamonds lay spattered everywhere in the back of the car. The vindictive little bastard, Roger thought. For two bucks.

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He stood back for a moment, as if the act of touching the car, opening the door, would drag him again into a situation he did not want to get into. But he was in it already. He looked around and saw that he was being watched closely by some more of those stocky little boys; they stared as if they were witnessing the Great Train Robbery. He pulled the door open and rummaged through the jumble of cans and tin plates, but found nothing missing; nor was anything gone from the glove compartment or the trunk. It was puzzling because Grujo had watched him release the hidden lever under the dashboard to open the trunk when they had taken out the luggage, so he certainly knew how it opened, and the coats that were in it would have been worth taking. But a stranger—someone other than Grujo—would not have known how to open it, the French car being unfamiliar in this country.

Grujo seemed exonerated by the logic of the thing, but Roger, in his rage at the sight of the damage and the broken window, could still blame him for what must have been some tantrumlike smashing-out against Roger, even if Grujo wasn't a thief. He stood staring at the damage, stunned by the violence of it, and then he saw a note on the front seat—four lines scrawled in different languages. The first line read, "*Venez vous à police*," and another, in misspelled Italian, read, "*Han tocato la machina.*" So somebody touched the machine? Thanks for letting me know, coppers, Roger thought. Now I'll tell you *who* touched it.

He sat in the car for a moment, wishing he could drive away out of the town, out of the country, out of the botch he was making of the trip, falling into every touristy pitfall he'd so often scoffed at in Paris, letting Julie con him into that crock of baloney about communicating with the *people*, and then getting all wound up with a leeching black-market type, and making him so sore that he'd smashed into the car. Now there would be a long, pointless involvement with the police. All he needed, to complete the job, was to lose the traveler's checks and the passports, come down with dysentery, blow a gasket, and break up with his wife. Maybe after that he could win the grand prize by running over a few tomato-headed urchins—and a few sheep for good measure—and then cool off for a while in a Yugoslav jail.

But as he drove off to find the police station, his spirits unaccountably rose; the troubled, undirected concern he had felt about Grujo had lifted. Now *he* was the injured party, the plaintiff; he no longer had to blame himself for anything. What the police wanted him for he did not know. He began to wonder if, after all, an unsupported accusation of Grujo would do anyone any good. Maybe the cops just wanted him to help edit their multilanguage panic notes for distribution in tourists' cars after they'd been broken into. The four phrases asking him to go to the police had been in French, German, Serbo-Croatian and Italian, but English was missing. He could write a few for them: "Your machine has been touched," for a starter, and "Your engine has been wired with a bomb," or "Your gas tank has been filled with molasses."

He grinned, a carefree martyr, asked directions in pantomime from a cop, and drove to police headquarters, which he found to be in a rambling villa surrounded by palm trees—a highly satisfactory setting for international intrigue. Then, as he got out of the car, in his mind he saw again those drawn, tight lips of Grujo's jabbering away, trying to please, trying to please. He stared again at the jagged edge of glass in the rear window, and he could not see Grujo doing that to him.

Confused, he went inside and displayed his note to a desk man, who put aside a comic book, pored painstakingly over the many languages of the note, and went away, leaving Roger seated on a bench to prepare his story. They would probably want to know his reasons for having a car that was broken into, perhaps for having a car at all. The early-morning guilt was returning. Maybe he could go away quietly, leaving a note of apology behind (Forgive me for having my car window broken, forgive me for owning a car at all, forgive me for sending Grujo away. And forgive me for driving past all those little boys trying to wave me down. Forgive me for coming here).

A determined, pug-faced police officer strode snappily into the room with a what-seems-to-be-the-trouble-here? air, and fired a confident blast of Italian at Roger. Roger shook his head, and the officer frowned and then read the note. Maybe he thinks I forged it, Roger thought. Oh, to hell with them; there was nothing missing from the car; he'd have the window replaced and he and Julie would get out of town and forget it.

The officer left and he was alone again. The hot morning was going by. Grujo was in town somewhere; was he gloating over the smashed window, over his paltry revenge upon Roger, over the boss back in the Jersey diner, over the immigration men and all the other Americans who had frozen him out? Maybe not; maybe Grujo hadn't smashed the window, and was only trying to work up the nerve to come back to the hotel and make another touch. Julie would be waiting, Roger thought, for him to bring her something to read. Had *she* smashed the window? No, of course not. Maybe the window hadn't been smashed at all. Maybe he'd imagined it. But no, there was the glint of a shard of glass on his pants leg.

A tall brunette came out of an office and said to him in slow, smooth English, "Are you the gentleman for the fingerprinting?"

"No, I don't think so," Roger said.

"Your car was broken into?"

Roger nodded, and she motioned him into her office, where a dapper young man in a checked sports coat stood leafing through a file of papers. The girl said he was the detective on the case, and that she would translate for them. Fingerprints, Roger thought; fingerprints. Grujo had had his hands all over the doors of the car when he'd helped with the luggage. Should he tell them that?

The detective said he'd taken prints early that morning from the car doors and windows, from a picnic plate, and from a can of sardines. He had hoped to get proof against the vandals because he knew who they were.

"Are you sure?" Roger asked.

"Yes—three adolescents we've had under surveillance," the detective answered through the interpreter.

Roger nodded stupidly. Should he say nothing at all about Grujo's fingerprints? Even if Grujo turned out to be Public Enemy No. 1 in this town? They all went outside and examined the car, and the detective pointed out the special dust he had spread on the steel and the glass, but the prints had all been smudged and useless.

So there wasn't, after all, going to be any great scene of redemption, in which he would see Grujo being dragged in by the police, whining and pleading (his fingerprints having been found on the Dauphine), his reddened eyes wide with fear—"Hey, Roger, I'm your friend!"—after which he, Roger, would casually step up, tap the detective on the shoulder, and say, "It's all right. This bum, this world-beater, is a *friend* of mine; I'll vouch for him." There would be no such scene. He thanked the detective and the girl interpreter, who warned him to watch out where he parked his car.

He drove the car to a garage, parked there and walked down into the roar and motion of the Placa. At the far end of it, standing under the clock tower with a group of colleagues in shirt sleeves—money-changers, photographers of tourists—was Grujo, his wary, jumpy eyes out for likely foreigners. As soon as Roger saw him he realized that Grujo was harmless. It was obvious suddenly that Grujo could never have smashed the car window, or done him any other damage. What had he been afraid of, then? *What had he been afraid of?* He blinked, and remembered Julie as she'd been yesterday, reluctant to be pulled away from the bubbling, disheveled, roisterous life all around them. He'd been afraid of that; he'd been afraid of her too. *But, you damned fool, what for?* he asked himself.

Still, he wasn't entirely sure of how to handle Grujo now; he certainly wasn't going to play any cute game of pretending not to see Grujo. But there was no problem, because it was Grujo, as always, who did the talking. He loped up in his coltish stride and planked his bony, ever-hopeful hands down on Roger's forearm and pushed his face close, saying, "Listen, Roger, you a friend of mine, and I come in and wake you up like that, that's a bad thing to do, I'm sorry, I didn't need the money anyhow, the deal didn't work out, but I was wrong to wake you up, I know it. I know it. What are you doing today How's the wife? You want to go to the island?"

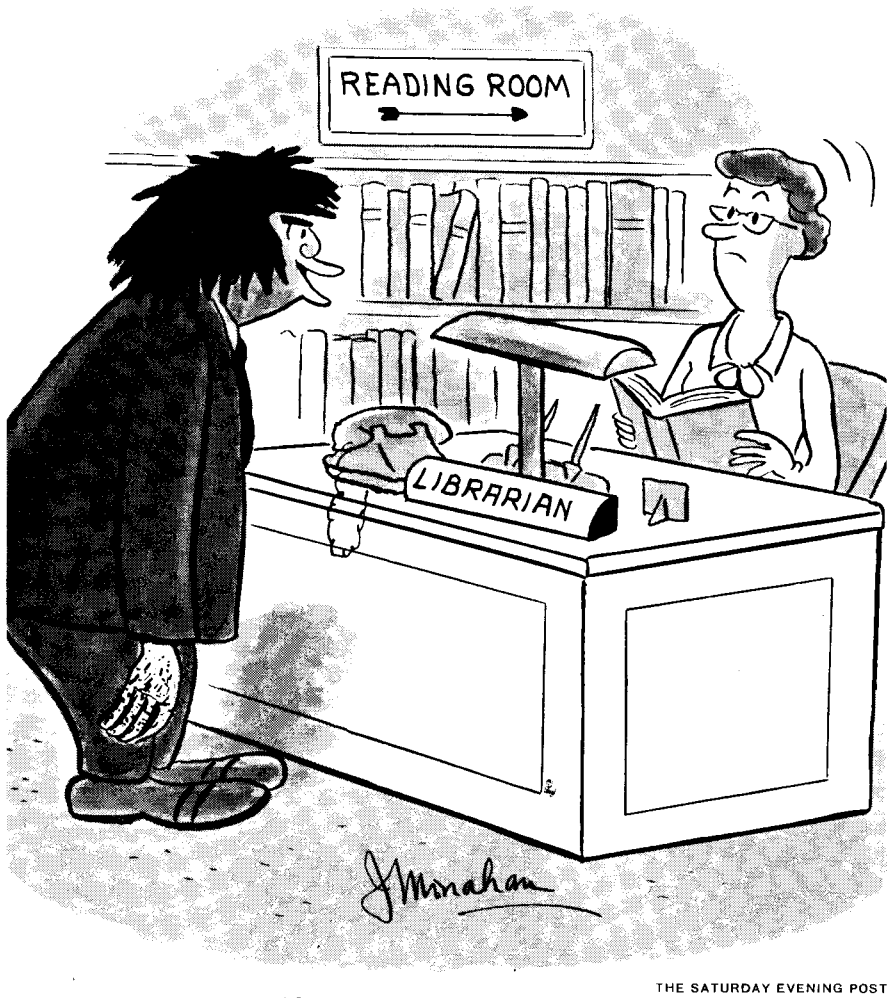
Roger felt a curious surge of pleasure, but he quelled it because he knew he couldn't afford it—Grujo cost too much. How much? How much for a friend? Two bucks? Yes, but it wouldn't be just two bucks; two bucks would be cheap. It would be worth your life, it would be worth all those nutty beggings for forgiveness he'd imagined in the police station. He was not happy to push Grujo away a second time, for the final time, though he was sure he had to do it.

"Grujo, are you still talking?" he said. "Because I'm not listening. You know why? Because you're a jerk. You talk like a man with a paper nose."

"What's that mean? What's that, Roger? Is that a joke?"

"It's a joke, all right, Grujo," he said, pulling away from the clawing grip of the lonely little man and walking off. Too bad, he thought, I could have used a friend. Still, it could have been worse; he might have got Grujo locked up; he'd come close enough to it before he got it through his skull that Grujo was no threat at all.

All in all they'd come through the episode practically unscathed, and they still had a couple of weeks to go on their trip. Roger decided he'd forget about reading detective novels in hotel rooms; he'd try to see something in the time they had le[f] here. It was a clear, blue-sky day and h mind felt clear; old Grujo must have opened up some steam valves in him to let off pressure that had been building up for a long time. A great deal of coastline lay ahead of him and Julie. They could go off now and try somewhere else down the road, make another stab at talking to the shepherd kids who came running down out of the hills. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Got anything on evolution?"

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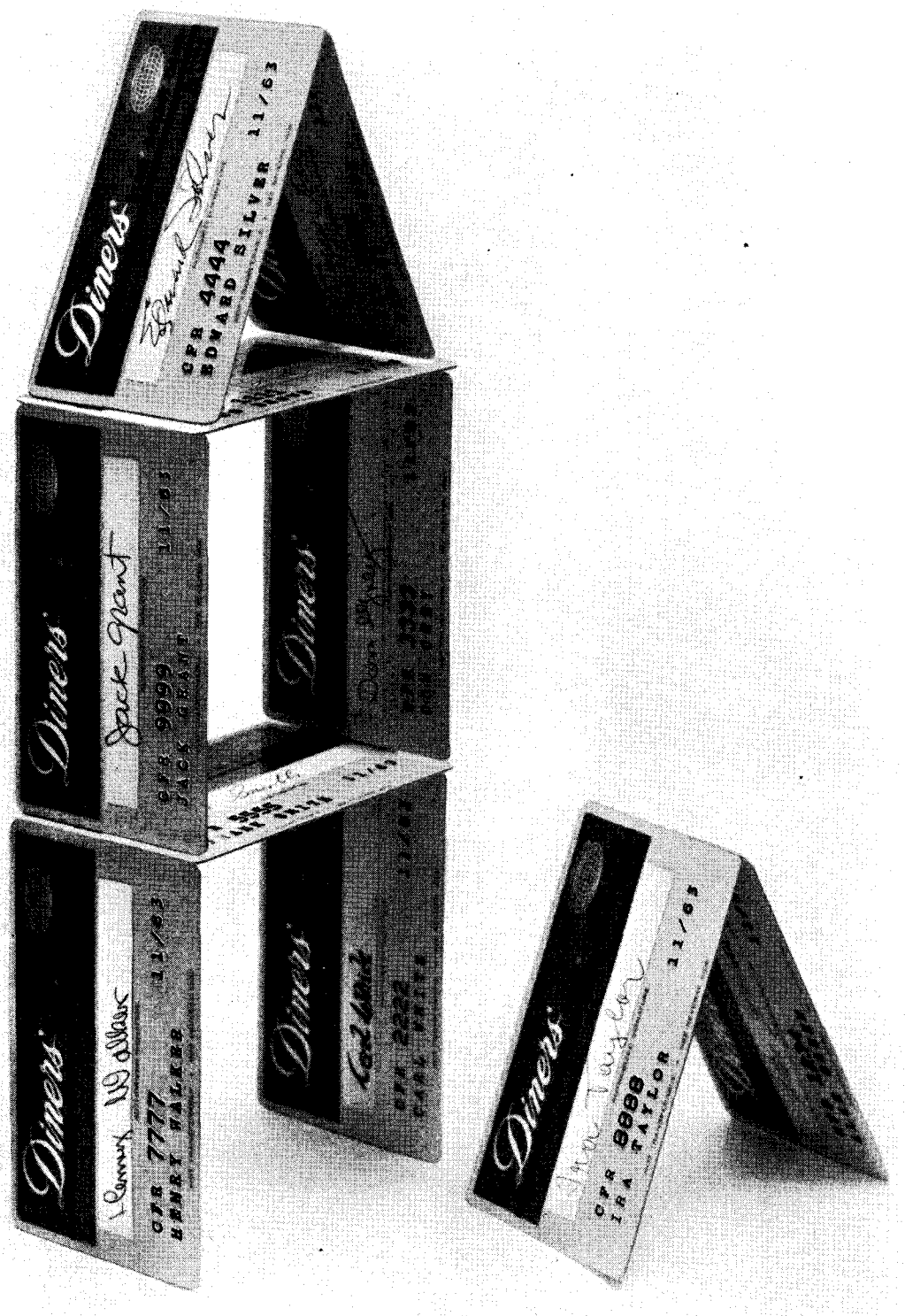
Diners'
Jack Grant
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Diners'
Diners'
Diners'

post scripts

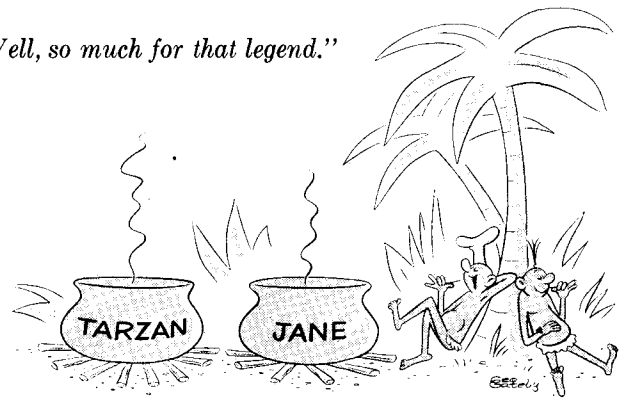
"You look tired, dear."

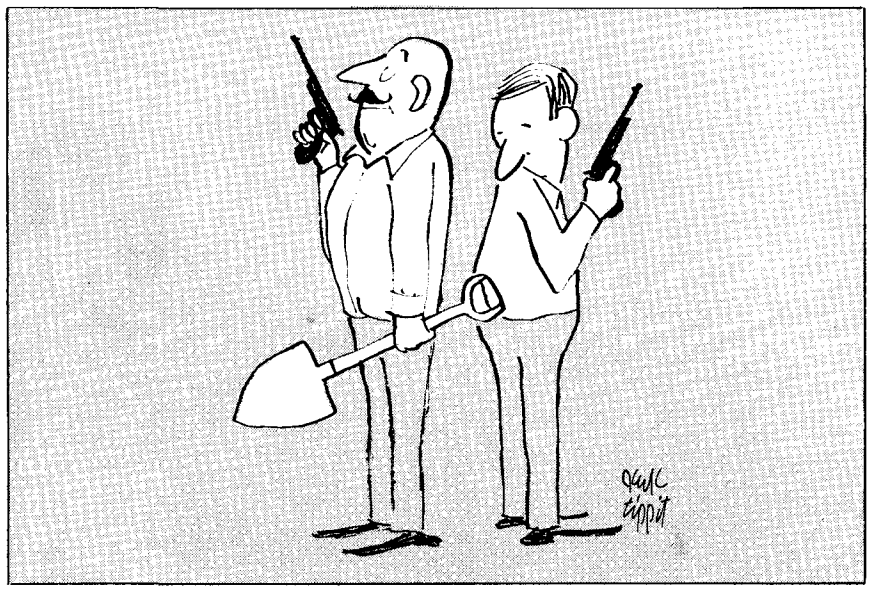
PARKING MIRAGE

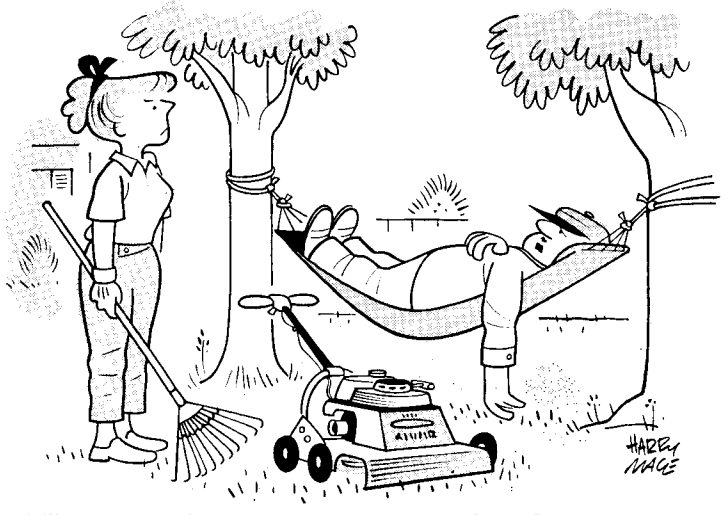
A parking space, as an oasis,
Brightens up our frantic faces
Till we approach and start to enter
And find a sports car in the center.

WALTER S. RICHARDSON

"Well, so much for that legend."







"I'm not goofing off—I was overcome by exhaust fumes."

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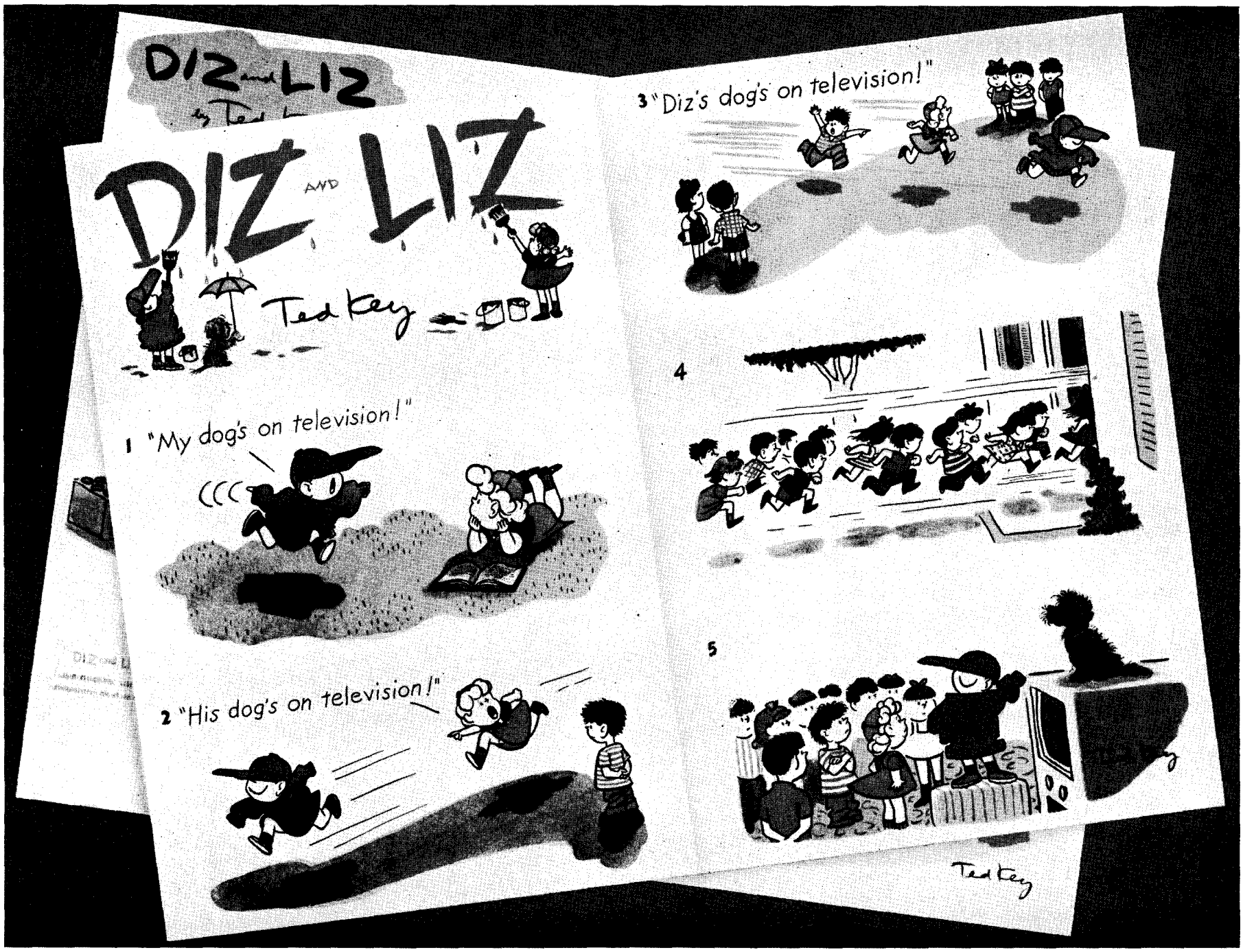

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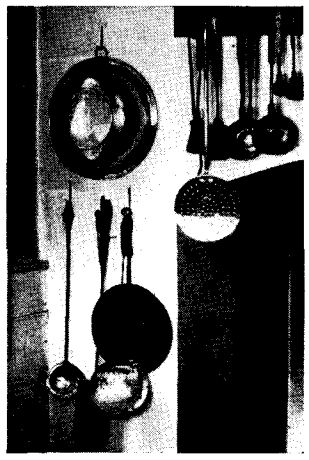
What ever happened to AMERICAN  COOKING?

The current passion for "gourmet" dining overlooks our native dishes.

By ELEANOR PERENYI

The sad truth is that American cooking has been sabotaged by snobbery. We have gone ridiculously exotic. If the dish doesn't have a French or Italian or Chinese name—if it isn't "gourmet"—we turn up our noses. Just plain old American food—the native cooking of our own culture—is rapidly becoming extinct.

Our pretentions are exposed when we find ourselves playing host to a visitor from abroad. Our foreign friend wants to eat a genuine American meal. Well, let's see. A steak house? He could get the same kind of thing in England. A delicatessen, then? German or Jewish?

When *did* we last eat real American food in a restaurant? When, for that matter, did we last eat it in the house of a friend? One neighbor specializes in *paëlla*, another in *boeuf à la mode* (marinated, she insists, in a really decent Burgundy). In desperation we take our foreign friend down to the corner and buy him a hamburger.

In all of New York City, which has no fewer than 35 pages of restaurant listings in its classified phone book, there is no indisputably first-class eating place that specializes in our native cookery—and there are fewer under the heading "American" than under "Chinese." A quick cross-country check indicates that this is pretty much the case elsewhere as well. In Chicago's Pump Room, the pièce de résistance is shashlik served on flaming swords. Trader Vic's in San Francisco will give you *mahimahi* in macadamia sauce. And so it goes. When the waiter in a well-known restaurant today asks if you want coffee, he naturally does not mean anything so banal as American coffee. He means *espresso*—the wrong word, by the way, if it is filtered coffee.

"Gourmet" cookery. "Gourmet" flavor. The word has acquired a universal magic. It has made a revolution in our restaurants, changed the food pages of women's magazines for all time, and made millions of dollars for the food industry.

The GI perhaps started it, coming home with a taste for, or at least a tolerance of, things like pizza, sukiyaki and sauerbraten. He soon found that fashion had caught up with him. Glance, now, at the cookbook shelf in any big bookstore: *Mastering the Art of French Cooking;* the *Larousse Gastronomique* ($20 for this); *The Art of Hungarian* (and *Dutch* and *Syrian*—this is a series) *Cooking; Gourmet's Old Vienna Cookbook;* and finally *Global Cuisine*. Even Fannie Farmer, whose original fame rested on such basics as American gingerbread, in her latest edition offers chicken Chinese and *melon Frascati.*

Now look into the kitchen. What is that odd little black brazier? A Japanese hibachi, of course. And this set of foot-long forks is for serving Swiss *fondu*—now available in packaged form. These murderous-looking skewers are for shish kebab. Everywhere is equipment which is now more or less standard in the sophisticated middle-class household: a pepper mill the size of a small skyscraper (also to be found in all restaurants aspiring to prestige), a French salad basket, a filter coffee maker. What's on the herb shelf? Basil, orégano, chervil. And in the freezer? Eggplant parmigiana, Chinese egg rolls, Mexican tacos.

Grandmother would have been astonished, possibly appalled. She was under no obligation to produce an international cuisine. No one had told her about being creative in the kitchen. Nor had anyone mentioned a contradictory modern point—that the less time a housewife spends in the kitchen the better. Sociologist Florence Kluckhohn, in a study of the American housewife, notes that much of the advertising aimed at her seems to assume that the home, and particularly the kitchen, is a kind of penal colony from which she should escape as quickly as possible.

Somewhere between these two necessities, to prepare prestigious food and to do it quickly, American cookery has fallen on very evil days. A list of our native classics reads like a remembrance of things past: Boston clam chowder (no tomatoes, please); Indian pudding; spoon bread; Brunswick stew (squirrel is a necessity for this); macaroni and cheese as it should be, with plenty of cream and the unprocessed "rat cheese" of memory. Do you recall the array of relishes and pickles, today hopelessly square, that used to adorn our tables, and the strawberry shortcake (fresh strawberries, real cream)? Chocolate blancmange, so much better than *crème bavaroise*, and all but unfindable in the few American cookbooks that remain? There are dozens more, all of them forgotten or fading fast.

I don't condemn the greater sophistication about food that has come about in the United States in the last 10 or 15 years. I view with satisfaction the passing of provincial prejudices like that against garlic. I am also delighted at the final decline and fall of the American salad, a ghastly affair of canned pineapple, creamed cheese and a maraschino cherry, all bedded down on a leaf of iceberg lettuce. It is wonderful to be able to drive from one end of the country to the other and, by charting my course with a certain care, never again have to face the fried-steak-fried-potatoes combination that, along with ham and eggs, used to be all the motorist could count on.

In fact, it is dazzling to discover smorgasbord at a South Carolina inn or a Caesar salad in Arkansas. Surely, we think, such internationalism is a good sign, rather like the D.A.R. voting for an increase in foreign aid. There is only one trouble with it. The smorgasbord is not in the same class with the fried catfish and hush puppies that were worth a special stop at an unpainted shack marked BAIT in the same neighborhood. And the Caesar salad is drowned in that gluey pink sauce that is so often brought to our tables under the name of French dressing. What is wrong here, and it is just as wrong at the most expensive restaurants, is the principle of trying to cook something the neighbors have never heard of and therefore cannot judge. Inevitably the result is phony. The South Carolinian knows his catfish. With a smorgasbord he is lost. And so are we—unless we are Scandinavian. It is the same with much so-called Italian cuisine. With enough wine and herbs and unfamiliar ingredients, the harried hostess hopes she has turned out something glamorous. Only one's Italian grandmother could tell her how bad an imitation it is.

Regional food is like family history in one's hometown. It can't be lied about, because everybody knows the facts. And regional food is usually the *best* food anywhere in the world. We acknowledge this when we go abroad. We study the suggestions in the guidebook and ask the waiter. Only at home do we forget the rules.

The menu makers try to overcome our loss by explaining what it is that we are ordering. Such menus replace the truth of the cooking pot with the copywriter's art and are a tip-off to inferior food. Shrimp, for instance, is now "jumbo scampi marinated gently in a sauce of white wine and fresh creamery butter." Why *scampi?* Why suggest an Italian origin for our purely American Gulf shrimp—large, luscious and the equal of any from the Mediterranean? And we have something else every bit as good in our native waters—the undersized shrimp that lives in the brackish tidewater of South Carolina and Georgia, and is the basis of many exquisite local dishes. Its flavor is marvelously sweet and delicate. But it is not a commercially "gourmet" product because it is unimpressive-looking. As with so many other things, "jumbo" is the selling word, and "scampi" is even better. Like "*moo goo gai pan* prepared by native chefs" and "tiny garden peas" (canned), scampi are part of a gastronomic cloud of half-truth that has overspread the land.

Somehow food, whether cooked at home or eaten in a restaurant, has mixed itself up with a lot of things that, if we care to eat well, ought not to concern us. Again, we know better when we are abroad—where we are not surprised to find

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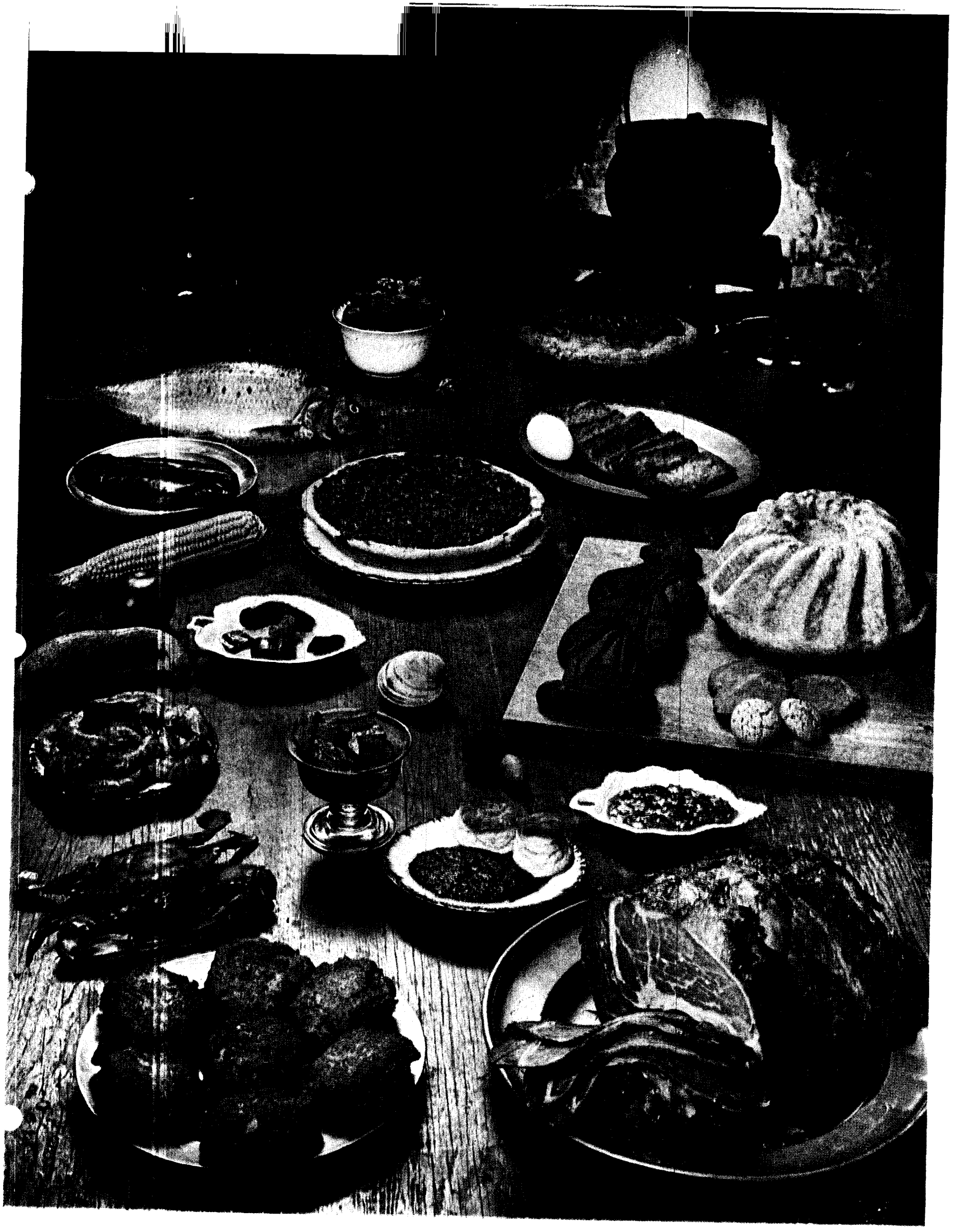

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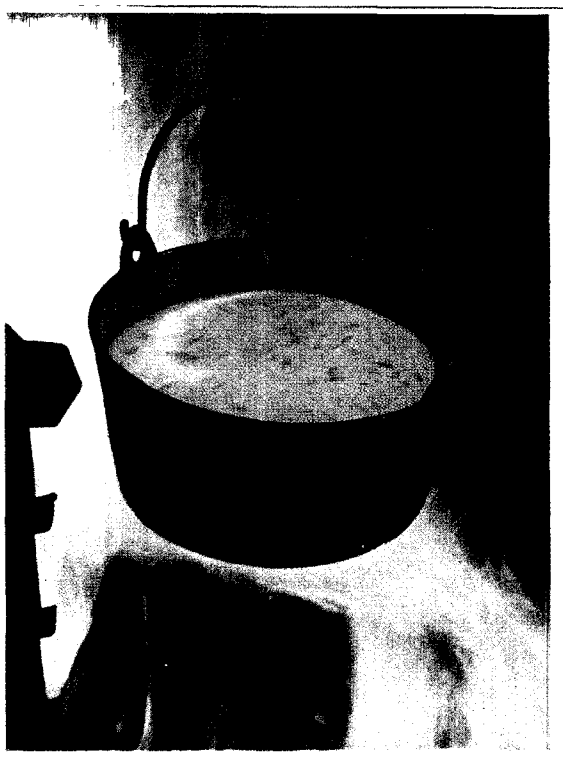

that a prime minister may dine in a joint near the fish market. At home we are obsessed with decor—Picassos on the walls and a menu two feet high. With this the housewife is expected to compete by producing something "different" and presenting it in an original way. Yet, as every good cook knows, it is hard enough to master the simplicities—a cream sauce of the right consistency and flavor, a perfectly done roast, vegetables *au point*, a light pie crust, homemade bread. "I like," says someone in a Somerset Maugham novel, "all simple things: boiled eggs, oysters and caviar, *truite au bleu*, grilled salmon, roast lamb . . . rice pudding." He is stating a lofty principle. Elaboration is never the point of good food, though time and taking pains are. Unless one is a *cordon bleu*, what is called the gourmet touch is more often a pretentious mistake. Especially when it, so to speak, mixes nationalities. Soy sauce in the chicken Maryland, slivered almonds introduced into the string beans . . . Before we do our reckless work with these, let us ask why we are doing it.

No one worries more than Americans about what they are eating—its vitamin content, its proportion of polyunsaturated fat, whether it will make us lose or gain weight, establish us as uninformed or set us up as sophisticated. Is any of this really the point? In this connection, there is a scene that haunts me. It is a recurrent one in films of French middle-class life, in which a big, smoking tureen of soup is brought to the table by the wife of Jean Gabin or some other fortunate French actor. Being a Frenchman, he takes it for granted. I don't. I think of the leeks, the beef clinging to its marrow bone, the finger-sized carrots and the *bouquet garni* that went carefully into it, and I can hardly concentrate on the dialogue. It is not too much to say that such a soup, simple as it is, represents civilization. With the rough, chewy bread and curls of unsalted butter that accompany it, it must be one of the best meals in the world. And then I wonder what it is that the American housewife has found so much more rewarding to do than to prepare such a dish. This is the *real* food of gourmets, We, too, have our classics, just as good and just as valuable. I think it's time we revived them.

None of the recipes that follow can be made quickly. One (the clam chowder) uses up an unconscionable number of pots and pans and some of the ingredients may be hard to find. But all the dishes are, I think, fun to fix—and they are guaranteed to please those who may have forgotten how good American food can be. THE END

NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER

1 quart clams
4 cups potatoes cut in small cubes and parboiled
1½-inch piece of fat salt pork
1 onion
Salt
Pepper
4 tablespoons sweet butter
4 cups of scalded milk
3 tablespoons flour (you may not use it all)
8 common crackers*, split and soaked in milk

Clean the clams in a bowl, using a cup of cold water. Separate the hard parts and chop them finely. Drain the resulting liquor into a pan, heat it to boiling, strain it and set aside. Cut the salt pork into little cubes and slice the onion thinly. Frizzle them together for about five minutes, drain off the fat, and put them into a big saucepan. The chowder is now ready to be "built." Put a layer of the parboiled potatoes in with the onions and salt pork, add the hard parts of the clams, and sprinkle the layer with flour, salt and pepper. Go on doing this until the potatoes are used up. Pour in 2½ cups of boiling water and let the whole thing boil up again for 10 minutes.

Now put in the scalded milk, the soft parts of the clams and the butter. If you have the crackers, you can add them too. If not, go on to the next step. Reheat the clam water to boiling, thicken it with a little flour and butter cooked together. Pour this into the chowder just before it is to be served. If it waits, the milk in the chowder will curdle.

*Note: These are not saltines. Under the name Kennedy Special Commons, they are distributed by the National Biscuit Company in New England, are sometimes to be found elsewhere. Pilot biscuit is a reasonable substitute. Or omit them.

INDIAN PUDDING

This dish absolutely requires water-ground cornmeal and unsulfured molasses. Otherwise, it simply won't taste as it should.

1 quart scalded milk
5 tablespoons cornmeal
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ginger
2 well-beaten eggs
1 cup cold milk

Put the scalded milk in a double boiler. Add the cornmeal to it gradually and cook for 20 minutes, stirring faithfully to keep the lumps out. When it is thick and smooth, put in the butter, the molasses, the seasonings and the eggs. Stir again thoroughly. Then turn the mixture gently into a buttered pudding or soufflé dish. Pour the cold milk over it. Bake in a 350° oven for about an hour. To be perfect, Indian pudding should be served quite hot with a big dollop of the best vanilla ice cream on each serving.

MARYLAND CRAB CAKES

3 cups crab meat
2 eggs
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
A little flour
Black pepper; Cayenne pepper
Tabasco
Salt
½ cup finely sifted bread crumbs and 1 egg for breading

Take the cartilage out of the crab meat, but don't break the meat too finely. Toss it in a little sifted flour. Beat the eggs. With a fork—and a light hand—mix the eggs, the mayonnaise and the seasonings into the crab meat. Use a little more cayenne than you think quite safe, and a good dash of Tabasco. (The cakes should be very peppery.) Mold the mixture very gently into cakes. Now beat the extra egg. Dip the cakes into this, then coat lightly with bread crumbs. Fry them in plenty of deep fat until they are toast-colored. Drain them on brown paper or paper towels. They will look prettier when you serve them if you sprinkle them with frizzled parsley. To do this, cut the stems off a nice fat bunch of parsley and soak it in ice water for an hour or so. Dry it carefully in a towel, and when you have finished whatever you are frying, plunge the parsley into the bubbling (395°) fat. Be ready to remove it almost instantly.

PHILADELPHIA SCRAPPLE

The secret of scrapple is buckwheat flour—and plenty of patience.

2 pounds lean bony pork
½ teaspoon ground sage
A little mace
½ cup buckwheat flour and 1 cup cornmeal
Salt
Pepper

Put the pork in about two quarts of water with salt and pepper and simmer until the meat is ready to fall off the bones. Skim off the fat, strain the broth and put it aside. Take the meat from the bones and chop it—on no account grind it—very finely. Now set the broth to a simmer with the meat, the sage and the mace. Combine the cornmeal and the buckwheat flour, stir in two cups of water and drop the resulting mush a little at a time into the broth. Keep it simmering and stir if it looks lumpy. Let it cook very gently for one hour. Have ready two square pans, rinsed in cold water. Pour the scrapple into these and let it get cold enough to slice. Then turn it out and cut into one-fourth to one-half-inch slices. Put these, not touching one another, into a cold, heavy skillet, preferably of iron. Let them brown very slowly and thoroughly, first on one side, then on the other. They may take a half an hour and, of course, must not burn.

APPLE BUTTER

Of all the delicious relishes and spreads that used to appear on American tables, this was one of the very best. It used to be made in big brass saucepans of the kind antique hunters now like to fill with geraniums or kindling. If you have one, polish it up and use it for its original purpose. If not, you will need a large, heavy pan of enamel or iron. The recipe given below makes two quarts of butter.

6 pounds apples, chopped but not peeled or seeded
2 quarts sweet cider
3 cups sugar (about)
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
Juice of a lemon and the grated rind

Cook the apples in the cider until they are soft—add more cider if they seem to be burning. Put the apples through a fine sieve to remove the skins and seeds—which are essential for good flavor. Peeling and seeding beforehand will not give the same result. Now add all the rest of the ingredients. You will have to taste to be sure there is enough sugar—there ought to be one-half cup of sugar for each cup of applesauce, and it is as well to measure, since you can't be perfectly sure how a given batch of apples will cook up. Cook very slowly (you can do this in the oven—350° for about 1½ hours, or until it is very thick. You can tell if it is thick enough by putting a little on a cold plate. If it doesn't run at the edges, it is done. It must be stirred regularly—one reason apple butter used to be a family enterprise—or it will scorch and be spoiled. When it is deliciously rich and thick, pour it into sterilized jars and seal it. Or eat it, smeared on hot buttered biscuits, for supper.

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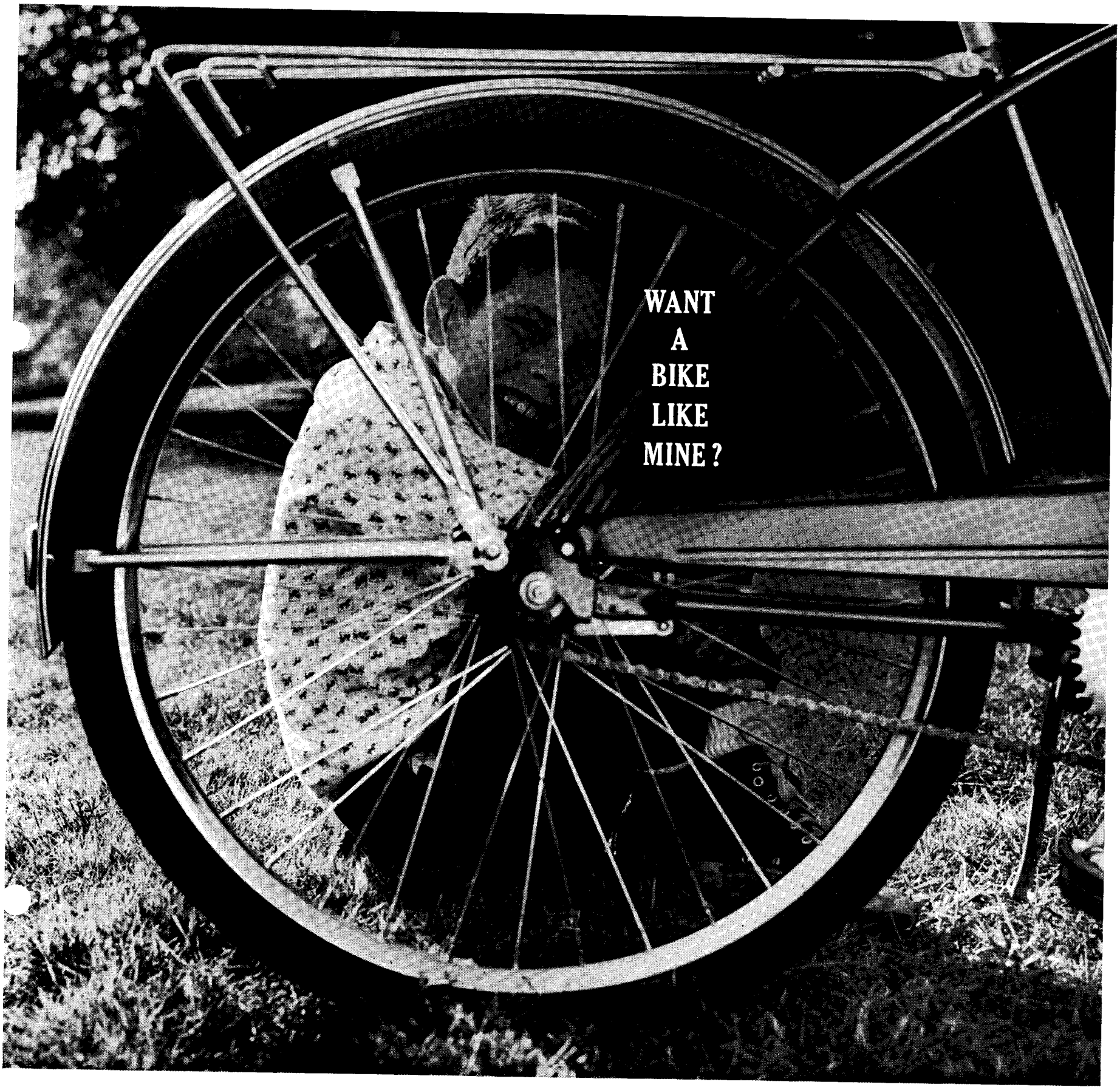

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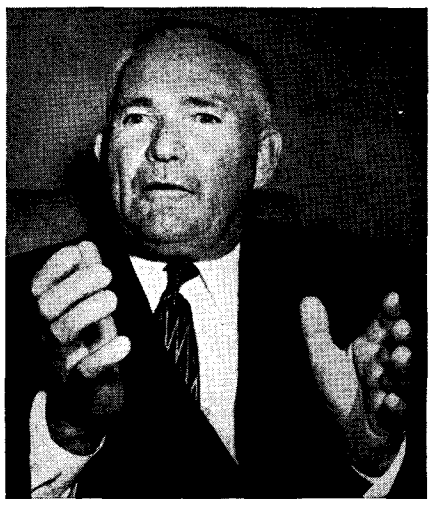
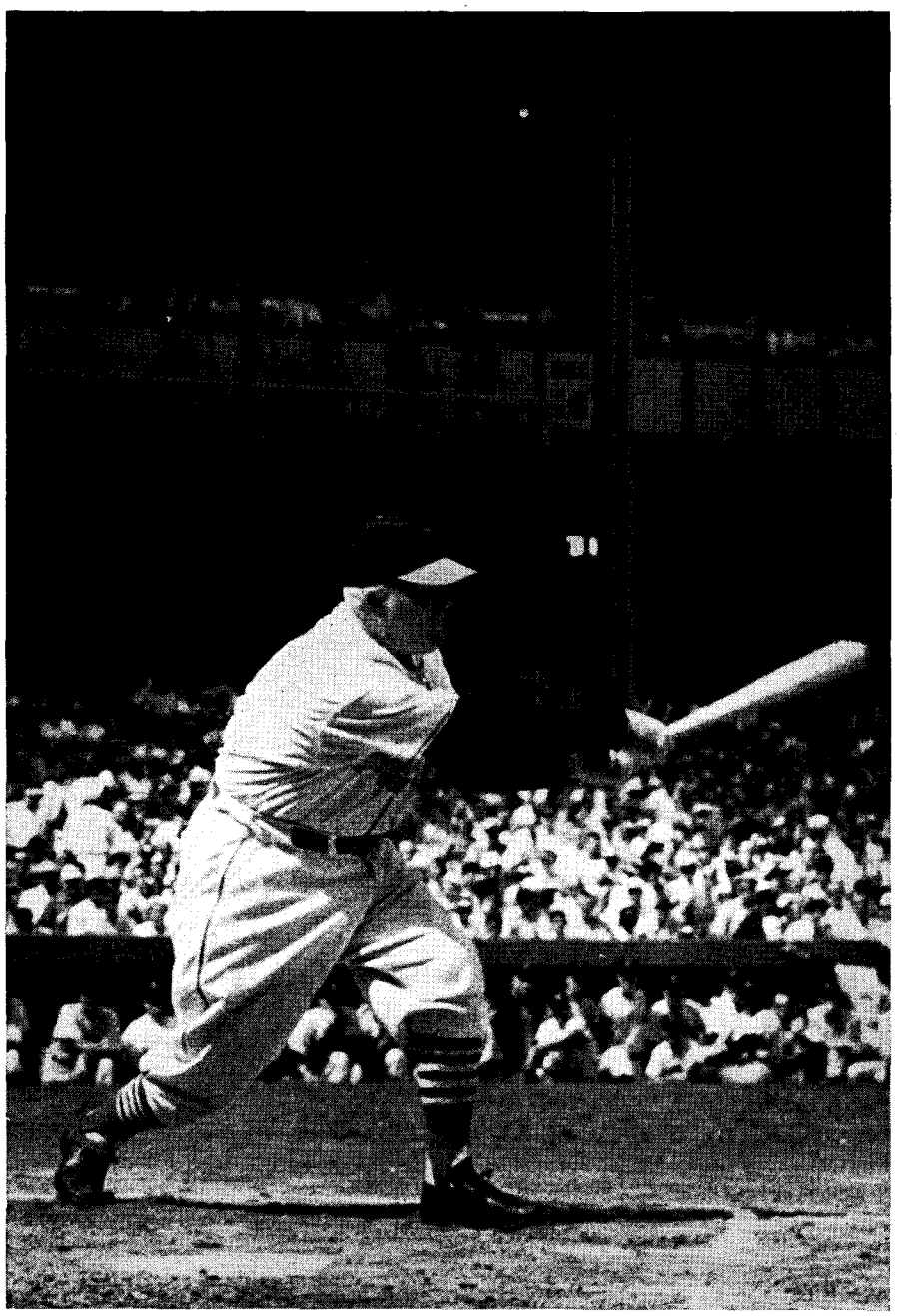
THE LAST DAYS OF ROGERS HORNSBY



By BILL SURFACE

To the finish he never lost his prejudice, his compulsion for slow horses, his rage against the world.



Paunchy in 1954 Hall of Fame game, Hornsby swings hard, grounds out.

Even by the generous standards of major-league baseball, a business notorious for its high percentage of primitives and mavericks, the late Rogers Hornsby was the bench mark by which intransigence had to be measured. He was a tangle of contradictions so exasperating and sometimes so astonishing that the best that could be done was to *appreciate* him. Any feeling of compassion he generated—he rejected any show of it with contempt and disgust—had to be of a generalized, *historical* nature. Outside of baseball he had few insights. He neither drank, smoked nor, as he put it, "chased women," but that was for the benefit of the game and himself. At the same time, he was a compulsive horse player and a conniver for financial gain on an embarrassingly small scale. His apparent prejudices against Jews and Negroes were shocking but, on examination, turned out to be simply two items in a long accounting against the world. He was equally capable of sneering at anyone who liked baseball general managers or ate lunch. He was unforgiving, but children were attracted to him and he responded to them.

He inspired a melancholy sense of anachronism, like that evoked by one of those huge Victorian mansions about to be pulled down for an apartment house. One sees that while the unfashionable old place is weathered and forbidding in appearance, it is nevertheless as imposing and substantial as on the day it was finished; of course, it is too large to be lived in now, and, to tell the regrettable truth, an unprofitable waste of space. To anyone who spent any length of time with Hornsby, as I did, his last days were uncomfortable, disquieting ones to witness. He was unfashionable and too large.

Hornsby died last January in Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago, three months before his 67th birthday, of a heart attack following—the irony is supreme—an operation for cataracts on one eye. About all that need be said of him as one of the very few authentic great men of the game is contained on the bronze plaque memorializing him in baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y. "National League Batting Champion 7 years—1920 to 1925, 1928," it reads. "Lifetime Batting Average .358, Highest in National League History. Hit .424 in 1924, 20th Century Major League Record. Manager 1926 World Champion St. Louis Cardinals. Most Valuable Player 1925 and 1929."

I got in touch with Hornsby two years ago, and I wasn't too sanguine about my chances of getting his cooperation. What I wanted him to do was to write, with me, something nobody in baseball cared to talk about publicly: cheating—that is, stealing signals, throwing the outlawed spitball, interfering with base runners, doctoring fields to make the most of the home team's strengths and so on. I rang the bell of the apartment house in which Hornsby lived with his third wife on Chicago's North Side, and he came out to meet me—a big man with a hard, ruddy face. Hard was the exact word for all of him—hard, narrowed eyes and thinning white hair, which he kept crew-cut.

He tried, I found out later, to stay at his playing weight of 200 by fitful dieting. He would do such things as eat diet biscuits and then wash them down with soft drinks. The result was he never got to within better than 15 pounds over his goal. The day was cold, and there wa snow on the apartment-house steps, but Hornsby made no mention of the weather. He was wearing a sports shirt and the pleated trousers of the outdated, double-breasted suits he favored. His handshake was brief but hard as the face and eyes; he talked in hard, staccato sentences. "They'll pay five hundred dollars, eh?" he said, as we sat down in the living room. He pondered that one a moment. "Make it six hundred dollars," he countered, sticking his jaw out, "and we're in business." He got the $600, naturally.

From then on I was the fascinated audience to whom Hornsby displayed his massive contradictions. Thus, here was a man who would haggle over a hundred dollars, yet one who, in his playing days refused to endorse beer, whiskey or cigarettes for money, as a matter of principle, and, in his retirement, would have nothing to do with the Social Security to which he was entitled. "I ain't gonna take it," he sometimes said, as though Social Security were something which would defile him, although he was angling, unsuccessfully, for a $50-a-day job in the mutuel department at Washington Park racetrack in Chicago and gambling, no more successfully, that a technicality would qualify him for a $700-a-month check from the players' pension fund.

(Hornsby earned $750,000 in the days when income taxes were negligible. How much of it he had held on to I don't know but he was in no imminent danger of going on relief. He drove a yellow Cadillac that was five years old or so; he dressed fairly well and his life altogether was, I should say, a middle-middle-class one. His wife worked as a bookkeeper, but that was only because she wanted to.)

He was all *for* cheating in baseball—the article we did together caused a furor in the business—but to him the game, which

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was to be won at any cost and in any way, was the perfect model from which youth could derive all its notions of morality. "Any physically able boy who don't play baseball," he once said to me, "ain't an American." Further, "any *ballplayer* that don't sign autographs for little kids ain't an American. He's a Communist." Sure, he'd cheat. Any ballplayer would, but nobody better tell him *when* or *how*.

Branch Rickey tried it once, when he was managing the St. Louis Cardinals and Hornsby first batted over .400. Two thirds of the way through the season, at the Polo Grounds, Rickey got the team together for a pregame chalk talk. He used what Hornsby called "big words" and his manner seemed to Hornsby to be both condescending and scholarly. (It was hard to say which he despised more.) Rickey pointed out that the Cards were in the enviable position of being able to steal the Giants' pitching signals.

"Why don't you use 'em, Rog?" Rickey suggested. "It can't hurt."

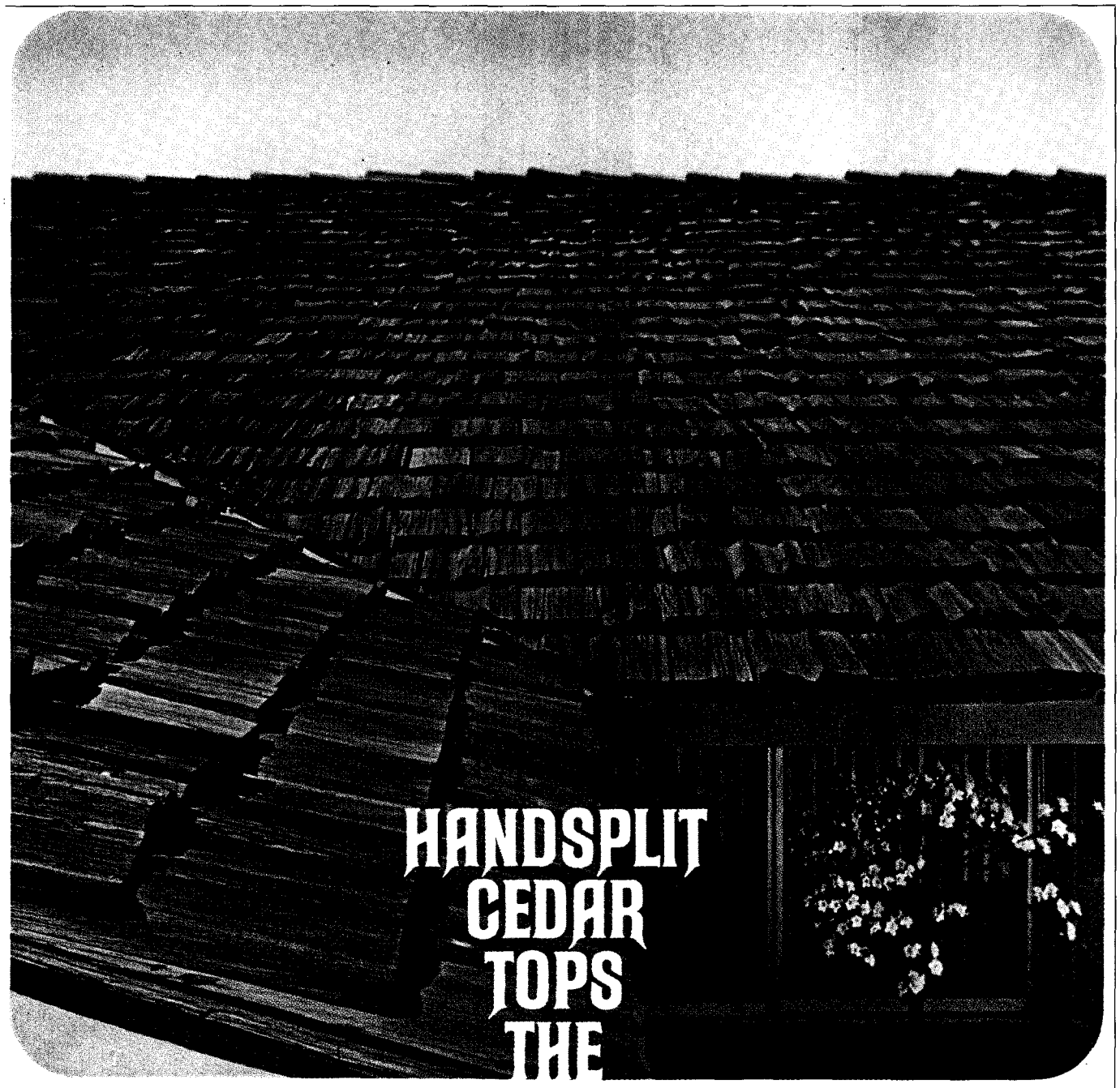
"Hornsby'll decide what Hornsby'll swing at," the Rajah informed Rickey, after which the team took the field. During the game, Rickey renewed his suggestion in the dugout. Hornsby yanked the manager toward him by the belt and threw a punch at Rickey. They were separated; the two had to be pried apart again in the clubhouse after the game. Neither Hornsby, who was 27 at the time, nor Rickey, who was 41, was badly hurt, but thereafter Hornsby did decide what Hornsby would swing at. And, three years later, the Rajah not only had replaced Rickey as manager but had bought the 1,167 shares of stock from Branch that made his holdings second only to those of owner Sam Breadon.

Some idea of what baseball meant to Hornsby may be gained from his conduct in 1926, when the Cardinals won the National League pennant and then went on to take the World Series from the Yankees, the 15–1 favorites. On September 28, the day the Cardinals took a doubleheader from the Giants to clinch the flag, Hornsby got back to his hotel and found a telegram telling him his mother had died. He called an aunt back home in Texas. His mother, the aunt said, had heard that the Cardinals had won the pennant and had told her, "Tell Rogers that I don't want anything to interfere with his playing in the World Series." Exactly what another man might have done under the circumstances is impossible to say, but Hornsby went into the Series and the funeral was delayed until it was over. For all of this devotion, Hornsby was traded to the Giants five days before Christmas. Breadon would not give him the three-year player-manager contract Hornsby wanted. Besides, he felt—almost every other man Hornsby worked for came to feel that way sooner or later—that Hornsby had humiliated him enough in front of the team by telling him to keep his nose out of things.

The article on cheating led to the book I did with Hornsby, but in some ways the book was almost the least of it. As the months went by, I discovered Hornsby the man who hungered so for recognition of his worth—on *his* terms; Hornsby the high-pressure, small-time wheeler-dealer; Hornsby the cynic; and Hornsby the horseplayer. When, warily and never better than tentatively, he had accepted me, he would say, "See, a young fellow like you can make extra money to keep your taxes straight, booking me for banquets and how to play ball." He would break off to demonstrate baseball plays and pivot on the scatter rugs in the living room.

He really wasn't much of a public speaker. He could answer questions fluently enough, but he found it hard getting started on his own, and, characteristically, he was too bullheaded to take directions from anyone. Once a radio network thought it might be able to use him as a daily baseball commentator. The two of us drove to the Chicago station where Hornsby was to make a demonstration tape. He read the script, and the look of lofty distaste on his face was a preview of the outcome of the audition. "Says here," Hornsby observed, "says, 'Lollar slid into the plate and scored, putting the White Sox ahead.'"

"That's correct," a director confirmed, "to make sure everyone understands."



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"Why, hell," Hornsby pointed out witheringly, "everybody *knows* you score at the plate. Unless you're nuts." He then read into the microphone—his tone and attitude were a lumbering mimicry of pedantry—"Lollar slid into home plate. Now, *not* the kind of home plate you eat *supper* out of. And he slid and *scored*. . . ." That was the end of his career as a baseball commentator. "That's the trouble with things like this," he said later, not in the least aware of how insulting his attitude had been. "Some guys get a union card and think they know everything."

The incident was no setback to him. He was bursting with gimmicky ideas: lawsuits against publishing companies that had reissued coloring books in which he was one of a number of featured baseball heroes were one. "We'll sue," he would trumpet confidently. "They don't have my permission. Look at the odds. Only a quarter for a book, you say? Hell, might get several thousand yourself." But things of that kind were peripheral to his grand obsession—the horses. It must be remembered that this was the man who defied baseball commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis to stop him from betting on the ponies. He was also the man who was fired in 1932 as manager of the Chicago Cubs when owner Bill Veeck Sr. accused him of putting the arm on the players for $12,000 to cover losses at the tracks.

Again, Hornsby's explanation was that Veeck, like Breadon before him, was burned at him for being told to "stop butting into the team's business." He never denied betting on horses. By the same token, neither did anybody ever accuse him of stopping. Five years later, in his perverse way, Hornsby tangled with Donald Barnes, who had bought a controlling interest in the St. Louis Browns, whom Hornsby was then managing. Barnes had a big small-loan business, and he sold Hornsby some stock in it on the installment plan.

The Rajah hit a big parlay at the tracks and paid off Barnes with a $6,000 cashier's check easily traceable to the bookmaker. Barnes said he couldn't accept it. "Hell, I never promised anybody I wouldn't play horses," Hornsby reminded Barnes. "You know that. And, what's more, that money is as good as any you take from people in your loan-shark business—a damned sight better than taking interest from widows and orphans." He was out of a job immediately. And, lastly, Hornsby is the man who was once sued by a bookie for allegedly welshing on debts of $70,000. The Rajah won that suit.

In a horrifying kind of way, there was something amusing in his childlike attempts in the beginning to conceal from me what was common knowledge. I would find him on the telephone with his bookmaker those first few mornings, and he would pretend to be talking to a stockbroker. "Ah—uh—Number Four in the first one at New York," he would mumble. "Ten shares. You know. Five first and five second. Now, at the Chicago Exchange . . ." When he learned that his habit was no secret and that I was a one-time turf reporter, he abandoned the subterfuge and insisted that we do our work—writing the book—out at the Arlington Park racetrack.

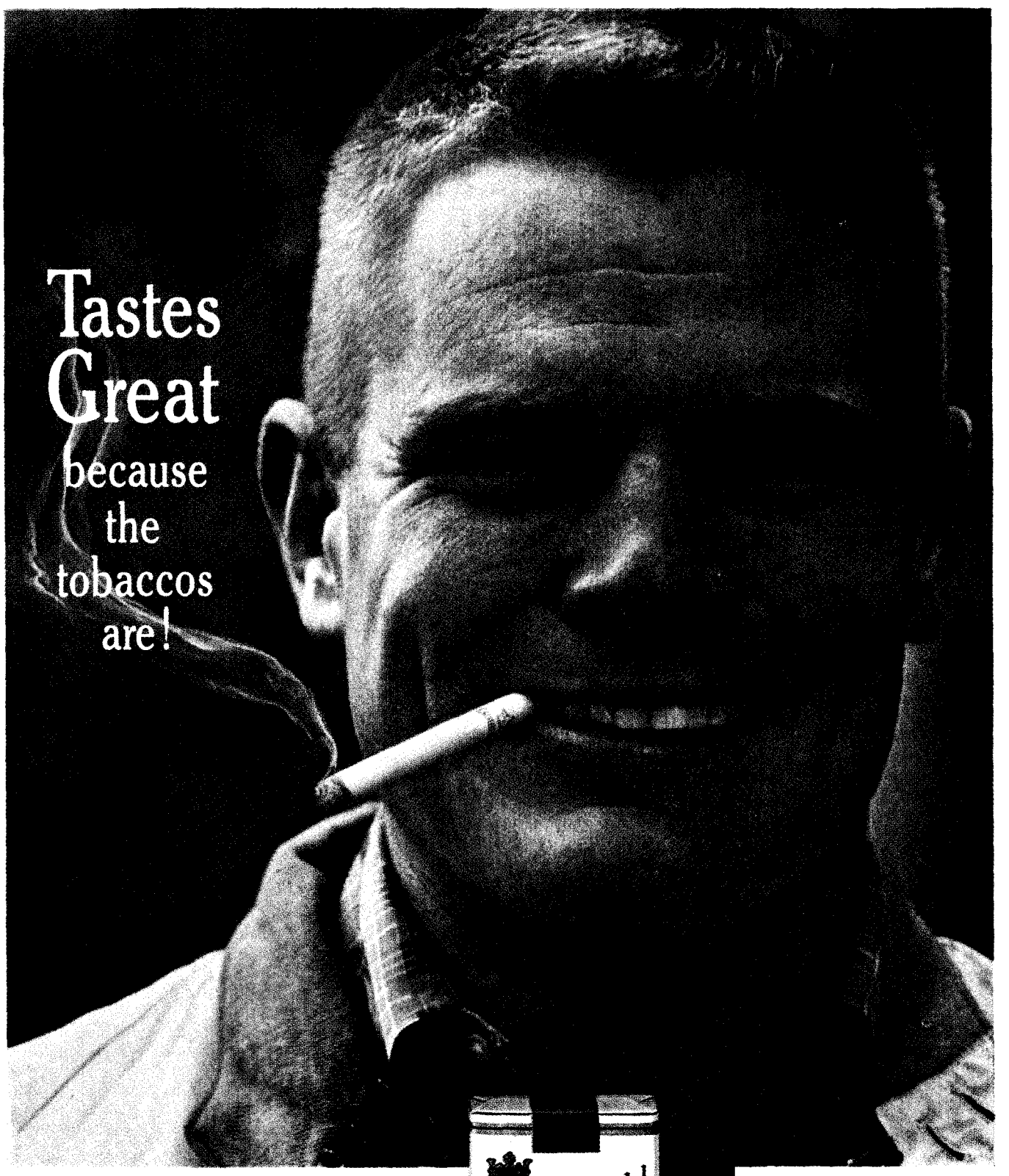
I'd try to talk baseball while he drove out to the park in the roomy old Cadillac, but he always found a way to short-circuit the conversation into the bangtails. "Eighty percent of big-league ballplayers go out to the racetrack today," he asserted positively one morning. "Sneak around in sunglasses. Other twenty percent ain't that *holy*. Just can't find anybody who'll give 'em free tickets. They're that cheap. You know, the racetrack's better than the stock market. Never any swindles like that phony 1929 setup. I got took on that one for around a hundred thousand. Didn't even get a run for my money. Stock market's for *coward* guys."

He reflected on that in silence. "That's in the past, though," he went on. "We got to think about today. Read the *Racing Form* out loud, will you, and we'll pick something at one of them Eastern tracks."

"Haven't you read the *Form* today?"

"Can't read it," he disclosed shortly. "Get handicappers to pick my horses. Take a look at Narragansett. Try Aqueduct. Anything in the first couple races?" What Hornsby meant by not being able to read the *Form* was that he got lost in the 15 to 20 elements a home handicapper had to cope with to make a selection. I suggested some horses. Hornsby pulled the car over to a filling-station telephone and called his bookie. "Ten and ten on the six horse, first at New York," I heard him say. "Parlay the place end with the ones I had earlier."

We pulled into Arlington at 11 A.M. Eleven in the morning is three and one-half hours before post time, and you've got to be a hooked horseplayer to show up that early. Hornsby's first move was the purchase of a half-buck tipsheet from one of the furtive hustlers who can be found outside any track. I asked him what he had in mind for lunch. "Lunch!" he answered me in abstracted irritation. "Look, I'm older than you are, and I give you this piece of advice. Don't fool around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at the track with lunch. *And*, let's not talk baseball. *This* is our living. We oughtta be getting all the information we can."

I said I'd get box seats so we could bet and work in comfort. "O-o-h, no," the Rajah informed me. "Only one place to sit." He made me skip after him up to a remote corner of the unreserved grandstand. He wrote SAVED on a couple of sheets of paper and stuck them on two seats. Then he made me follow him down to the paddock entrance where the trainers hang around. We didn't get back to our seats until just before the first race.

"Nice people in this section," he whispered to me. His manner was an odd blend of enthusiasm and graciousness. "All on Social Security or little old-age pensions. They bring a couple of baloney sandwiches and six or seven bucks and bet a few horses. Sure as hell's better than sitting around crocheting in some old ladies' home." He grinned. It was one of the few times I heard him laugh that his voice didn't have an edge of iron in it. "Or gossiping and getting in trouble. Fresh air's good for 'em too."

Hornsby, who often used to go for $300 on a race when he was in the big money, began this day with $30 on the daily double. He was put out when, after his first horse had won, he found out I had not bet his way. His second horse ran out and—bang—he was off, but not running so good. By the fifth race, he was a $250 loser. At that point the graciousness departed him. He nagged me to ask "those Kentucky trainers" if their horses were "trying." He adjured me, "Better find out, 'cause the whole damned world's crooked unless you're in on it."

A trainer named Walter Coleman was passing, and I mentioned that I knew him. "You do?" Hornsby said excitedly. "Well, he's got a horse in this race. Ask him. Ask him," he said, pushing me past him into the aisle. I stopped Coleman: "How's your horse's chances?"

"In a little deep today," the trainer admitted. "Don't like to encourage anyone to bet on him big."

"Then this six horse'll take it, won't he?" Hornsby broke in.

Coleman looked at him. "Rog," he said earnestly, "I've been around tracks for years, and I'm a fan of yours, and I just can't tell you who to bet."

"Just one horse," the great Rajah begged. It wasn't easy to watch him beg.

Coleman appeared to have made up his mind and he spoke briskly. "You asked here about the six horse," he said, as though he were reading down a grocery list. "Was all banged up and crippled and hasn't raced for a year. Might be sound now. But statistics show that any horse out this long won't win once in a hundred times at the most. You're only getting fifteen to one on him. Bet if you like, but I couldn't recommend."

"Then who *would* you pick," Hornsby wanted to know, "if you were betting?" It was less a question than an entreaty.

"Off past performances," Coleman answered, "the seven horse sure is the class of the race. Finishes real strong." Hornsby bought seven $10 win tickets on No. 7. The No. 6 horse got away fastest out of the gate and opened a five-and-one-half-length lead on the field, but he was tiring at the turn and No. 7, weaving in and out, moved up to second for his stretch run.

Hornsby started to talk softly. His eyes were on the track all right, but he gave the impression of a man talking and observing in a trance. "See," he practically crooned, "we should've been talking to them trainers all day. Now, don't go putting this money in the bank. Once had this old sore-foot horse—King Something-or-another—thousand 'cross the board, waiting for a muddy track, with a couple of bookmakers in St. Louis. Won. Put over $10,000 profit in my checking account alone, and the tax guys see I hadn't reported it as salary. Had a kid pick up old tickets at Fairmount to show I lost big too. I beat them."

But the Raj was beating the Revenoors too soon. There's a thing called "hung" that sometimes happens in a horse race, meaning an onrushing horse stops rushing at the wire. Hornsby's bet "hung" and lost by a neck. Hornsby's original choice, No. 6—the tip-sheet horse—won, paying $31.20 for a $2 ticket. He would have made $1,092. As it was, he was way out. "I keep telling you to stay away from them people in the box seats," he said and sucked on his lower lip. By people in box seats, he must have meant, I suppose, the trainer. "See," he continued, "I win all them batting championships, hit four hundred, and *everybody* wants your damned autograph and to give you tips."

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He was out some $400 on seven races, and I suggested leaving to beat the traffic. "Leave?" he said incredulously. "Hell, there's nine races today. Only one way to go out of this place." The old bravado was back in his voice. "Swinging, see? I never struck out with my bat on my shoulder." He fumbled a $10 bill out of his pants pocket and stuck it in the pocket of his sports shirt. "That's for some Chinese supper," he said. He had $74 left, he noted. He bought seven $10 win and two $2 win tickets in the eighth race. His nag ran third: "One of them coward horses."

He had had seven bad hours at a racetrack. He had neither eaten nor drunk, nor had he, like so many desperate horse players, taken a minute or two to go to the toilet. He looked neither tired nor discouraged. Indeed, he pounced on the afternoon papers which the boys hawk at the tracks toward the end of the day and had me read out loud the next day's entries. There were 161. On the way back he stopped once more to make a telephone call. "Second one ran out, huh," I heard him say. "Win twenty-eight dollars on the day." His was no shout of triumph, merely a reminder to himself and the bookie.

His postmortem on the day was magnificent. "We'll grab some Chinese chow mein," he said, "then hurry on out to the trotters for the double."

In 1958 Hornsby's time at the tracks—although not his calls to the bookmakers—was cut down. He caught on as batting coach with the Cubs, who had dumped him a quarter of a century previously. His principal job was to make a hitter out of shortstop Ernie Banks. Under Hornsby's tutelage, Banks won two consecutive most-valuable-player awards. But, by the end of 1960, Hornsby was out of baseball work again. Charlie Grimm, who hated him—and whom Hornsby hated just as cordially—became the Cubs' manager. He got Hornsby out of there. The Mets then put him on as a scout. In 1962 they hired him as a batting coach but found him so prickly in New York that they put him to scouting again—as far out of town as possible.

One afternoon out at Wrigley Field, while working for the Mets, Hornsby watched his former pupil, Banks, strike out. He snorted disgustedly. "If I was managing today," he said, "that guy'd be down in the local city hospital getting sewed up." His voice took on a vindictive note. "I'd beat the hell out of him. See, everybody thinks he's hustling. Hell, when I was coaching, Banks strikes out two straight times against Burdette and comes back to the dugout.

"One of those *non*chalant, *easy*going guys. He says, 'Say, man, who's that out there pitching, anyway?'" He turned red with reminiscent indignation. "All these kids in the stands know who's pitching," Hornsby recalled in outrage, "and here's a guy making $40,000 a year and ain't got the desire to look at the program."

I asked him, curiously, "Would you really have hit him?"

"Hell," Hornsby replied, "I've kicked guys for less. Had this chicken, lazy pitcher at Cincinnati. About the only time he'd be alert was hearing somebody talk about where to pick up women after the game. Had him pitch batting practice. And you know those little screens we got in front of the pitcher to keep line drives from knocking his brains out? Had the bat boy take it away."

Whether it was the scouting job or his own private devils, I don't know, but later in the summer of 1962, when I saw Hornsby at the All-Star baseball game reception at the Hilton in Chicago, he looked pale and tired. "That John Glenn's all cocky 'cause he went to the moon," he told me at his table. "Hell, I been four times farther than him this summer looking at minor-leaguers. *And*, not a track in town." He seemed to be unsatisfied with the Mets. "Too much *undermining* going on with that team anyway," he remarked. He then switched to the subject of the book he'd done with me.

Four people had told him, he said, that his book was more honest than Bill Veeck's. He wanted an estimate on royalties. I told him flatly we'd've had a better chance to sell books if he hadn't stood up autographing parties the publisher had planned for Pittsburgh and New York. That caused the publisher to cancel all promotion. In all fairness, though, Hornsby, who was in San Francisco when he was supposed to have been in Pittsburgh, had been unable to keep the date.

"Them s.o.b.'s," he said to me. "Call me up and I said, 'Now, look, you New York Jews, don't get smart with me....'"

"The sales manager isn't Jewish," I told him. "He's Irish."

"All those guys in New York is Jew," Hornsby said.

I tried to get him to talk about something else. I asked him the identity of four front-office men from the Milwaukee Braves who were sitting at another table. "Bunch of Wisconsin gypsies," he said shortly. "All of them is gypsies." His eyes roved over the table. "*Except* that fat one," he amended. "*He's* one of them smart-aleck Chicago phonies." He looked around the room.

"Look at them," he said. His was a liturgy of hatred. "Lying, undermining each other. You know," he concluded in satisfaction, "we're about the only two guys here ain't phony. Let's go."

He wouldn't take a cab. "One of them Mississippi phonies up here to get his relief money'll liable be drunk and hit us," he said. "Subway's only three blocks from here." On the subway he remarked, rather dispiritedly, I thought. "Don't think I'll be with the Mets next year. Too much *undermining*." He rambled on. "This ought to be a nonstop train," he said. "We'd go to Texas where the good people are. They do have a small bunch of phonies down there, though; won't let 'em have real horse-racing—no mutuels, no nothing. Won't be long, though. Texas is too good a state not to have racing."

Last fall Hornsby, who stayed away from most movies to protect his eyes, found out he had cataracts. He learned that Ted Lyons, the ex-Chicago White Sox pitcher and manager, also had cataracts and would have to be operated on. He arranged to enter Wesley Memorial the same day and the two men took rooms across the hall from each other.

Horses were on his mind right up to the end. "We're an entry," Hornsby told Lyons. Lyons had his operation and left.

But, as Rogers Hornsby had good cause to know so well, both ends of an entry never win. He died of a heart attack. They put him on a train to Hornsby Bend, Texas, and buried him 700 miles from the nearest big-time racetrack. THE END

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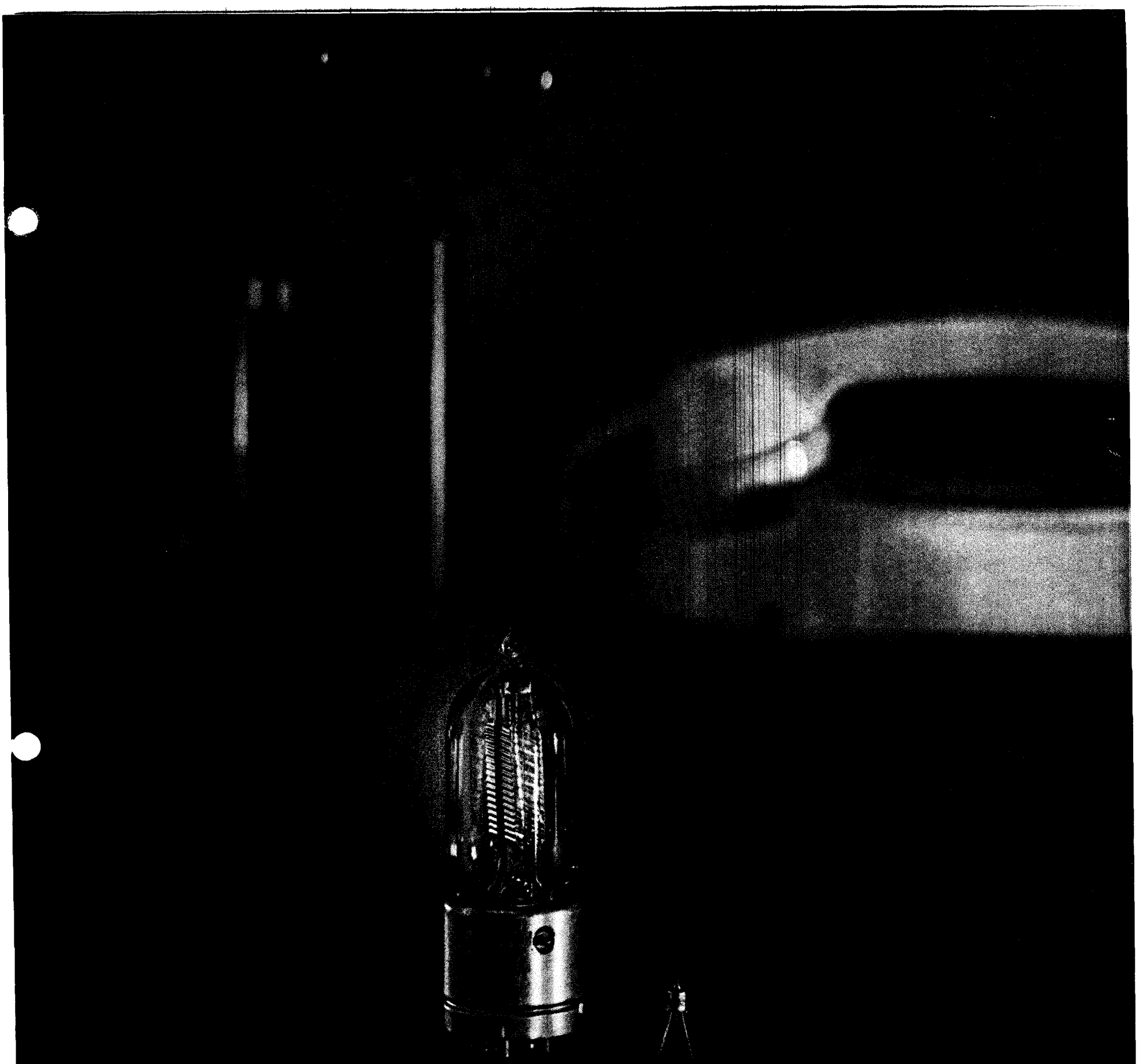

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Haitian crowds, rounded up in trucks, give "spontaneous" support.

IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR HAITI?

BY TREVOR ARMBRISTER

Ravaged by its brutal dictator, the Negro republic off our shores is near complete collapse.

Soldiers with machine guns hurry from an open door at the center of the palace. Behind them, down the steps to a small platform, come other men dressed in civilian clothes, with bulges on their hips. The crowd below begins to cheer, but the men look straight ahead. Their faces are expressionless.

Now a small, round, somberly dressed Negro steps from the open door and shuffles to a battery of microphones. His close-cropped hair is gray; his thick, horn-rimmed glasses give him an owlish appearance and somehow he looks older than his 56 years. Ten thousand peasants thunder a welcome—shouting, stamping their feet and waving crude placards that read DOCTOR PEACE and TITAN OF OUR CENTURY. Automobile horns toot in unison. The man seems not to notice. His hands hang loosely at the sides of his black coat. Impassively he waits for the crowd to quiet down. And then he speaks, slowly and methodically, his lips parting to reveal a gold tooth.

"I am a revolutionary in every sense—not a sentimental type but one of the hard kind. I have for my companion my rifle. . . . I am the one who symbolizes your aspirations. . . . I am the personification of the people. The people have given me the presidency two times. Only God can take it away."

Cheers break out anew: "Du-val-yeah, Du-val-yeah! Vive Papa Doc! Du-val-yeah or Death!" And François Duvalier, Honorable and Incorruptible Leader of the Great Majority of the Haitian People, Renovator of the Republic, Spiritual Father of the Nation and Chief of the Revolution, turns to enter the palace again—surrounded by his bodyguards.

Duvalier needs those bodyguards because the Great Majority of the Haitian People want to be rid of him. They hate him because he defied his own constitution to seize a second, illegal term of office. They hate him even more because he unleashed a hideous reign of terror to stamp out all opposition. In his frenzied battle to stay in power, Duvalier has dragged an already wretched nation down to new and even more squalid depths. How long can this continue? What hope is there for Haiti in the future?

Very little. In a voodoo-ridden land where 23 out of 36 presidents have been killed or overthrown, Papa Doc's own future has long seemed inevitable. The president's chief opponent inside Haiti, his own former police chief, has sworn to kill him, while Duvalier's bloodthirsty followers have sworn that any attempt to get rid of him would result in a massacre—implicitly a racial massacre. Threatened by bloodshed and by intervention from hostile neighbors, the Haitians face a prospect of more violence, more poverty, and still more violence.

This Negro republic on the mountainous western end of the island of Hispaniola has been slipping downhill ever since it first won independence—and that was 159 years ago. (Characteristically, that declaration of independence was "lost" a while back and no one knows where it is.) Into Haiti's 10,700 square miles are packed an estimated 4,200,000 people. (Characteristically also, no one knows just how many people live in Haiti. There was a census in 1950 but the men in charge forgot to count children. In 1960 they didn't even try.) Population density is estimated at 400 per square mile—higher than in India—and the birth rate is rising.

Only one third of Haiti's land is suitable for growing crops and this is threatened by a steady, unceasing erosion. Forests are stripped bare. And the value of Haiti's exports was higher in 1789 than it is today. Its railroad carries no passengers; its telephones don't work. The people earn a per-capita income of less than $70 per year—compared to the Latin-American average of about $300. The people are also 90 percent illiterate and plagued by hookworm, tuberculosis and malnutrition. The infant mortality rate is staggering. Geographically Haiti borders the Dominican Republic and lies only 50 miles from Cuba. Yet Haiti, the only Negro nation in the Americas, is isolated from the rest of the Caribbean, isolated even from the 20th century.

In its isolation, Haiti has never escaped from its tradition of violence and brutality. Bloodshed marked the fiery uprising that threw out the French in 1804. Bloodshed—the wholesale murder of 500 political prisoners by President Sam in 1915—caused the U.S. to send in Marines. And bloodshed again—the massacre of 20,000 Haitian cane cutters by the Dominican Republic's dictator Rafael Trujillo in 1936—caused the long feud that threatens to erupt anew between the two nations of Hispaniola.

Yet in all Haitian history there has never been anyone quite like François Duvalier—no one quite so efficiently cunning; no one quite so wantonly brutal

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no one quite so insanely capable of setting fire to a destitute land. I saw all these presidential trademarks last month in the outwardly calm but inwardly tense capital city of Port-au-Prince.

Ironically, it was National Gratefulness Month—a 30-day period of celebrations honoring the regime's "accomplishments" and culminating on May 22 with the second anniversary of Duvalier's inauguration to his illegal term. Sound trucks rumbled along the mud-caked streets announcing giant rallies. Government spokesmen dutifully praised all the good works: 79 new rural schools, a new mass housing project north of Port-au-Prince; a highway to the long-inaccessible south. And no one was tactless enough to say that the unfinished housing development still looked like a dinosaur's skeleton or that the celebrated road was only four and one half miles long.

Even before the month of gratefulness, there had been indications that not all Haitians were very enthusiastic about these accomplishments. There had also been signs that Duvalier would stop at nothing to eliminate his enemies.

On February 10—the day elections should have been held according to the constitution—six teen-age boys splashed a DOWN WITH DUVALIER sign on the wall of a church. They were promptly executed. "Communists," explained a government spokesman. In early April a group of officers plotted an army coup. Word of the scheme leaked out. Duvalier cashiered 69 officers; those who failed to escape or take asylum were either arrested or shot. The mutilated body of one ringleader, Col. Charles Turnier, was left in a barracks courtyard as a warning. On April 20 a single-engine plane dropped leaflets over Port-au-Prince. The United Revolutionary Force, the pamphlets declared, would soon institute Operation Dry Cleaning to eliminate Duvalier and the "noxious insects" around him. Tension rose perceptibly.

By late April that tension hung over the city like an electrically charged cloud. Tourists fled. The ragtag vendors patrolling the almost deserted hotels found no market for their carved mahogany figures. Foreign diplomats started to buy more food than usual. Censorship increased. Soldiers scrutinized personal letters and monitored overseas telephone calls.

Violence flared at night. Wild rumors spread about new inmates in the presidential torture chamber—nicknamed "the beauty parlor." And travelers returning from the north of Haiti told of a savage battle in the city of Gonaive between two bands of Tonton Macoutes (literally "bogeymen," Duvalier's brutal, undisciplined private police). The losers were shot, mutilated by machetes and left on the steps of a Catholic Church—their genitals stuffed in their mouths. At dusk each night on the waterfront of Port-au-Prince a neon sign flickered into life: VIVE LE PACIFICATEUR.

The opposition struck at 7:25 on the morning of April 26. As the president's children, Jean-Claude, 12, and Simone, 14, left their black Cadillac to enter Methodist Bird College, two cars drove past. Someone fired three shots. Three bodyguards lay dead. No one knew whether the attack was a bungled kidnaping, an attempt to murder Duvalier's children or merely a warning. The panicked president and his lieutenants asked few questions. They sought vengeance.

The culprit must have been an expert marksman, they reasoned. And one of Haiti's best marksmen was an army lieutenant named François Benoit. It hardly mattered that Benoit had taken refuge in the Dominican Embassy two days before the attack. Squads of wild-eyed Tonton Macoutes sped to his home, machine-gunned his mother and father and then set fire to the building. Hours later smoke still rose from the ruins. As we passed along the street our driver picked up speed. "It doesn't smell good there," he said.

Duvalier was taking no chances. Haitians who walked anywhere near the white, three-domed presidential palace that morning had to hold their hands over their heads. Nervous soldiers put up roadblocks; on the road to Petionville they stopped the wife of a U.S. Marine sergeant, searched and manhandled her. On another road, the private police stopped an American businessman. As one of them emptied his pockets, another held a machete poised above his neck.

Downtown, an uninvolved Haitian named Lionel Fourchard drove slowly along Rue St. Cyr. Suddenly and without any provocation, an army sergeant opened fire. As Fourchard tumbled from the car, gravely wounded, two doctors rushed out onto the street to help. The sergeant whirled, pointed his submachine gun at them and told them to mind their own business. Then he walked over and administered the *coup de grâce* to Fourchard.

The official celebrations continued—for National Gratefulness Month had really just begun. On April 27, to make sure that enough grateful people would attend these "spontaneous" observances, the government closed all schools. Trucks—requisitioned from local and American companies (Coca-Cola, Standard Oil of New Jersey)—began hauling peasants in from the country. Calypso bands thumped out melodies honoring their protector. Sometimes the lyrics were revealing:

"President Duvalier is a man who likes peace, /So we must avoid all discussions in order to have peace . . . /It's because the people are so ambitious that they are making mistakes; /The foreigners are taking advantage of this in order to invade. . . ."

As the festivities continued, so did the efforts to suppress all possible opposition. A mulatto jewelry manufacturer named Lucien Chenet, husband of an American citizen, was shot for no apparent reason. A U.S. Embassy secretary named Gisele Dominique went home for lunch one Friday and did not return. For no known reason, she was arrested. Driving home from the embassy one evening, first secretary Robert Hill was stopped and searched at gunpoint. His chauffeur fled, escaping amid a fusillade of bullets.

"The worst part about all this," says an American nun who has lived in Haiti for many years, "is the complete unpredictability of the Tonton Macoutes. One day last week a man stole some milk from our school because his children were hungry. The Tontons caught him, and when he wouldn't share the milk they put him in jail. The moment I heard about it I went to ask for his release. He was all right, and the men said they would release him if I came back in three hours. By the time I returned, the man's hands and arms had been broken and his back was a mass of raw flesh."

In one rampage, Duvalier's forces entered the Embassy of the Dominican Republic, searching for Haitians who had taken refuge there. In retaliation, Dominican President Juan Bosch immediately sent troops and tanks toward the border and threatened to invade Haiti. The Duvalier regime backed down and agreed to give the refugees safe passage. By this time the uproar in Haiti had become an international crisis, with the UN and the Organization of American States both called in to avert war. The war scare soon died down, but the OAS, and the United States, still faced the problem of how to cope with Duvalier without provoking bloodshed and chaos.

U.S. Ambassador Raymond L. Thurston, who had already warned Americans to stock up on provisions and stay off the streets at night, now ordered an evacuation airlift of all dependents of U.S. officials. The British, French, Canadians and Dutch all followed suit. Haiti's controlled newspapers spoke darkly of an "international conspiracy," and government spokesmen adopted an increasingly bitter anti-American and anti-white tone.

At one political rally, a stocky, U.S.-educated Haitian neurosurgeon named Jacques Fourcand sounded the keynote. Pistol tucked into his belt, his brown eyes flashing in anger, the chief of the Haitian Red Cross predicted what would happen if someone tried to overthrow Duvalier.

"Blood will flow in Haiti like a river. The land will burn from north to south, from east to west. There will be no sunrise, no sunset; just one big flame licking the sky. There will be a Himalaya of cadavers. The dead will be buried under a mountain of ashes . . . this will be the greatest butchery in history."

Then Fourcand turned to Haiti's "great and powerful neighbor": In Alabama, he said, Americans are loosing mad dogs against Negroes. They are "violating young ladies of color. . . . American democracy is a democracy of sluts. . . ." When Fourcand had finished, a little man in a black suit shuffled over to embrace him. President Duvalier was obviously satisfied.

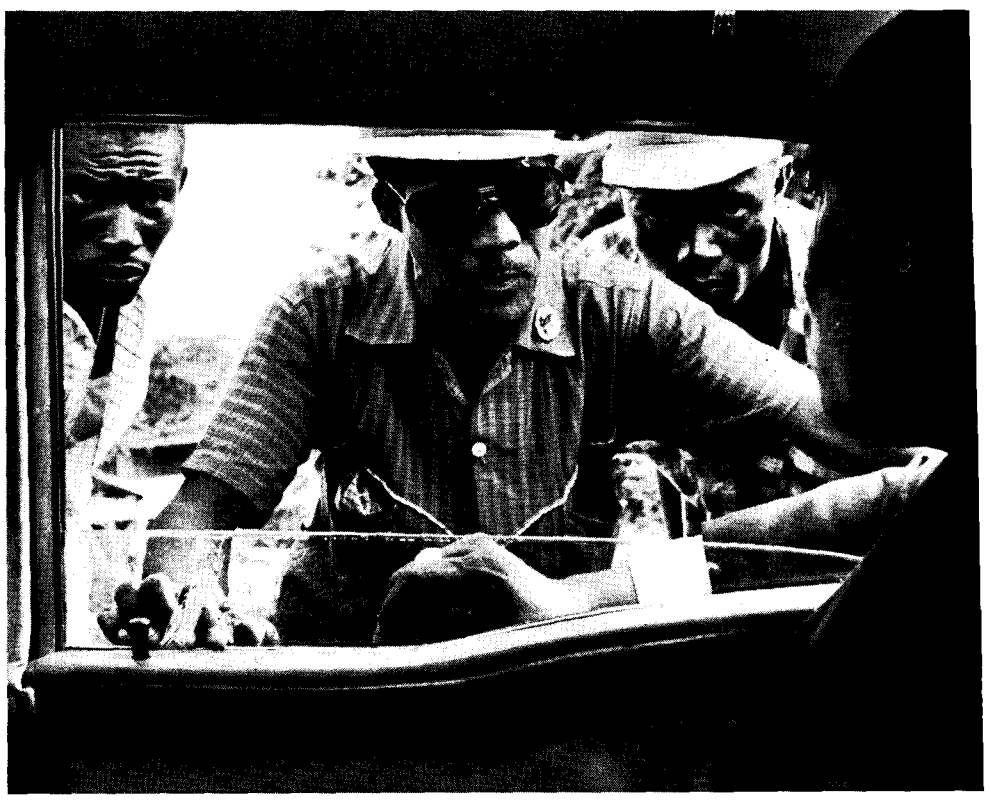
A few days later, in his air-conditioned office at the Department of Social Welfare, I asked Fourcand if he really believed everything he had said. His answer was hardly direct, but there was no mistaking his meaning. "Haiti was the first nation to export sugar. Yet you Americans built sugar refineries in Cuba and the Dominican Republic and not in Haiti. We believe this was because we are Negro."

The ugly germ of racism has always existed in Haiti, but not until recently has it been so openly and officially encouraged. Although the great mass of the Haitian people—a politically uninvolved and immensely likable lot—remain apathetic to such exhortations, the germ does fall on some fertile ground.

Haitians remember that the U.S. occupied their country for 19 years, until 1934. It was one of America's last ventures in gunboat diplomacy. And although the Marines achieved some notable progress (building roads and schools, installing the first dial telephone system in the hemisphere, even helping erect the presidential palace), their presence did little to foster national pride.

Haitians remember, too, that immediately after World War II President Dumarsais Estimé appealed to Washington for a loan. His request was denied. There presumably were good reasons, but Haitians feel their appeal was shunned simply because Estimé was a Negro.

Scattered throughout Haiti are other, more tangible evidences of U.S.-sponsored projects that never lived up to expectations. The $25 million Peligré Dam has not brought much progress; roads built with a $5 million U.S. loan in 1937 are deteriorating because no provision was ever made for erosion control. "I had to give half my money away to local grafters," explains one American builder, but many Haitians believe that Uncle Sam has somehow cheated them.



Hard-eyed Tonton Macoutes even halt car containing police prefect Windsor Day at roadblock. "Suspects" often get beaten or shot at police whim.

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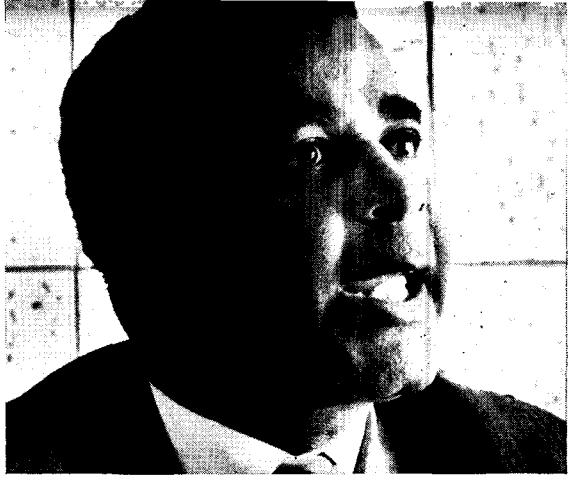

Haitian Red Cross chief Jacques Fourcand violently denounces the U.S. as being "anti-Negro."

Worried Elmer Loughlin, a U.S. physician, has acted as adviser to Duvalier since 1957.

Dictator Duvalier touched off Haiti crisis by his refusal to vacate the presidential office.

Since the end of World War II the U.S. has poured $100 million into the Haitian economy (including $43 million since 1957). The UN has added another $9 million. Yet there is little to show for these expenditures. In a country where only one of every 16 adult males earns a salary, where a job is regarded as something that will surely disappear tomorrow, graft and mismanagement have always taken a heavy toll.

The U.S. had reason to hope for better things in 1957. President Paul Magloire had fled to exile in New York (taking with him an estimated $15 million). In the tumultuous months that followed, five provisional presidents had tried to rule. All had failed, but now—under army sponsorship—there were going to be free elections. Nobody thought Duvalier had much chance, but he campaigned hard, using his now-familiar theme of blacks being oppressed, urging recognition of African culture over French. Diplomats began to take a second look. On paper his credentials were impressive.

Duvalier was an educated man; he had gone to the university in Port-au-Prince. He had even attended the School of Public Health at the University of Michigan. He was an ethnologist and an author (*The Evolution of Voodoo*), but even more important he was a humanitarian, a doctor who had worked with Point 4 specialists to eradicate one million cases of yaws in Haiti's interior. And lastly, he seemed to be a patriot in a country that boasted many nationalists but few patriots. In 1954 he had gone underground to protest the excesses of Magloire's regime, and the government had put a price on his head. Herbert Morrison, an American publicist who was visiting Haiti at the time, recalls that he had to be blindfolded before he could get to see Duvalier up in the hills. "They took the blindfold off and I saw two peasant women inside this hut, tending a fire. Only they weren't women. One was Duvalier and the other was Clement Barbot. He had a machine gun in the folds of his skirt. We talked for more than four hours. I was impressed by Duvalier's honesty and convinced that he really wanted to help his people."

Still, it is unlikely that Duvalier would have won the election without army support. General Antonio Kebreau, the chief of staff, was a fanatic Duvalieriste and it was largely through his efforts that several thousand peasants managed to vote as many as three times for Papa Doc. Such hanky-panky did draw protests. A group of women gathered at a church to complain, but Kebreau's troops silenced them with machine gun fire. The defeated candidates fled.

Four days after Duvalier took office there was one final protest. The merchants of Port-au-Prince called a strike and closed their stores. Duvalier's solution was quick and effective. His gun-waving goons forced open the shops and sold goods for any price they could get.

Now Duvalier moved to consolidate his strength. The army had played a vital role in elevating him to power. Could it not also remove him as it had so many of his predecessors? Duvalier decided to destroy it. He forced some officers into early retirement, shuffled others loyal to him into key positions. To fill the power vacuum, he built up the blue-denim-clad civil militia and created a new force, the dreaded Tonton Macoutes.

Slowly Duvalier tightened the noose around individual rights and liberties. Opposition newspapers closed and the Tonton Macoutes raped and mutilated a female editor. Other people started disappearing. It soon became evident that Haiti could tolerate the existence of only one political party.

In 1958 there was a reaction. A group of five U.S. soldiers of fortune and three Haitian exiles landed near Port-au-Prince, entered Dessalines Barracks and waited for the people to rise up and join them in revolt. The "people" machine-gunned them instead. A few months later there was another invasion try. A band of Cubans landed on the south coast and attempted to march inland. Duvalier had some shot on the spot, ordered his troops to bring the others in to Port-au-Prince for questioning by the OAS.

Papa Doc's third crisis came in 1959: a serious heart attack that very nearly killed him. The U.S. sped in one team of specialists from Guantanamo Bay and sent another team winging south from Washington. As Duvalier lay helpless, responsibility for running the government fell to Clement Barbot, his loyal secretary, whose skill in rubbing out opponents had already earned him the nickname of "Muffler." Eventually Duvalier recovered and returned to his desk. "But he was never the same man again," says Herbert Morrison, who by now was working for the dictator as a public-relations adviser. "From that moment on he started to disintegrate right in front of my eyes. He started going mad."

Morrison claims that Duvalier turned more and more to voodoo: "He had a voodoo altar in his bedroom, and on it were dolls of President Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles. He had stuck pins through Eisenhower's heart and Dulles's pancreas. He was very happy when Dulles died." Morrison's story, it should be added, is vigorously disputed by others who knew Duvalier at the time. (Although he is a serious student of voodoo, they claim, and although he does use voodoo priests for political reasons, that is as far as it goes.)

After his illness, in any case, Duvalier became increasingly suspicious of the men around him. Disturbed by the following that Barbot had built up within the ranks of the Tonton Macoutes, Duvalier put his old friend in prison and let him languish there for 16 months as a lesson. Duvalier also became increasingly convinced that he had some sort of a divine mission to accomplish; tourists returning from Haiti reported seeing posters showing Jesus Christ with his arm around Duvalier's shoulder and a legend reading, I HAVE CHOSEN THEE. Turning against the Catholic Church, he closed the religious newspaper *La Phalange* and expelled several clergymen. The Vatican responded by excommunicating the pudgy president, but the order seems to have had little effect. He still attends Mass, surrounded by his bodyguards.

Haiti's constitution, drafted by Duvalier himself, called for the election of a unicameral legislature in April, 1961. The president himself was not a candidate, since his term extended until 1963. But because his party was the only one allowed to participate, Duvalier's name appeared on all the ballots. A few days later the attorney general announced that Duvalier had been reelected to a second term (expiring in 1967) by the huge margin of 1,320,748 votes. The president himself showed the proper humility. "As a revolutionary," he said, "I have no right to disregard the voice of the people."

Duvalier's "revolution" had succeeded so far only in replacing whites and mulattoes in government positions with blacks, regardless of their abilities. It had also abolished almost every basic freedom. Duvalier knew that he had to do something more, so he decided to build. To raise the money, a newly formed government agency called the National Renovation Movement began slapping heavy taxes on such vital foods as sugar, rice and edible oils. Another agency called the Liberation Economique began deducting "contributions" from the salaries of government and private employees to pay for lottery tickets and special five-year bonds. Toll booths sprang up on all roads. Squads of Tonton Macoutes paid friendly visits to foreign businessmen to persuade them to contribute to the revolution. Fearing for their lives, the businessmen asked their governments for help. The U.S. and several European ambassadors protested strongly, but the shakedowns continued.

It was in response to this sort of behavior that the U.S. decided to cut off aid to Haiti in 1961. The aid, $15 million a year, was reduced to $1.5 million, the U.S. share of a UN effort to eradicate malaria. Last month the U.S. also suspended diplomatic ties. U.S. business corporations began acting similarly.

Today the downward slide of Haiti's economy is almost out of control. Unemployment has already hit 55 percent and seems destined to go higher. Coffee—Haiti's main crop and source of most of its foreign exchange—produces a good yield only every other year. That good year was 1962. And now there are no more emergency U.S. loans to compensate for the drop in world coffee prices.

Tourism, too, has suffered. It used to be an $8 million business. Cruise ships anchored in the harbor disgorged hundreds of fat-walleted vacationers. More often than not the 21 hotels in and around Port-au-Prince had plenty of business. But no more. Last month one hotel, the El Rancho, cut its staff from 157 to 10. Others followed suit.

In most countries the government could work to improve the situation. But in Haiti—where an estimated 40 percent of the national budget goes to pay for the president's personal protection—these agencies usually receive only enough money to pay employees' salaries. The Public Works Ministry, for example, has a budget of $4,000 after salary expenses, and the Soil Conservation Division only $2,000. (It has been difficult to obtain such information recently: The three qualified statisticians in the Institute of Statistics have all gone into exile.) The national debt has multiplied tenfold in the past 10 years. And the situation today is so desperate that the government cannot pay its electric bill of more than one million dollars; it has put off paying the $22,400 that it owes the UN.

What happens after Duvalier's downfall will depend considerably on how and when he falls. "The country's rapid deterioration can lead to another Cuba-type situation," says one American diplomat. "When you have destroyed the army and driven out of the country all the progressive forces; when you have brutally beaten down all the masses; when even the militia is indoctrinated in an anti-American way, you create a climate of hopelessness. People have got to look for a radical solution. If this is democracy and capitalism, they say, well, give us Communism. All they need is a man on horseback and they'll all jump aboard."

Although agreeing that Communism is a threat in Haiti, Dr. Elmer Loughlin, an American physician and sometime political adviser to the president (he was recently indicted for failing to register as a Duvalier agent), says Papa Doc has sternly resisted the Reds. "He is a stanch supporter of the U.S., an ally on whom you—I mean we—can depend. But the U.S. kicks him in the shins, then turns around and kicks him in the rear end."

In an interview last fall, U.S. ambassador Thurston seemed less convinced that the president had resisted the Communists as much as Loughlin said he had. "President Duvalier has Reds or pro-Reds in high government positions . . ." he declared. "Although we do not feel

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"BLOOD WILL FLOW LIKE A RIVER."

this represents an immediate threat, the longer it goes on the better is the chance the Commies will get control. And when President Duvalier finally goes—by whatever means—there could be a Castro-type takeover from the top."

Barring an assassin's bullet, the odds against a successful revolt in the near future are long. The only active opposition leader in the country has been Barbot, and although his exploits sometimes assume legendary proportions on the telediol (Haiti's rumor network), most of his forays have been ineffective and his popular support small.

Nor are the prospects bright for a successful exile invasion. There are several active exile groups in Jamaica, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic and the U.S. and, although a few of their leaders recently formed a provisional government in Puerto Rico, these groups have shown a remarkable tendency to squabble among themselves.

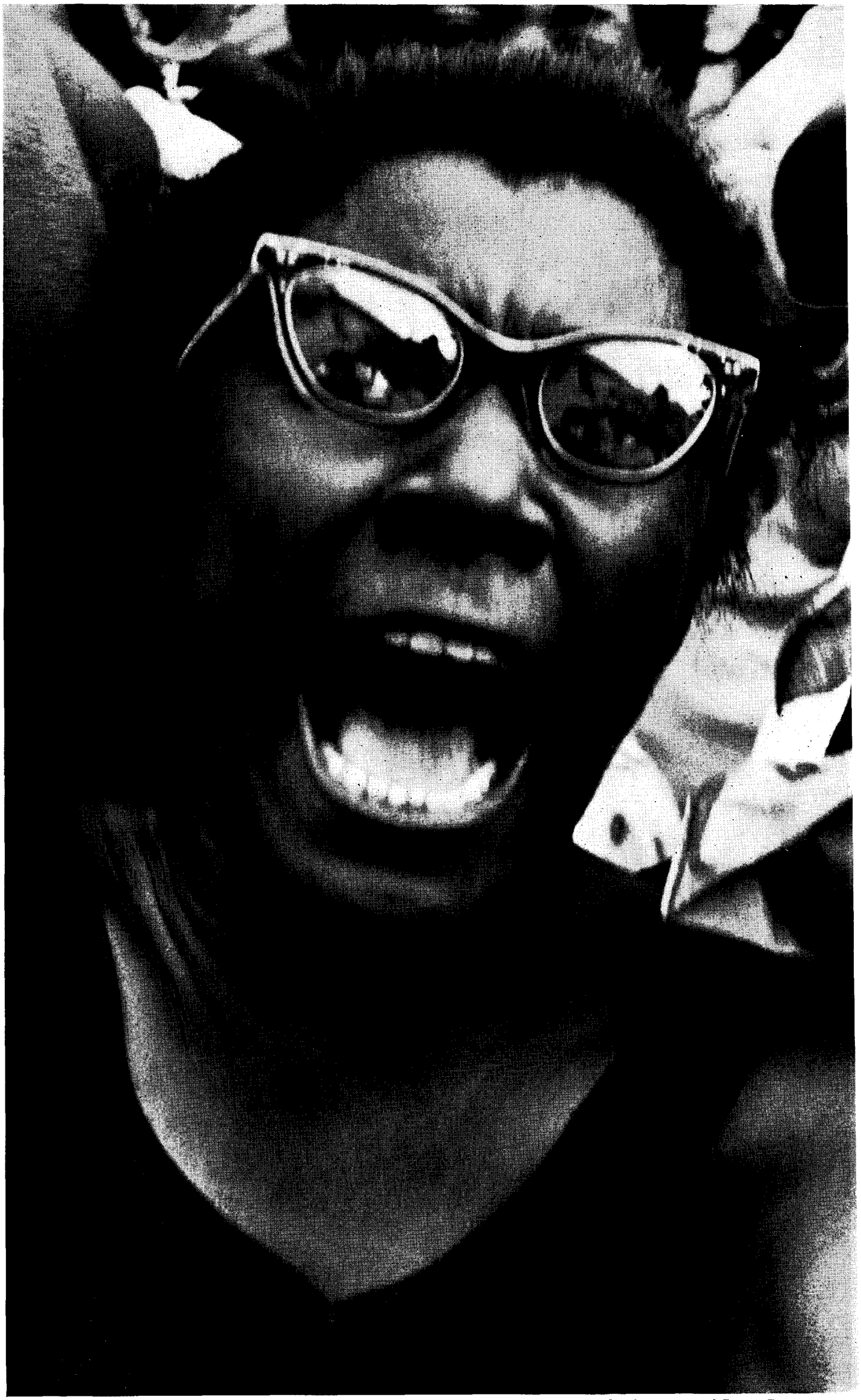
In the long run, many observers feel, Haiti's dying economy will be the cause of Papa Doc's demise. A newsman who spent 11 years in Port-au-Prince puts it this way: "So far as the cabinet ministers are concerned, Papa Doc is their instrument for making money. They won't let him go. When he can no longer give them money and power, they will jettison him. It may not happen for a couple of months, but it will happen."

Who might rule in the wake of François Duvalier? A look at the exile leaders is less than reassuring. Former senator Louis Dejoie is capable, but he is a mulatto and a mulatto stands virtually no chance of election. Former president (for 19 days) Daniel Fignolé has great support among the black masses, but he is a demagogue (one 1957 slogan: "Vote for me and I'll have a white woman in your bed on election night").

If observers are undecided about the best man for the job, they are agreed as to what type of government Haiti will need. "A benevolent dictatorship is the only answer," says a U.S. diplomat. "It would be absurd to believe that democracy as we know it could work in Haiti, at least not for a while."

Even with such a government, the road ahead for this wretched little country would be strewn with perils. But there would be hope. Says one State Department official: "If you got a government willing to let others do what needs to be done; if the whole world pitched in with a huge education and adult-literacy program; if you had erosion control and reforestation projects, enough road building and electric power projects; if you had ample technicians and Peace Corps types—it's just possible that Haiti might recover. But it would take 10 to 15 years."

Meanwhile, the gunfire sounds at night in the frightened land of Haiti. THE END



An aroused Duvalier supporter shows the frenzied enthusiasm that characterizes the followers of Papa Doc.

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EDITORIALS

DOWN TO EARTH

Maj. Gordon Cooper's 589,050-mile flight, with its bull's-eye landing only a minute and a half behind schedule, was a superb personal performance, one that demonstrated, as Cooper manually brought his capsule back to earth, that man himself is still more reliable than all the machines he has devised. We stand now on the verge of great new space adventures. What mysteries of the universe will be revealed in the next few years one can only guess. Beyond that we share Senator Cannon's concern (p. 10) for the development of an adequate military space program.

As the march of scientific progress goes relentlessly forward, however, we cannot help but wish that earthly progress occurred at a comparable pace. Science and technology continue to outstrip social, political and philosophical progress at a frightening rate. For all our genius in making nuclear bombs, rockets, spaceships and unearthly paraphernalia, we still cannot solve our unemployment problem, provide our nation with adequate schools, unsnarl the transportation mess in our cities, solve the staggering farm-surplus problem, prevent a fine young man like Ernie Davis [*Post*, Mar. 30, 1963] from dying of leukemia, or provide our old people with adequate medical care.

We salute Major Cooper and everyone else who made Project Mercury a success. We look forward to the great new space adventures, but, being earthbound mortals, we believe that the great tests of our society, the ones that will determine whether it will succeed or fail, are right here at home.

FEDERAL AID TO EDUCATION

On television recently Walter Lippmann declared that the most urgent domestic business before this nation is Federal aid to education. "You can wait a few years whether you rebuild a slum, or whether you build a highway," he said. "That can wait—you can do it later, if necessary. You can't wait with education of children. . . ." The situation can no longer be permitted to drift, he said. "It is not beyond the wit of man, if he means it, for us to find a way of aiding education, whether it's in public schools or parochial schools, without getting involved in the question of the teaching of religion." In last week's *Post* Dr. Robert Hutchins concluded there is no real constitutional bar to Federal aid to both public and parochial schools.

President Kennedy has long maintained that Federal aid to parochial schools is unconstitutional. His top aide, Ted Sorensen, however, in a speech at Columbia University, recently said, "While it should not be impossible to find an equitable constitutional formula to settle the church-school aid problem, it is difficult for the formula to be suggested by the nation's first Catholic President."

We agree that the situation can no longer be allowed to drift, that it should not be beyond the wit of man to devise a program of Federal aid to public and parochial schools. If the President can offer a solution, it is his duty to do so. His religion, if that is the problem, should not be a bar. Nor should politics.

KEEPING POSTED

Hardy Perennial. Harold Stassen, defeated candidate for the G.O.P. presidential nomination, for governor of Pennsylvania and for mayor of Philadelphia, says he may enter the New Hampshire presidential primary. The Democrats may nominate William Jennings Bryan.

Peaceful Coexistence. The Republic of France makes peace with the tiny principality of Monaco. It's a small start toward universal peace. Now perhaps de Gaulle can make peace with an ally, say England, another country where gambling is legalized.

Mysterious East. President Sukarno of Indonesia is appointed to a life term in office. It's a foolproof system: He appoints the congress and they appoint him—no primaries, no elections and no liberties.

Cosmic Secrets. Astronaut Gordon Cooper addresses a joint session of Congress. It was a nice speech, but we wish he had told that immovable body how it might also get off the ground.

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